Saturday Review

JANUARY 6, 1962 / 25¢

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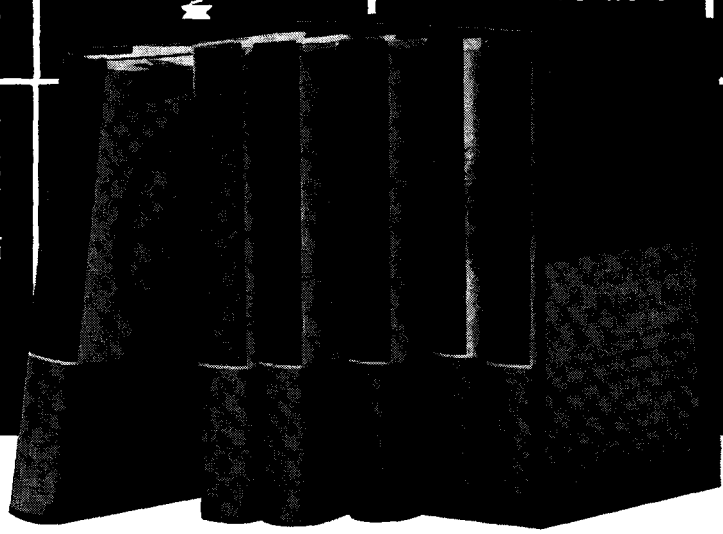

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When is a critic's writing literature? This is easier to answer by naming critics (Agee, Edmund Wilson, Virgil Thomson) than by framing vulnerable definitions. But criticism is creative, certainly, when the quality of the critic's ideas and language transcends the limits of what is otherwise derivative.

Such writing is to be found in Robert Warshow's *The Immediate Experience*. Said to be a book about "movies, comics, theatre and other aspects of popular culture," it is that, but frequently it is more. It is a book about Robert Warshow, too. As he says, "A man watches a movie, and the critic must acknowledge that he is that man." Plain sense but not, as it might appear, common. Many critics watch a drama, read a book, listen to music, but the man or woman is left outside. Some American intellectuals need to have an opinion more than they want to have an experience.

Warshow's book deals with cowboy and gangster movies, *The New Yorker*, the Rosenbergs, Chaplin, Warshow's son, and his father. He is neither a psycho-socio critic, an aesthetic one, nor an encyclopedic reporter (who tells so much of the story that you might well say, "No, but I read the review").

Perhaps a critic's work becomes literature when, like Robert Warshow's, it often offers more than the performance about which he writes.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Immediate Experience: Movies, Comics, Theatre, and Other Aspects of Popular Culture ($4.50), by Robert Warshow; edited by Sherry Abel; and with an introduction by Lionel Trilling, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. Copies of the book may be obtained from your local bookseller, including any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 4 York Street, Hanover, Pa.

Saturday Review

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The SATURDAY REVIEW published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLV, No. 1. January 6, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature"

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Calories Don't Count!

News about a revolutionary reducing plan, based on a new biochemical discovery, and now available for the first time in a new book

UNBELIEVABLE — but true! You need to eat fat if you are to be slim. It isn't *how many* calories you consume that matters — but *what kind* of calories. The inclusion of polyunsaturated fatty acids in your diet is the essential step toward loosening the body's long-stored fat. It is the key to your losing only *excess* fat rather than vital body tissue.

In his just-published book, CALORIES DON'T COUNT, Dr. Herman Taller explains the principles behind this new understanding of the body's chemistry — and tells you in full detail:

1. How to eat three full meals a day and lose weight in the safest way possible
2. Why you must never leave the table hungry if you want to be slim
3. How you can eat heartily while those extra inches disappear
4. How this radical new way of losing weight is linked with a low cholesterol count, better skin condition, and resistance to colds
5. Why you may eat fried foods every day and keep slim — what kind of fats to fry them in
6. What foods (this includes the greatest surprise of all to people who have suffered through calorie-counting diets) you should avoid
7. Why large portions of meat, fowl, or sea food are essential to your slimming program
8. Sample recipes including pot roast, fried chicken, cheese cake and mayonnaise

"There have been no failures."

The story back of Dr. Taller's radical new method for losing inches without starvation

Dr. Herman Taller is a gynecologist and obstetrician who became interested in theories of obesity for personal reasons when he himself weighed 265 pounds. After hungry years of unsuccessful experimenting with standard calorie-counting diets he happened to take part in an anti-cholesterol experiment which involved *adding* a specific kind of fat to his diet. To the astonishment of Dr. Taller and the researchers involved, he found himself fastening his belt on a tighter notch, discovered that his clothes were becoming too big. *He found himself adding calories and losing weight.* Was this some fluke? Would it work for others?

With mounting excitement Dr. Taller began spending all his spare time in the medical libraries, reading everything that existed on obesity and metabolism. He discovered no clues, until one day he came upon an article by the late Dr. Alfred W. Pennington which contained the first glimmer, the first specific evidence to explain what was happening to him. He determined to proceed from Dr. Pennington's beginnings to work out a program that would solve the "diet problem" once and for all.

After painstaking research he put his program into practice on a group of 93 problem dieters with extraordinary success. Today patients from all over the country come to Dr. Taller for treatment. And his principles have won ever widening interest in the medical field. In the preface to his book he writes:

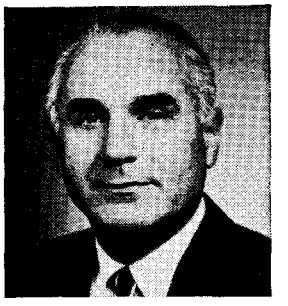
> "The concept this book advances is revolutionary. Perhaps all I need say in support of my new nutrition principle is that it works. It has been tested in medical laboratories and among large numbers of patients. There have been no failures, nor can there be any when the principle is properly applied. For it is based on new knowledge —a medical breakthrough. I think it is wise to warn you that this breakthrough is so dramatic that it will probably invalidate all you know, or think you know, about the causes of obesity."

Eat steak, french fried potatoes, and lose weight safely

Revolutionary indeed. Following Dr. Taller's 14-point plan, you will be free from the discouragement — to say nothing of the danger — of the endless chain of diet-gain-diet-gain. And you will be free from the crash diets that more often than not result in a gaunt face (easier for the *calorie*-starved body to break down vital tissue than hard long-stored excess fat) while unaesthetic bulges remain.

With Dr. Taller's new plan — specifically directed at breaking down and burning *excess fat*, you eat well (even piecrust and french fried potatoes) — never know the pangs of hunger, and lose *not just pounds* but, specifically, the bulges you want to lose in order to be pleased with your image in the mirror and the fit of your clothes. And you stay slim.

It is a simple plan. But its rules, though easy to follow, are specific. They are clearly outlined in Dr. Taller's book,



DR. HERMAN TALLER

Dr. Taller is a noted New York gynecologist and obstetrician. His patients — many of them famous names in the entertainment world — come from all over the country, and even South America for his treatment. He became interested in reducing for personal reasons. After years of unsuccessful experimentation with standard diets he prescribed one of his own — *and lost 65 pounds in eight months.* His nutrition principles have since gained medical recognition and national attention.

CALORIES DON'T COUNT. Read it and liberate yourself, once and for all, from both starvation and overweight.

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Let us send you a copy of CALORIES DON'T COUNT to read and use for THIRTY DAYS FREE. Then if you don't agree that Dr. Taller's book is by far the finest, sanest, *best* reducing book you've ever seen, simply send it back, pay nothing.

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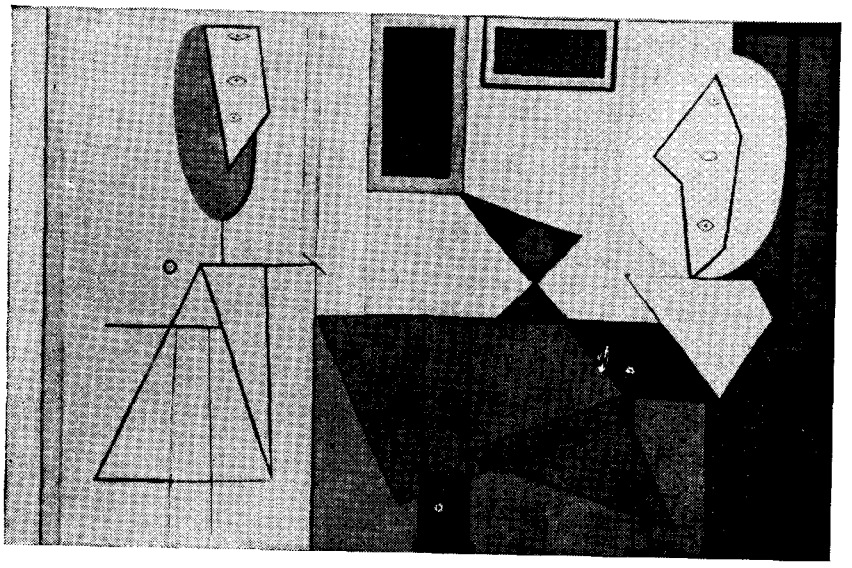
Can you see any similarity between



TO THE UNDISCERNING EYE these paintings—one by Picasso, the other by Vermeer—appear to be as unrelated as any two works of art could be. To the knowing, however, there are striking similarities between them, quite as obvious as their differences. In fact, the Picasso work, to quote from one of the Metropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, "is such a close parallel to the Vermeer that it might almost have been painted to demonstrate how the Vermeer could be translated into abstract terms."

Knowing what to look for when you stand before great works of art obviously adds immeasurably to your enjoyment; indeed,

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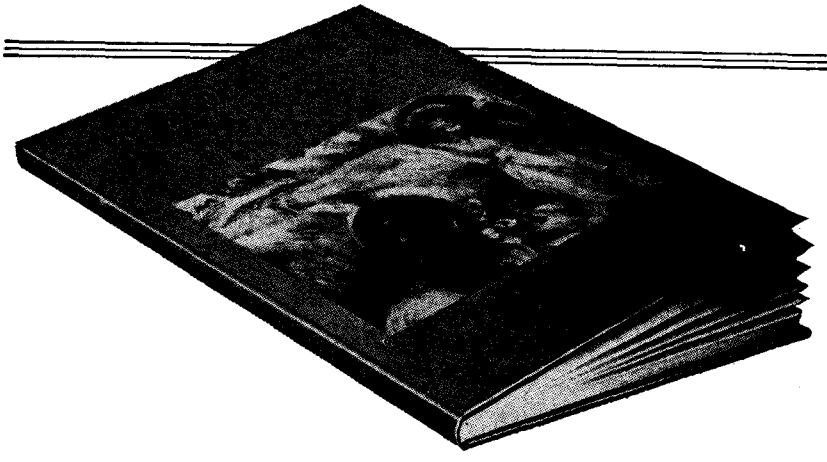

CONTENTS OF THE COURSE

APPRECIATION OF ART · 12 PORTFOLIOS

WHAT IS A PAINTING?

REALISM • The Painter and the World Around Us

EXPRESSIONISM • The Painter and the World He Creates

ABSTRACTION • The Painter and the World We Never See

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THE ARTIST AS A SOCIAL CRITIC

THE ARTIST AS A VISIONARY

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these two paintings?

seeing pictures with a thoroughly informed background can be one of life's most rewarding experiences. Yet it is surprising how many cultivated persons have cut themselves off from this rare form of pleasure. Visiting a museum, they see nothing beyond what the paintings are "about"—and frequently they are unsure even of that.

Anyone who suffers from this sort of bafflement probably has never had the opportunity to take a good art appreciation course at a university or to attend a clarifying series of lectures at a museum. It was to remedy this situation that The Metropolitan Museum of Art developed its unusual program of assisted self-education in art.

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The Seminars concentrate first on clarifying basic principles, so that the layman can formulate *his own informed opinion* of the works of art he sees. Then the full panorama of Western painting is unfolded chronologically, beginning with prehistoric painting and continuing up to the "modern art" of today.

HOW THE COURSE OPERATES · The price of each portfolio is $3.75 (plus a small charge for mailing expense), including the twelve separate reproductions. They are sent at four-week intervals but the subscriber may study the course at whatever rate he chooses. He may, if he wishes, cancel his subscription at any time, without proceeding with the complete course.

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REALISM · Revolt Against the Salon and the Discovery of Nature
THE FLOWERING OF IMPRESSIONISM
MODERN ART
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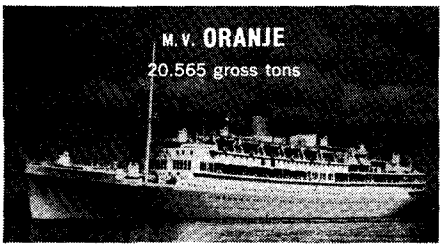

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FEBRUARY 2, 1962

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Apr. 20, Sept. 8, 1962.

One Class motor vessel—offering thrift voyages around-the-world of about 91 days. One Class rates from $895.

MARCH 10, 1962

Sail from Port Everglades (Mar. 14 from New York) to Southampton; Amsterdam; Genoa; Port Said; Suez; Colombo, Ceylon; Fremantle, Melbourne and Sydney, Australia; Wellington, New Zealand; Papeete, Tahiti; Balboa/Cristobal, Panama. Due Port Everglades June 9. Other Sailings: June 10, †Sept. 8, 1962.

†Special one-way voyage via Europe to Australia and New Zealand. Then to Fremantle (Perth) for Empire Games, with ship as hotel.

Ask your travel agent for free folder and current sailing schedule.

DUTCH WORLD SERVICES

Holland-America Line

OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

ADVERTISING-WISE, it was, for us, a hard month. It began when an article we wrote for the *Saturday Evening Post* was advertised, in a $10,000 double-page center color spread in *The New Yorker,* as an article to be read only at the reader's peril. In fact, in the entire advertisement, the only favorable mention we found was the line, "If you are an aspiring egotist, you will find this feature full of helpful hints."

Since the title, subject, and treatment of the article were commissioned by the *Post,* and since the advertisement was paid for by the *Post,* we had, understandably, a couple of questions.

Chief among these was the fact that though we could easily see what the advertisement was against—it was against us—we couldn't for the life of us see what it was *for.* We realized, of course, that it must have been deductible—otherwise there would be little excuse for any of those full-page My-Magazine - Can - Lick - Your - Magazine kinds of ads nowadays—but why did the *Post,* that particular week, also have to deduct *us*? Why didn't they, say, just have an office party and deduct each other?

One of our questions was answered when we called the *Post* and found out that not a single member of the editorial staff had seen the ad before publication. They were, in fact, as amazed about it as we were—and suggested we take the case direct to the advertising manager, a Mr. Dennis Perkins.

Mr. Perkins turned out to be quite a fellow, person-wise. "I personally," he said, "have long been a great admirer . . ." We had, however, to cut him off. Image-wise, we told him, we had to stick to the big picture. "I really don't see how it could have happened," he told us. "We have a rigid rule that all copy pertaining to editorial matter be submitted to Editorial. I personally . . ." This time we didn't even have time for that. We told Mr. Perkins firmly we had to put the thing on the train and see if it got off at Philadelphia. Mr. Perkins suggested we get in touch with the people at Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn.

To get in touch with the people at Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn—the real people, the grass-rooters—we hit, penetration-wise, on a solution. We determined to call them up to thank them.

It worked like a charm. Advertising men are apparently so unused to being thanked—even around Christmastime—that before you could say under-arm

"Just enough to tide me over the next eleven months."

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deodorant or silky-smooth lady hair-shaver, or even kissing-proof bad breath, we had everybody connected with the advertisement all lined up in the offices of BBD&O.

Once we had them all lined up, we started unthanking them. But candor compels us to admit that we found out, even as they were being unthanked, that *you*, Madison Avenue-wise, have just as good a friend at BBD&O as you have at the Chase Manhattan. They are, top to bottom, simply first-rate. "If I were you," Vice President James Schule told us jovially, "I'd be disturbed too. But you know how these agencies are. All sorts of echelons—ha ha. Now the people you should talk to are the people in Promotion. Incidentally, I want you to know that I personally . . ."

We found out that it wasn't as easy as Mr. Schule thought, channel-wise, to talk to the people in Promotion. At BBD&O there is practically nothing but Promotion. There are, for the *Post* account alone, three Promotion Departments—a Promotion Department for the sale of single copies of the *Post*, a Promotion Department for the promotion of space sales, and a Promotion Promotion Department.

Our favorite talk was perhaps our talk with Account Exec Dudley Carroll, who gave us an inside over-all look-see on what a good job BBD&O had done on the "new" *Post*. "We were dissatisfied with the old *Post*, product-wise," he said. "I mean compared to products like *Life* and *Look*." He paused thinkfully. "It's getting wider and wider acceptance," he said, "pull-wise."

On our own difficulties, Mr. Carroll was less helpful. "I am," he told us, "not a production assistant in the creation of an editorial ad. I am merely an administrative assistant in the creation of a promotion ad. Now the people you should talk to are our people in Writing. And I want you to know that I . . ."

AT long last we managed to find the man who actually had written the ad. And he was no ordinary copywriter either. He was a Copywriting Supervisor—a real Ivy-looker named Don Mix. And, in one sentence, Ivy-wise, Don cleared up all the confusion.

"Oh," he said modestly, "*that*. Sure I wrote it. But that wasn't an ad for *you*. That was an ad to get the ad men who read *The New Yorker* to read the *Post* to put their ads in *that*."

The thing we liked best about Mr. Mix was he didn't say a word about being an admirer of ours, or even how he personally was personally. And we never asked him. Because by now, we were, on the subject of advertising, wise-wise.

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Scandinavia

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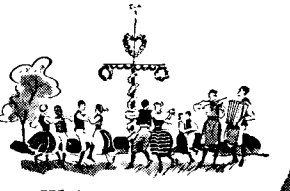
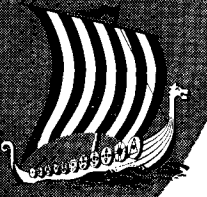
For a *fascinating* holiday, easy-to-reach Scandinavia is your best vacation buy. Visit *all four* countries and see as much of each as your time will allow. Majestic fjords, picturesque countrysides, lovely cities, fairy-tale towns, sparkling lakes by the thousands, and—

Lands of Sunlit Nights

a flower-covered Arctic with its Midnight Sun. Go in May or June—it's SCANDINAVIAN FESTIVAL time—

or in September, to see and shop for the latest home furnishings during the DESIGN CAVALCADE.





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UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

Box SR-12, Chicago 37, Ill.

In SR's January 13th Issue

Collective Bargaining and the American Economy

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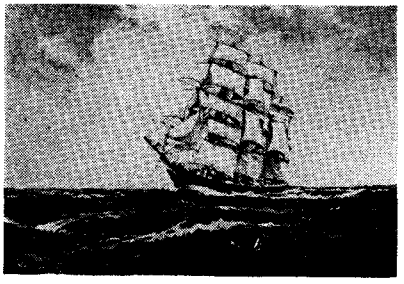
Stock up before we take stock . . . and you'll **SAVE** as much as **80%**

6315. THE WAYWARD WIFE and Other Stories. By Alberto Moravia. Eight stories by one of the finest of modern Italian authors, including the long title story with its theme of parasitism and blackmail, and its central figure, one of Moravia's most vivid and arresting creations. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

6803. THE PAGEANT OF PAINTING: From the Byzantine to Picasso. By D'Espezel & Fosca. Nearly 250 illustrations, 110 in full color, many full page. The history of the growth of creative vision over the past twenty centuries in a spendid volume of pictures with a text reflecting the best of modern scholarship. 8½" x 11¾". *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **7.95**



P-869. MACGREGOR: *BLUE WATERS.*
A sundrenched, windy seascape in every range of blue, highlighted by whitecaps, white sails, white gulls and white clouds. Beautifully reproduced 16" high x 24" wide. *Special* **2.98**

6822. THE PAGEANT OF JAPANESE HISTORY. By Marion May Dilts. An informative introductory history that guides the reader swiftly and surely through Japanese social, cultural, political and industrial change from the earliest settlements to the post-war world. 1947 Edition. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

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6739. LEFTOVER LIFE TO KILL. By Caitlin Thomas. One of the most daring and uninhibited confessions ever written by a woman; Dylan Thomas's widow tells of her turbulent marriage, her husband's tragic race toward self-destruction and the disturbing months that followed. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.00**

6800. A SPY IN THE HOUSE OF LOVE. By Anais Nin. An *avante garde* novel filled with evocations of sensuous pleasure and pain, by the friend of Henry Miller and author of the Preface to *Tropic of Cancer* *Special* **1.00**

6767. A PICTORIAL GUIDE TO AMERICAN GARDENS. By Louis H. Frohman & Jean Elliot. 400 illus., 90 in full color. A complete guide to American gardens of all sizes, open to the public, in every section of the U.S. Full information on how to get there, time of bloom, special features including an alphabetical directory of flowers, trees and shrubs. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **3.95**

6783. AUTORITRATTI DAL XIV AL XX SECOLO (Self-Portraits of 6 Centuries). More than 260 self-portraits from Gothic masters to popular moderns, including 25 full-color tip-on plates. Italian text. *Special* **1.98**

P-867.

MOSES SOYER:

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6802. THE LONDON SHAKESPEARE: A New Annotated and Critical Edition of the Complete Works in Six Volumes. Ed. by John Munro. The famous beautifully printed and bound set containing all of the plays and poems with much valuable material, including a bibliography and glossary. Each volume 6" x 9", all six in a handsome box. *Pub. at $36.00.* *Boxed set, only* **19.95**

6805. THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ACTOR. By Yoti Lane. An examination of the actor (and actress) in relation to himself, his art, society, other members of his profession, the problems of sex and homosexuality, emotion, and introversion and extroversion. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.00**

6768. HOW TO MAKE POTTERY AND OTHER CERAMIC WARE. By Muriel P. Turoff. Over 350 illus. Clever and practical book of instructions, showing how to design, make, decorate, and handle articles of clay. Every phase of ceramics is covered. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6715. PRIMITIVE PEOPLES TODAY. By Edward Weyer, Jr. A uniquely revealing account of life outside civilization that provides a fascinating and often astonishing view of life among 14 tribes, including Eskimos, Navajos, Jivaros, Bushmen, Samoans and others. With a vivid text by an anthropologist-explorer and 212 extraordinary pictures by some of the world's foremost photographers, including 58 in full color. Printed in Switzerland. 8½" x 11". *Pub at $10.00.* *Only* **4.98**

6251. THE ART OF ACTING. By John Doylan, Jr. A new challenging approach to dramatic concepts, not only techniques, but theories; not only rules, but also reasons. A must for all who love the theatre. *Orig. pub. at $6.00. New complete edition* **2.98**

6850. LE MORTE D'ARTHUR: The Book of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. By Sir Thomas Malory. A single-volume, 960-page, unexpurgated edition of the 15th century classic that represents the very heart and marrow of the English heritage, complete with the great tales of adultry, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Isolde, and all the pre-Christian magic and their Christian symbols. *To be pub. at $15.00. Special pre-pub price* **9.95**

6332. IVY COMPTON-BURNETT PACKAGE. Two recent novels by one of the finest of modern English novelists: *A Heritage & Its History* and *The Present and the Past. Pub. at $7.25.* *Both only* **1.00**

6143. THE CATCHER IN THE RYE. By J. D. Salinger. The fascinating three-day odyssey of Holden Caulfield, an ancient 16-year-old, underground in New York; one of the best-loved novels of the post-war era. Hardbound. *Special* **1.49**

5859. HOKUSAI: 100 VIEWS OF FUJI. Intro. by Jack Hillier. Plate annotations by F. W. Dickens. An exquisite tribute by Japan's greatest 19th century artist with the "little people" of Japan set against revered Fuji-Yama in 156 superb illustrations. Bound in ribbon in Japanese fashion, printed on luxurious parchment type paper. Slipcase. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **5.88**

5260. Kahlil Gibran: THE VOICE OF THE MASTER. Fresh insights into many of life's most perplexing riddles and a stirring picture of how faith and love overcome grief and loneliness, by the author of *The Prophet. Pub. at $3.00.* *Only* **1.00**

P-868. GAUGUIN: *FAA IHEIHE.*
Literally translated as *Decorated with Ornaments*, this vivid frieze celebrates Gauguin's return to youth and optimism after a suicide attempt. Orange-reds, mustard yellows and light greens are set off by deep brown and black accents in this splendid silk screen reproduction. 11" high x35¼" wide on a 13"x40" sheet. *Special* **4.95**

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6695. EXODUS REVISITED. By Leon Uris; photos by Dimitrios Harissiadis. A series of sensitive and profoundly moving photographs and Mr. Uris's impassioned text capture the visual fulfillment of the dream that Uris wrote of in his famous novel *Exodus.* 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **2.49**

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6655. AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF RUSSIA. By Joel Carmichael; produced by Georges & Rosamond Bernier. Over 300 illustrations, including 36 pages in full color, accompany this analysis of Russian history from the earliest times to recent events. A lively account of despots and eccentrics against a background of Byzantine splendor, all of it magnificently illustrated and thus crystallized with telling immediacy. 9¼" x 12¼". *Pub. at $20.00.* *Only* **12.95**

P-866.

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A charming and nostalgic silk screen reproduction of every child's favorite diversion, in bright yellow, blue, purple, red, magenta, green and pink. 23" high x 16½" wide. *Special* **3.95**

6764. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF RADIO. By I. Sertel. The complete story of radio broadcasting from crystal sets to the present—with all the stars, shows, slogans, etc. and over 400 nostalgic photographs. *Orig. pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

5257. PARAPSYCHOLOGY. By Rene Sudre. A scientific interpretation of the human phenomenon known as the "supernatural." Discusses all types of phenomena from water divining to hypnotism, from telepathy to psycho-kinesis, placing them within the framework of a unified theory. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.98**

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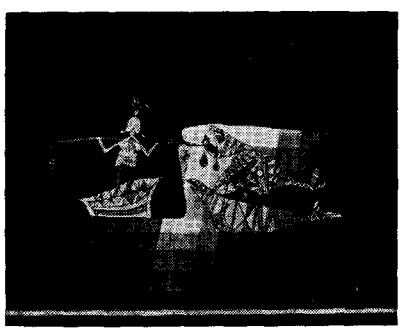
5804. 1200 RUSSIAN PROVERBS. Collected & Translated by Isaac A. Langnas. Here, for the pleasure and edification of American readers, are the proverbs that are playing an increasing part in political speechmaking by Soviet leaders. *Pub. at $2.75. Only* **1.00**

6804. DYNASTY: The Longs of Louisiana. By Thomas Martin. An award-winning reporter probes the fabulous dynasty of Huey and Earl Long, with all its humor, tragedy and significance for political life in America. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.00**

6892. DR. GOEBBELS: HIS LIFE AND DEATH. By Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel. The full story of the curious, repellent, dangerous yet fascinating man whose career is without parallel in history; the most interesting Nazi apart from Hitler himself. Illus. *Pub. at $4.50.* *Only* **1.98**



P-865. KLEE: SINBAD THE SAILOR.

A completely captivating silk screen reproduction of the most famous *Thousand and One Nights* hero, in spectrum blues ranging from sky to midnight and highlighted with vivid pinks, marigold, red, white, black and warm oranges. 16½" high x 23" wide. *Special* **3.95**

6704. JAZZ STREET: A Photographic Exploration Into the World of Jazz. By Dennis Stock; with text by Nat Hentoff. An often haunting, always exciting look at the world of jazz, and an unsentimentalized look at the men and women of that world. 130 magnificent photos, printed in Switzerland, in a stunning 8½" x 11" volume. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

6893. CHATEAUBRIAND. By Andre Maurois. A spirited biography of a fascinating, paradoxical figure —poet, statesman, lover—and the world of literature and politics he influenced before the French Revolution through the era of Napoleon. Illus. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6358. EMAKIMONO: The Art of the Japanese Painted Hand-Scroll. Photos & Foreword by Akihisa Hase; text by Prof. Dietrich Seckel. An extremely beautiful book that is a must for all lovers of Oriental art. Printed in Switzerland and featuring 68 full-color tip-on plates, a long introduction and complete set of notes, this 9" x 11½" volume comes in a handsome slipcase. *Pub. at $35.00.* *Only* **16.95**

6890. THE EMPIRE CITY. By Paul Goodman. A remarkable novel that probes the interior and exterior life of a metropolis, its civilization, society and individuals, with startling frankness and realistic fantasy. 621 pages. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6552. THE MEMOIRS OF CORDELL HULL. Two large volumes, 1,742 pages crammed with behind-the-scenes revelations of American and international politics during fifty years of wars and revolutions. One of the great source-books of contemporary history. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

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6656. THE GIRLS FROM *LA VIE PARISIENNE.* A scintillating album crammed with the beauties who, for nearly a century, have made *La Vie Parisienne* a byword for elegant naughtiness. 9¾" x 12¼". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6599. Shirley Jackson: RAISING DEMONS. Domestic chaos with Mother Jackson and her ferociously uninhibited chickens, four wild children and an exasperated, floundering husband. *Special* **1.00**

6612. LIVING FOSSILS. By Maurice Burton; with 83 drawings by Jane Burton. An informative and entertaining book about some of the oddest survivors of the zoological past, and a discussion of extinction and survival, missing links and legendary monsters and mysteries. *Special* **1.49**

6788. ARTS YEARBOOK #4. America's leading annual survey of painting and sculpture, with a complete directory of galleries and museums. Articles on Mondrian, Max Beckmann, the poetry of Michelangelo, modernist painting, the Orswell collection, American painting, artists on the current scene, etc. Profusely illustrated, including 28 full color plates. 9" x 12". *Pub. at $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

6891. BAUDELAIRE: A Self-Portrait. The most revealing book ever published about the strange tormented genius; a moving portrait derived from his letters, transl. and ed., with a running commentary, by L. B. Hyslop and S. E. Hyslop, Jr.; with bibliography, notes and index. *Pub. at $6.00.* *Only* **1.49**

6686. THE ART OF CONDUCTING. By Michael Bowles. Intro. by Sir Adrian Boult. A rewarding work for the music lover and a valuable handbook for students and leaders of orchestra, band, choir or glee club. *Pub. at $3.95.* *Only* **1.49**

6807. The Illustrated History of PARIS AND ITS PEOPLE. Ed. by Robert Laffont. A superb tribute to the world's most beautiful city and its colorful inhabitants—over 900 pictures, many in full color, including paintings, drawings, photos, prints and maps, point up the beauty and gaiety of this most loved, most visited, most remembered city. 9½" x 12". *Pub. at $16.00.* *Only* **6.95**

6663. DOWN THERE: La Bas, A Study in Satanism. By J. K. Huysmans. The infamous book that offers, in its lurid details of Satanic practices, our most trustworthy picture of *fin-de-siecle* occultism. With a fascinating introduction by Robert Baldick. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Only* **2.98**

6736. Cartoons by Tomi Ungerer: HORRIBLE. The ingenious comic artist responsible for this slightly macabre and more than slightly madcap collection calls it "an account of the sad achievements of progress." Intro. by Art Buchwald. 9" x 12". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Only* **1.98**

P-871. BRAQUE: *STILL LIFE.*

A prime example of Braque's work during the twenties in which cubist forms surround natural ones, and the subdued grays, browns, olive green, brick red and black dominate the jewel tones of blue, green, pink, and yellow—as well as chalk white. Silk screened to duplicate the exact colors of the original. 20" high x 25" wide on a 23" x 35" sheet. *Special* **5.95**

5455. THE NUDISTS. By Donald Johnson. A full and frank report on who and what the American nudists are and what they are trying to accomplish; an up-to-date history of the movement. Photos. *Pub. at $3.75.* *Only* **1.49**

4966. THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent new edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper, beautifully bound, 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 700-page hardbound edition. *Special* **1.98**

4133. THE SEXUAL RELATIONS OF MANKIND. By P. Mantegazza. The great Italian anthropologist's definitive account of strange and curious sexual customs. *Pub. at $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

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TRADE Winds

A FILM EDITOR from New York by the name of John Teeple has written to advise us that he has been kept awake nights wondering why so many words beginning with the letters *sn* are related in some way to the general area of the nose and mouth.

A quick rundown of some of the words indicates that he's hit on something: snort, snout, snoot, sniff, snorkel, snicker, sneeze, snippy, snore, sneer, snide, snoop, snob, snivel, snarl, snub, snuff, snuffle.

Etymological explanation: Undetermined.

ANOTHER ANATOMICAL PROBLEM seems bound to arise in future medical schools, when the current generation of youngsters grows up to realize that all its first impressions of anatomy, gained from TV commercials, have been as mythical as Santa Claus. How will the professors in medical schools ever be able to explain the real facts of human biology? Inside the head, just above the eyes, and in need of fast, fast, incredibly fast relief, are three rectangular compartments containing: a) a hammer and anvil, with a small hand that pounds on the anvil; b) a spiral spring that opens and closes with deadening regularity; c) two flat metal plates that open and close in a similar rhythm, leaving sort of a jagged, lightninglike line between them. The only cure for this ailment is a pill that sends a stream of dotted lines out to each of these compartments, turning them gray, and then fading them out completely. Likewise, it is now apparent that one portion of the brain has been replaced by an organ known as the "cough control center."

The digestive tract of the human being, of course, consists of welded pipes, in which a stream of little arrows is constantly flowing. Occasionally, this elaborate set of plumbing lights up like a neon sign, and the little arrows poke it back to normal again. The human shoulder, oddly enough, is sometimes frequented by a small devil, complete with pitchfork, who pokes at the shoulder mercilessly and raises all kinds of hob.

All of these things modern medicine is going to have to explain to the next generation, and we don't envy it the job.

OF ALL THE bomb shelter plans put forward recently, we recommend Harry Golden's.

He suggests that the entire shelter program should be developed by the churches and synagogues. "We could be able to use the same posters we have used for years," says Mr. Golden. "'Go to the church of your choice—as quickly as possible.'"

A. M. THIEBERGER, of Springfield, New Jersey, frustrated by the incomplete limerick that appeared in a drawing accompanying the December 2 TRADE WINDS, decided to complete it himself, with this result:

There was a young lady named
Pearl
Who married a kind English Earl.
She talked like a Dodger
And so the old codger
Just bearled the dear lady in earl.

TAYLOR CALDWELL also writes us on the subject, confessing that she likes writing limericks as well as she likes writing her novels. She sends along one of her more printable limericks for TRADE WINDS, confessing that she's written a good many more pungent ones:

There was a shirt salesman named
Speller
Who suddenly wrote a best seller
And thought he'd relax—
But then came Fed tax!
He's back selling shirts in the
cellar.

And Rabbi Charles Mantinband, of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, was inspired to write us:

A limerick packs laughs anatomical
Into space that is quite economical
But the good ones I've seen
So seldom are clean
And the clean ones so seldom
comical.

LEAVE IT TO *Playboy* magazine to dress up its new cookbook, "The Playboy Gourmet" (Crown), with as many descriptive phrases as it has recipes. For soups, it suggests "a tureen full of tips, through thick and thin." For lobster: "Fair white flesh in armor plate." For oysters: "Homage to a bacchanalian bivalve." For game: "Fowl play in the forest primeval." For South Pacific menus: "Some enchanted eating. . . ."

BOOK DEDICATION PAGES seem to be taking a new turn. Jonathan Rhoades has dedicated his witty new book, "Over the Fence Is Out," to sixty-four assorted people and a dog. Not to be outdone, however, Harvey Kurtzman's new collection "Help!" is dedicated to a list of ninety hearty contributors who wrote for Kurtzman's magazine of the same title.

JOHN DERR, of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, advises us that he has at last thought up a name for a special chewing gum designed for very angry people.

"It's called Vehemint," he writes, "and it could go side by side with a toothpaste I've designed which is guaranteed to ruin tooth enamel, called Detrimint."

FANNIE HURST, whose new novel, "God Must Be Sad," has just been published by Doubleday, is as benign and gentle a lady as you'd ever want to meet. But flying down to Puerto Rico, a bombastic little boy devoted half the trip to pestering the plane passengers while his permissive young mother made no

effort whatever to control him. Finally, when the boy yanked off her bracelet and went for a bauble on her hat, Miss Hurst could control herself no longer.

"Little boy," she said in a tired voice, but loud enough for the unperturbed mother to hear, "why don't you go outside and play?"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

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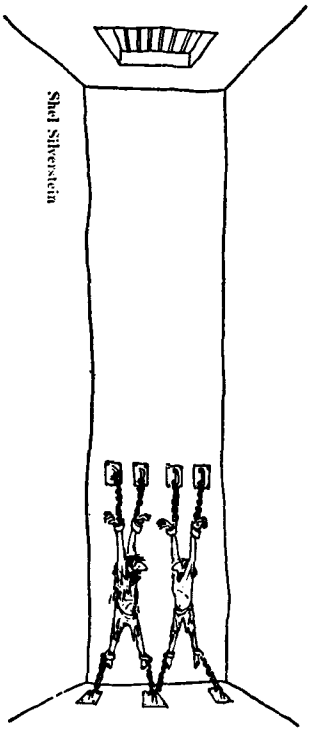

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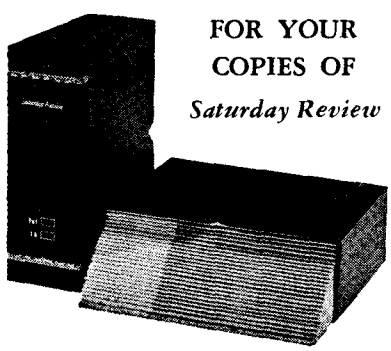

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THE FIRST atomic blasts held for nonmilitary purposes have not been given headline honors as deserved. And yet those blasts have shown that radiation is negligible. Civilization, it would seem, can digest atomic fission and survive, and perhaps even bring us the abolition of poverty and of the strife for raw materials. Unless, of course, it is "saved" by an atomic bomb.

✔ ✔ ✔

A CONSERVATIVE is not necessarily a fool, unless he tries to prevent the dying from shedding their souls by sealing the windows.

Then, to conserve the memory of the soul, he forces the survivors to rebreathe it (foreign oxygen is soulless).

To keep that death a secret, the corpse is left unburied.

Should a family member have to leave, he must have his supply of home oxygen with him, never take off his gas mask. Should he do so and die, Science must prove that the impact of foreign oxygen has killed him.

Should anyone call him unclean, he must persuade him of his cleanliness.

He must always put loyalty above logic, and never wash his dirty laundry in public.

✔ ✔ ✔

THIS IS no fairy tale. These are the rules and regulations. Fascist and Nazi diplomats still remember the shame of trying to obey them. (At times the masochistic joy: there is pride in self-abasement and in loud imbecility.)

✔ ✔ ✔

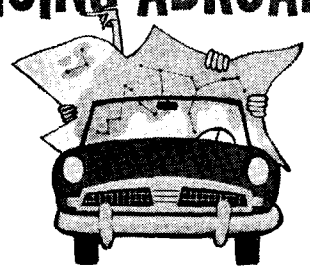
Now: an intelligent conservative is one who will bury his dead, open his windows and converse with his neighbors like a man, not threaten him with suicide and the destruction of the world, like a stupid little boy. Remember those nonmilitary blasts that answer all the problems, patriotic, economic, and otherwise, on all sides of all fences.

✔ ✔ ✔

POLITICS MEANS living with others, and conserving means living with the world. What is there to conserve in that garbage preview that worships trees by depleting our forests and filling a few bank accounts and all the gutters of the city? Christmas spirit indeed: a school of temporariness: what is sacred at sundown lies in the mud by sunrise.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

GOING ABROAD?



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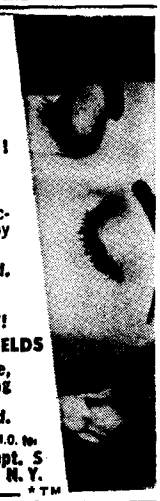

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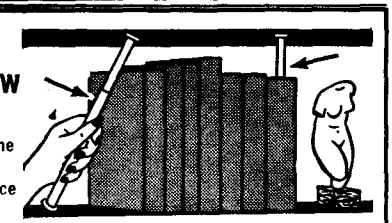

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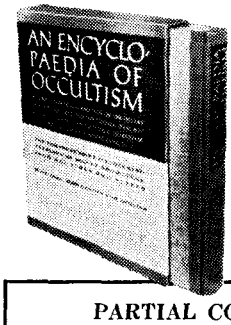

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Saturday Review
JANUARY 6, 1962

WASHINGTON'S STRUGGLE FOR CULTURE

By HENRY BRANDON, *Washington correspondent for the Sunday Times of London.*

FOREIGNERS, and perhaps Americans too, may not find it easy to understand why Washington should culturally belong among the underdeveloped capitals of this world, especially at a time when American interest in artistic creativeness is perhaps greater than ever before. President Kennedy seems well aware of this situation and eager to do something about it. With an undertone of regret he admitted not long ago that "Washington lacks great assets which London, Paris, Rome, and even Moscow have in being centers not only of government but also of national cultural activities." But however good an excuse Washington has as a one-industry city—this industry being politics—it is not altogether convincing. It is of course true that Washington's life revolves around politics day and night, that this is the drama its inhabitants prefer to watch. It is also true that as a consequence, as Henry James put it, "Washington is a city of conversation" and that therefore the easy conversationalist, the gracious phrase-maker, and the juicy gossips are the virtuosos most appreciated here. Certainly as far as conversation goes, Washington, I think, is as good as or better than any other capital of the world. This passionate dedication to conversation and the lack of really good restaurants partly accounts for the fact that people prefer to entertain at home and to taste the variety of bouquets of "grapevine" served with each course. In a city, of course, where people prefer to talk rather than to listen, the performing arts suffer.

It is also true that the rootlessness of Washington's transient populace is another serious drawback, especially in a country where so much depends on private financial backing. Few families feel they belong here, and hence people, whether they have become famous or infamous, usually bestow their patronage on their "home town," and treat Washington as a sort of stepchild. There are, of course, a few who have given this Capital something to be proud of. The Duncan Phillipses have opened to the public one of the finest private art collections anywhere, the Robert Woods Blisses have dedicated their Dumbarton Oaks mansion to various cultural pursuits, and Andrew Mellon, thanks to Lord Duveen and the tax collector, gave Washington its prize possession, the National Gallery.

Another disadvantage Washington can claim in its defense is that it lacks a cultural blood transfusion from talented immigrants. They may have stayed away because of the rumors about the climate, which are as exaggerated as those about the London fog, or they may have preferred to start their careers elsewhere, for it helps in Washington to have already "arrived" before coming here, especially with governmental clearances. Washington consequently has few indigenous artists and, unfortunately, no Bohemian set, which gives inspiration and informality to a city.

Another important reason for the lack of a cultural environment, but one that can be remedied, I think, is that none of the various centers of learning there are first-rate. They do not have the kind of national reputation that would attract the best the nation has to offer, both among professors and students. In that sense, there is a certain similarity to London, where the students often feel an inferiority complex about those at Oxford or Cambridge. Paris, of course, has its Sorbonne, which always has been the beacon of French education.

WHAT cultural activities there are in Washington are on a small scale. There is the enterprising Arena Theater, which finally got its own home. There are fine string quartet evenings and the lectures at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. There is a second-rate symphony orchestra and a shoestring Opera Society, which, handicapped by the lack of an opera house, does more credit to its enterprising patronesses than to opera. But there is nothing outstanding, nothing of nationwide reputation that would make Washington a mecca of artistic endeavor.

The struggle to make Washington culturally more significant, many fervently hope, could be won if only this capital, where office buildings grow like weeds, would have enough money to build its own "cultural center." At present there is one theatre there where plays on their way to or from Broadway can be shown, but no stage where real opera can be performed or where the ballet can be danced without the prima ballerina running the risk of ending up in the orchestra pit. The President has given his blessing to a committee searching for $30,000,000 to build a cultural center that would include a

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playhouse, a symphony hall, and a stage for opera, ballet, and musical comedy. It seems unbelievable that this rich country has to resort to a political fund-raising gimmick even to entertain a hope of collecting at least enough money to induce some private foundation to make up the rest. Next May, the President and many of America's leading artists will perform over a closed-circuit television hookup for $100-a-plate dinner guests all across the country, and the expectation is that this will produce some $7 to $10 million. Many doubt, especially the foundations, whether Washington could sustain three theatres. But the taste comes with the eating and so far the apathy of Washington is easily explained by the poor fare it is being served.

Presidents and their wives can start a vogue, and with President Kennedy leading the weight of his office to promote culture, it should, in the general estimation of people, get the lift it needs. To engender interest, of course, is relatively easier than to promote federal patronage of the arts, which more and more artists now feel has become imperative. In reply to questions put to them during the 1960 election campaign, both candidates carefully skirted the question of governmental subsidies for the arts, yet during the current Congressional investigation into the plight of artists almost all witnesses from conductor Leopold Stokowski to singer George London begged for official subsidies. One of the most telling arguments was advanced by Mr. London. He testified that 200 American singers are now engaged in European opera houses because they lack opportunities in the United States. This is a striking reversal of the tides of migration of artists. Not long ago it used to be extremely desirable to sing at the Metropolitan Opera because it was not only a feather in every artist's cap, but also because it paid the highest fees. Certainly the latter is not true any more. Even the establishment of a Federal Advisory Council of the Arts with no financial commitment ran into trouble in Congress. One of its sharpest critics, Congressman Howard Smith of Virginia, ridiculed the bill sponsored by Congressman Frank Thompson by asking, "What are the arts? It was suggested that poker playing is an artful occupation. Is this bill going to subsidize poker players who get into trouble?"

Even though not everyone in the House thought as Congressman Smith did, he illustrates the kind of backwardness in Washington that must be overcome. The chances to make progress have never been as propitious as under the Kennedy Administration.

—*UPI*

Pablo Casals with President Kennedy at recent White House reception.

NO PRESIDENTIAL family in recent years has shown more interest in the cultural side of American life than John F. Kennedy's. He and his wife have been conspicuous patrons of the arts ever since his Inaugural a year ago. Mrs. Kennedy has launched a commendable search for authentic Colonial and post-Colonial art objects for the White House. Pablo Casals played his cello recently before a glittering musical audience in the White House. It was an apparent keynote in a new Presidential policy not only emphasizing American culture but also trying to bring it back to the nation's Capital.

When President Kennedy told the board of trustees of the multi-million-dollar National Cultural Center, still to be built, that Washington should be a model center for the arts, he was emphasizing something apparently close to his heart. He termed the interest of the American people in culture the most basic desire of mankind. The President noted that Washington is "somewhat artificial, unlike most capitals of the world," which usually are national centers of cultural activities as well as governmental headquarters—e.g., London, Paris, Rome, and Moscow. He said that when George Washington participated in the establishment of the Capital the first President emphasized that, in addition to being the center of government, it would also be a great cultural center.

"Now, the Soviet Union does not waste its resources," Mr. Kennedy said. "Of course, we do not have to point to them to indicate the importance of this [cultural] work, but it is of significance that they have made a major effort in this field because they recognize, even though they manipulate this desire, the tremendous interest that the people have in the arts."

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THE WEST'S CITIZEN-DIPLOMATS

By ELMO ROPER

ON JANUARY 8, in Paris, a group of citizens will come together from the four corners of the Western world to discuss their common future. There will be no heads of state present, issuing proclamations; no diplomats, busily negotiating. There will be simply citizens from various spheres of private and public life—lawyers, businessmen, scholars, public servants—chosen by their various governments to seek new ways to forge an enduring Atlantic solidarity. They will be the delegates to the NATO Citizens Convention, and no group quite like them has ever met before.

The meeting will be unique in that Atlantic problems will be discussed by men sent under the aegis of their governments but uninstructed by and unable to commit those governments. They are being sent in that way in the hope that men thus free of traditional diplomatic restrictions will be able to break through the barriers of obsolescent political thought to a new vision of—and new means to—a united Western world.

The convention began as a gleam in the eyes of some Americans in and out of Congress who were worried over chronic Western disunity in the face of Communist solidarity, whose efforts over a period of years led to the passage by the Congress in August, 1960, of Public Law 86-719, authorizing the appointment of a U. S. Citizens Commission on NATO. The function of the Commission was first to organize and then to participate in a convention, to which the other NATO countries had been invited to send similar groups, which would explore greater unification of the Atlantic community. Every NATO nation has accepted the invitation and has appointed delegates. That the convention will be held at this time is the result of the persistent efforts—to name only a few of the most dedicated supporters—of Senators Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, who was the convention's unswerving advocate from the very beginning when many were calling it a visionary idea, John Sparkman of Alabama, Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, Clifford Case of New Jersey, John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky, and, in the last stages, freshman Senator Frank Church of Idaho, all of whom spent long hours persuading their fellow Senators that much good and no harm could come of asking a group of citizens to try their brains at the thorny problems of cementing the Western alliance. There were parallel efforts in the House of Representatives. In addition, there was invaluable behind-the-scenes support from then Vice President Nixon, and the indispensable aid of then Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

Last March the twenty members of the U. S. Commission were appointed (half by the President of the Senate, half by the Speaker of the House) and the machinery set in motion for this venture into the uncharted seas of international non-diplomacy. The co-chairmen—W. L. Clayton, Under Secretary of State for President Truman, and Christian A. Herter, Eisenhower's recent Secretary of State—are more than adequately prepared to take on the job. A task force returned last fall from London where members met with delegates from the other NATO nations to plan the meeting in Paris.

ONCE assembled, just what will these selected NATO citizens talk about? The answer is strictly up to them. Brought together by an urgent sense that twilight may be fast falling upon the West unless it changes its disunited ways, they can be expected to talk about everything that offers any hope of transcending the partial patchwork of intermittent alliance with which it has stumbled through past crises.

They may well discuss the feasibility of having the United States and Canada join the European Common Market in some sort of Atlantic Economic Community, thus joining the richest nations of the world in a vast free trade area of enormous economic potential. Another economic measure they may discuss is the simplification of international trade by means of a common currency (a measure that might be almost as beneficial—and almost as hard to bring about—as a common language). They will no doubt spend a good deal of time on the most crucial and most chronic problem of all those facing the Atlantic alliance: how to present a permanently united front to the united Communist bloc and the divided world between. Up to now, statesmen of the free world have had to spend as much time running from country to country trying to get policy agreement among themselves as they have spent on formulating policy to begin with. If some mechanism could be set up whereby free world foreign policy could be formulated by a collective process, so that Communist challenges might be met without months of delay and nego-

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tiation, what a difference it could make to the timetable of survival!

The convention might go all the way and discuss whether a federation of states, which so successfully united the thirteen American colonies, offers possibilities as the best means of uniting the nations of the free world. This country has recently demonstrated anew its faith in the efficacy of the federal form of organization by extending its federal bonds to two areas not even contiguous to itself, one separated from the mainland by the Pacific Ocean, the other by the land mass of Canada. A federation of the democracies—even if it restricted itself to the most essential matters of common concern, such as foreign policy and defense, leaving all domestic affairs alone—would involve sweeping changes, perhaps too sweeping for even uncommitted citizen delegates to recommend to their governments. Perhaps; perhaps not. But their function will be to examine *all* serious proposals for increased Atlantic unity, from the most modest to the most far-reaching.

PERHAPS, out of the searching discussions, out of the interplay of proposal and counterproposal, will come some brand-new proposal, as yet undreamed in the mind of any individual delegate-to-be, which will seem to those assembled the most practical proposal of all, and which will win the day. It is on just that chance—that a group of informed and conscientious citizens, meeting outside the channels of official power, might come up with a workable solution that escaped the notice of those too used to traveling and thinking within those official channels—that this group has been brought together. What they propose, whatever they propose, will then be presented to their respective governments, and the rest will be up to history. They cannot commit their governments; they can only suggest.

History, however pitilessly it has dashed the hopes of men and civilizations, has been kind to the West and to democracy: it keeps giving us one more chance. Despite the thousand blunders of shortsighted and ill-executed policy, despite the barriers of pride and complacency we have erected against an understanding of the world in which we live, we are being given another chance to learn the lessons of twentieth-century survival.

What are these lessons that we must learn? They are, for one, that many of the things once thought to separate men no longer do so. Rivers, mountains, oceans no longer separate men in a jet-borne age; space provides neither distance nor safety any more. Languages no longer separate men—if their concepts are the same. The parochialisms of man's multiple cultures no longer matter very much—if there is agreement on essential values. Crisis is a great simplifier, and in this crisis, which threatens the very survival of Western civilization, it is the answer to a single question that divides the world. Is individual man the ultimate source of meaning and value, and do all our political arrangements exist so that he may have the best possible chance to live out his life and seek his development as he sees fit? Or is it man the mass, man the abstraction, and thus, in practical terms, the state, which is ultimate, and which individual man exists only to serve? Beneath all the differences of political style and social custom that divide the West, a deep-rooted belief in the primacy of the individual unites all men who have grown up in the climate of democracy; and this belief is the only cement that can bind men together today.

Strangely enough, it is this very individualism that makes our unity so fleeting, our alliances so transistory. Having fought our own battles against tyranny, accustomed to preferring the individual to the state, we have tended to keep our governments under tight leash and allowed them no more power than necessary. But as we confront the Machiavellian maneuvers of police states operating under no such restrictions, we must find a way to reconcile our respect for the individual with the need for united action. We must learn not how to limit freedom, but how to band together, as free men, to save it.

It is in our power to do so. Sovereignty, now as always, resides in the people, who can confer that sovereignty on whatever shape or form of government best suits today's needs. Our needs today are great, and it is to be hoped that the coming Atlantic convention will find a new way to use the people's sovereignty so that freedom can become a living force in a beleaguered world.

"The conventional response, Miss Burgess, is 'I do'—not 'What do you think?'"

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The Unhappy GIs

1. A Familiar Cry

ENCOURAGING recalled servicemen to air their displeasure in the newspapers is a national danger and an immorality.

Only a few months ago Washington expressed fear that the Soviet Ambassador, Mr. Menshikov, was sending back incorrect reports to Moscow. Mr. Menshikov stated publicly, and therefore presumably officially, that this country was in no mood to fight. We would not, he was sure, go to war over Berlin. A considerable effort was made at the time to impress the Kremlin that Mr. Menshikov's evaluation of the national mood was highly inaccurate. The implication left by Mr. Menshikov—and he seemed to gloat over it—was that the whole socialist camp could continue to nibble away at the free world without fear of retaliation by the U.S.

It was, presumably, to offset that misconception that the President ordered some hard measures, among them the call-up of reservists and the show of force on the Autobahns and at the Berlin wall. The latest of our lawmakers to visit the Soviet Union, Senator Javits of New York, is back now talking about the earnest conversations he held with Soviet officials. The danger is that you have backed us into a corner and have left us with no alternative but to fight, Javits recalls saying to the Russians. The fear is, of course, Javits says now, that the Russians may not believe what we say: that if they perceive that the U.S. is weak; that if they believe that the time is now; that if they think one small push would knock us over, they might be encouraged to embark on a bold adventure. "We are," he said the other day in New York, "in deep trouble."

It has been during this period of high international tension that certain Congressmen and certain newspapers have chosen to run to the army camps, the Congressmen to champion the cause of constituents, the newspapermen to collect the easiest and most voluble of all quotes, a GI gripe. Some newspapers, with their ears perked for the rumble from the GIs, had their eyes on the adding machine that totes circulation figures. The nation viewed the specter of reporters encamped in a nearby hotel encouraging newly recalled soldiers to don civilian clothes and come to town to spill it all.

The mewlings from the reservists added up to the familiar "Why *me?*" Why did they call *me* back when there were others whose lives would not have been interrupted? Why do they have me climbing telephone poles when I have acrophobia? Why do they have me typing envelopes when I have a master's degree? To many it was a familiar cry. We heard it way back in 1941, and possibly it was also heard in 1917 and 1861. It was probably uttered with appreciably more reason by a man hit at Shiloh or the Normandy beachhead or the landing at Saipan. And a version of it was certainly uttered by the families of the more than 400,000 American dead in World War II who said, "Why him?"

SOME were quoted in that inevitable assessment of an ambitious young man, diverted from a career to the barracks, who says, "Why did they take me now, just when I am at an age when every day counts."

With the world at an age when every day counts, the prospect of deferring the advancement of an individual career seems unimportant. If the reservists voluntarily enlisted in the reserve knowing they might be called to active duty at the discretion of the President, then they have no more cause for complaint than the fireman has upon being told to answer an alarm. Battles can also be won, and often avoided, by chess moves played on a broad field. To present less than a united front at this time is not in the national interest, and newspapers that pander to these private mewlings of a disgruntled few jeopardize the national safety. If we were Menshikov we would be clipping those articles right now and sending them home to the Kremlin with a note reading, "See, I told you so."

—HORACE SUTTON.

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2. *Reply to H.A.S.*

THE preceding editorial makes two points.

The first is that there is too much whining over conditions in the military training camps. The second is that the cry-baby complaints, reverberating in the newspapers, are bound to encourage the Soviet Union, which is scrutinizing us carefully for signs of weakness.

We disagree with the editorial on both counts.

First, it is not cry-babyism to call attention to senseless brutality. Trainees at one camp were awakened by being clubbed across the legs like camels. One Marine sergeant amused himself by ordering a trainee to read aloud a love letter he had just received, then forcing the humiliated man to swallow the letter, piece by piece. At the same camp, a trainee whose mother had just sent him a five-pound box of cookies was ordered to eat the entire lot at a single sitting. Another trainee made the mistake of putting his hands in his pockets; he was ordered to stuff his pockets with heavy rocks, then sew them up, and wear the pants in that fashion. Rib and kidney punches are not uncommon.

These things have nothing to do with the making of good soldiers and should be called by their right name. They are despicable expressions of degeneracy and sadism. Damage is done the country not by speaking up against them, but by permitting them to exist. If the Army regards toughness as an asset, the place to begin is by getting tough with the sadists and monsters who are using their military uniforms as a hunting license against people. Threats to the national security must not become the legitimatizing procedure for satisfying the craving of perverts to inflict pain or humiliation.

This does not mean that training camps should be run like plush hotels. Their job is to condition a man to withstand severe physical ordeals—and also to impress on him the values he is called upon to defend. It is a dangerous fallacy to suppose that the way to do this is by trying to dehumanize him and strip him of the decencies he is expected to fight for. This nation has produced some good soldiers in its history, men like George Washington, Robert E. Lee, John J. Pershing, George C. Marshall, and Dwight D. Eisenhower. They were good soldiers not just because they were talented strategists but because they had respect for human life and understood the values at stake in the struggles in which they were engaged. If anyone can imagine any of these men feeling at home in some of the sadistic enterprises that have been taking place at some of the training camps as described in the newspapers, we will concede the argument right there. Incidentally, we hope the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*, to mention only two newspapers that have been concerned about training camp abuses, will receive appropriate public-service awards for their initiative in these fields.

We now come to the second part of the preceding editorial; namely, the contention that the United States is somehow disadvantaged in its dealings with the Soviet Union when newspapers herald the gripes of trainees and their parents. He says that the Soviet is certain to interpret these complaints as softness. Fiddlesticks. If the newspaper articles about the camps have any effect at all on the Soviet leaders, it will be to impress them with the strength of a free society which will not tolerate abuses even though the government seal may be attached to them. It is only when protest is blocked that we need fear that our weakness is showing. If we really want to throw a scare into the Russians, we will do it not by ecstatic accounts of eager young soldiers at the training camps, or by stories of civilians getting ready to go underground, but by making the United States the headquarters for hope on this planet. Soviet leaders want nothing more than to keep us on the reactive level, fending, parrying, and thrusting; the last thing they want is to have the United States stand out as an ideological rallying ground for people who want to make better sense of their lives than humanity has known in the past.

Our problem is not that we have been revealing too much of ourselves to the Soviet Union but that we have not been revealing enough. There are some ideals native to this country that should warrant the most vigorous display in the present world crisis. We are altogether too reticent in talking about the right of people to freedom from outside rule, especially relevant today in Asia and Africa. We have yet to regard the principles of the American Constitutional Convention as a prime national asset, especially as they concern the obligations of states to make themselves subordinate to law in the human interest. Our talk about freedom is too often tied to things instead of ideas.

The notion that we have to act like toughs before we make an impression is the most flagrant sort of un-Americanism we can think of. All it does is flatter the Soviet Union by imitation. Mr. Khrushchev probably thought he was getting through to us by brandishing his 100-megaton bomb. If such was the case, the result was a dud. Similarly, talk emanating from the United States about our own atomic capability, or about our instant readiness to take to our fallout shelters, serves only to escalate the boasts and the bluster. Indeed, nothing is more striking about the present climate of opinion than the insistence by some people that their government pursue a course of conduct that would appall them if adopted by their own children in their relationships with others.

This is written en route to Africa; there is no possibility, therefore, of discussing directly with H.A.S. this reply to him before it appears. In any event, we are certain he will not take it personally. One of the things we like best about working on *Saturday Review* is that you can disagree sharply with key members of your staff without having a palace revolution on your hands.

—N.C.

The Ex-Poet

By Malcolm Lowry

TIMBER floats in the water. The trees
Arch over, it is green there, the shadow.
A child is walking on the meadow.
There is a sawmill, through the window.
I knew a poet once who came to this:
Love has not gone, only the words of love,
He said. The words have gone
Which would have painted that ship
Colors red lead never took
In sunsets livid at the Cape.
I said it was a good thing too.
He smiled and said: Someday
I shall have left this place as words left me.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

RIDICULOUS OR SUBLIME?

MRS. CAROLINE B. NORWOOD wrote in the LETTERS TO THE EDITOR [*SR*, Dec. 16]: "Young readers deserve a chance to learn real facts while they are enjoying a story. The child's life is happy enough without escapes into the land of make-believe."

In defense of make-believe, I take pen in hand. Literature about "real facts" by its very nature tends to result in tedious, prosaic pieces of mediocrity. What a shame to deprive the child's imaginative mind of such works as Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows," A. A. Milne's "Winnie-the-Pooh," L. Frank Baum's "Wizard of Oz," and Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." All these authors use "talking animals" to convey the most delightful experiences that our children might never know—living as they must in a world of real facts. Children's minds are filled with facts in their compulsory studies. Through good writers of make-believe, why not let them have the thrill of their first magic brush with genius?

MRS. DIANE JANES.

Portland, Ore.

"Happy MCMLXII, Claudia."

I THINK Mrs. Norwood's objection to fairy stories may be due to the fact that she is reading them to children who have, as their questions indicate, outgrown them. The classics in this field, Hans Christian Andersen and Grimm, which my mother read to me and which I have in turn read to my children and my grandchildren, are the very breath of life between the ages of three and six, the flowering time of the imagination.

When the child is about six, he is no longer interested in frogs that talk but in the life cycle of their species, and associates the North Pole with Peary rather than Santa Claus. My seven-year-old grandson can't be parted for a single night from his encyclopedia; I would no more read him a fairy story than give him a teething ring. But, if he has read that most profound of Andersen's stories, "The Snow Queen," he will in maturity understand the inevitable pain of human growth, and will, I hope, realize that the first step against an evil force consists in naming it, and that, though our world is full of dragons, St. George too rides again.

MARGARET LEE SOUTHARD.

Hingham, Mass.

BUILDING FOR PEACE

SR IS TO BE congratulated for publishing Seymour Melman's provocative "Peace Without Depression" [*SR*, Dec. 2]. I agree unreservedly that our urgent public services and urban rehabilitation needs can more than absorb, for years to come, the billions now being spent on defense.

I would add one vital ingredient to Dr. Melman's approach. A concept as sweeping as the one he propounds needs empirical proof of its validity. Put another way, we need a device that will close what Leo Cherne calls "the gap between attitude and action."

We have that device in our hands right now. It is the wantonly wasted billions of wealth sources represented by labor and means of production that are unused year after year. There is no rational reason for their not being put to work at once.

Diverting $50 billion a year from defense to peaceful endeavors is a colossal task. It requires a carefully planned modus operandi that will take years to develop. For example, almost two years are needed to construct and equip a 300,000-square-foot branch department store, a relatively simple task compared with what Dr. Melman visualizes.

If we are to avoid waste, fumbling, and vacillating, it is vital that we get a "pilot plant" going without delay. What is more, we will need the wholehearted participation of our private economy if we are to succeed. It will take years of strenuous effort to convince our business leaders and many of our legislators that this approach is neither "socialistic" nor a giant step toward national bankruptcy.

I fervently hope that total disarmament becomes a reality tomorrow. However, until it does, we must do everything in our power to prepare to cope adequately with its economic consequences. We have the means. All we need is the will to get started.

JOSEPH J. THURSH.

New York, N.Y.

WHAT IS ENGLISH?

THE National Council of Teachers of English is pleased that *SR* has made available to its readers the outstanding address on "What is English?" which Archibald MacLeish prepared for our meeting in Philadelphia on November 24, 1961. We believe that Mr. MacLeish's comments should be widely read.

We believe that your readers should know, however, that the address on which the article [*SR*, Dec. 9] was based was prepared especially for the Fifty-first Annual Meeting of the National Council of Teachers of English. . . .

JAMES R. SQUIRE,
Executive Secretary,
National Council
of Teachers of English.

Champaign, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is glad to give deserved, if belated, credit to the NCTE.*

THE RIGHT TO KNOW

THANK YOU FOR Robert Lewis Shayon's recent analysis of the situation surrounding the departure of Howard K. Smith from CBS [*SR*, Nov. 18].

As a confirmed radio listener (mine is probably the last non-TV household in the country) I felt a sad lack when Edward R. Murrow left the network, and it was an even worse blow to lose Mr. Smith. Who else has his broad grasp of world affairs, his ability to sum up for the listener the significance of what is happening from day to day?

Perhaps he satisfied his own convictions in resigning, but what about the thousands who are thereby deprived of his knowledge and judgment? Is there nothing we can do to enforce our right to be informed?

MRS. C. ALBIN JOHNSON.

Bellingham, Wash.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Ring" in Sequence—Mitropoulos Contest

THE Metropolitan Opera is being faithful to Richard Wagner in his fashion (even more so than Bayreuth) with its presentation of this year's "Ring" cycle. For, as all good Wagnerians know, "Götterdämmerung" was conceived prior to all the other works, and so it has occurred in this year's sequence (*SR*, Dec. 23), followed since then by "Das Rheingold" and the rest. With the fulfillment thus foretold in the Nilsson manner, diligent "Ring" goers were assured of an outcome in keeping with the more than promising beginning.

Indeed, there was a strong sense of fulfillment in and about this "Rheingold": fulfillment of the high hopes for Erich Leinsdorf's conducting talents held by those who heard his first performance of it in the late Thirties; fulfillment of the equally high hopes for George London in his first Wotan at the Metropolitan, and the one that is, arguably, an even greater challenge for a performer than those that follow.

For in "Walküre" and "Siegfried" the figure of this god, though central, is surrounded by others of decided consequence to the outcome. In "Rheingold," Wotan is not merely an incident in the drama: he is the drama—as instigator of the building project (Valhalla) that motives the need for a solution, and as principal in the swindle (theft of the gold from Alberich) that makes him a prisoner of the fates from then on. London's response to this dramatic problem was a Wotan of more athletic gait and streamlined physique than most, but one with the vocal girth to match Wagner's instrumental abundance and the artistic intelligence to see both the human and the godly aspects of the character.

What he does not have, for example, is the overpowering physical presence of a Hans Hotter, nor that majesty of stride which made some performers of the role as regal in a subway as on a stage. But he compensates with the physical vigor befitting the young, as yet illusioned god with his plans for the best of all impossible worlds. If London seemed sometimes to lapse into the dream world of Vanderdecken (which he did so well in last year's "Dutchman"), the reason may be simple—Wotan, after all, is also a visionary, adrift on a sea of dreams.

As strength is one side of the "Rheingold" Wotan, so guile is another, and this was tendered to him in a classic way by his chief undercover man, Loge, in the person of Karl Liebl. Well disposed both by voice and size to the physical requirements of the role, Liebl's first effort showed that he has gone a long way toward molding them into an artful, incisive portrait of the Fire God. How much the direction of Nathaniel Merrill aided or restrained him I have no way of knowing: but if Liebl added a touch of animation here and there, and also took his proper place in the final tableau (which, on the whole, was not too well conceived) he would be a Loge to grace any "Rheingold."

Though Ralph Herbert lacks the voice to make a virtuoso effort of his Alberich, this is strong, steady communicative work he does, dramatically influential without verging on the grotesque. Also of quality were the insinuating Mime of Paul Kuen (new from Germany in this part and highly promising for his duties to come in "Siegfried"), the stunning Fasolt and Fafner of Jerome Hines and Ernst Wiemann (for once the gruesome conflict over the Ring was not pushed out of sight, but suggested, at least, in the visible blow of the avaricious Fafner at his softer-headed brother), and an exemplary series of minor deities by Robert Nagy (Froh), Norman Mittlemann (Donner), and Heidi Krall (Freia). Irene Dalis as Fricka and Jean Madeira as Erda were average good, but hardly in the area of persuasion attained by some predecessors. Conversely, the Arroyo-Elias-Dunn trio of Rhinemaidens was much above average.

Considering the antiquated stage and its lack of machinery worthy of the name, the amount of illusion accomplished in tracing the rise and fall of action from Rhine depths to mountaintops to underworld was a matching miracle to those depicted in the drama. The scenic projection of Valhalla was imposingly steady, the rainbow bridge which led to its front door as curvily correct as something supervised by Moses (Robert, that is). As for Leinsdorf's direction: with the large lines of the performance now so well established, there was reason for hope that a detail here, a lyric phrase there might prosper from a little more attention.

In terms of the title "Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition," the real winner at the first finals in the Metropolitan Opera House was not the twenty-seven-year-old pianist Augustin Anievas of New York, whose $5,000 prize money came from a cigarette company, but Theodor Bloomfield, who conducted. His participation at short notice (after the withdrawal of Josef Krips, whose week's work included, otherwise, four performances of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony) was, more than that of any of the others, in the true spirit of the man whose memory was being honored. As a recent appointee to the direction of the Rochester Philharmonic, Bloomfield earned, in respect for his musicianly direction of parts of works by Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, Chopin, and the "Paganini" Rhapsody of Rachmaninoff, even more than the total of $10,500 awarded to the winners. Among them, the closest in quality to Anievas was Marta Pariente of Argentina—it could have gone either way—with the younger Ralph Votapek of Milwaukee and Susan Starr of Philadelphia clearly in a lower flight, as yet.

Two singers added repute to their names on the same night recently when John Alexander moved up to the Metropolitan to sing Ferrando in "Così" (in which he had already been heard in City Center and on TV) and McHenry Boatwright performed in Carnegie Hall with members of the Symphony of the Air under the direction of Franz Allers. If Alexander had some of Boatwright's power and Boatwright had some of Alexander's finesse, both would be further on the road to their objectives, but, at least, both are aiming high, artistically.

Alexander commended himself especially for the easy assumption of his ensemble responsibilities, a sizable assignment in this work. He performed with assurance, carried himself well, and executed the intricacies of Carl Ebert's action with seasoned skill. For pure vocal appeal "Un' aura amorosa" was a shade pale, though well enough controlled. The cast conducted by Joseph Rosenstock has now settled into a unit especially notable for the improved ease of Frank Guarrera's Alfonso and the consistently comedic Despina of Roberta Peters.

A white-tied "Boris" is, of itself, something of an anachronism, but Boatwright went to the heart of the matter with his strong surge of sound, his informed sense of purpose in the four big scenes from Moussorgsky's drama. A tall, imposing Negro basso, Boatwright, in his trend toward opera, has ample justification in voice and stature. At a suitably measured pace (say three or four years hence) he could make a striking effect in some difficult parts. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Variety

ALTHOUGH I hesitate to carp so early in the year, and although the recent crop of movies shows, at the least, an interesting variety, the interest is to be found more in intentions than in accomplishment. The man who has tried to dig hardest and deepest is Jack Garfein, a young New York director known for "The Strange One." This time out, with **"Something Wild,"** he has evidently sought for a style of poetic realism, seizing, for his subject, upon the violence and savagery always lurking amidst the stone, concrete, and glass of the city. His case history involves a college girl who is suddenly brutalized during her homeward walk through a park, and who then embarks upon a strange nightmarish existence, until she is eventually able to regain her normality.

The girl might be Any Girl who comes from an ordinary New York City neighborhood. She is a pretty girl, and a nice girl; her unknown, almost unseen attacker, shocks her so thoroughly that she cannot tell family, friends, or the police what has happened to her, but must leave her home and equate her emotional uncleanliness with the physical uncleanliness of a sordid section of the city. She runs off from her home, rents a small room in a dreadful rooming house filled with the vicious and the slatternly, works in a five and ten, and at last is driven to a suicide attempt from a Manhattan bridge. As though this were not enough, Mr. Garfein and his script collaborator, Alex Karmel, then carry her into a further weird adventure.

Her rescuer takes her to his cell-like flat and insists upon keeping her prisoner. When he drunkenly attempts to assault her she literally kicks his eye out, upon which the two wounded human beings engage in an almost tender cat-and-mouse game, which eventually winds up in marriage! Motivating all this would seem to require a legerdemain that is beyond the powers of Mr. Garfein and Mr. Karmel, and they further mystify us by providing little or no background for the two major characters. The girl, played with sincerity and intensity by Carroll Baker, has little or no identity to begin with; thus her loss of identity is given little poignance. She has a mother and a stepfather, both sketched in so briefly that they are hardly more than ciphers. As for the young man who keeps her prisoner (Ralph Meeker), he seems at first to be a vague sort of psychopath, then turns out to be a nice, ordinary guy after all.

Because we do not know who the people are, it becomes increasingly difficult to accept an already garish series of events. And, while the photography captures some unusual aspects of the city, and while Aaron Copland's music score attests to the seriousness of purpose on everyone's part, the movie succeeds in doing little more than fill us with an unpleasant mystification. The trouble would seem to lie in an ambitious script that became much too tangled in psychological pseudo-meanings. Too bad, because a lot of unfulfilled talent would seem to be lurking beneath the surface of "Something Wild."

Billy Wilder's **"One, Two, Three"** is a fast, raucous comedy set in present-day Berlin (both East and West) with a story that seems concocted for the purpose of providing a line for a series of topical gags, some of which go off with a bang, while others merely sputter or turn out to be duds. When the picture is funny, it is very funny (a marvelous automobile chase through East Berlin, for instance, reminiscent of the best of old-time movie slapstick) and when it isn't, it all seems too loud and desperate. A good many of the sallies are fired in the direction of East Germany and the Soviet Union, others are aimed at the West Germans, and some are tossed in our own back yard.

Wilder's is not a delicate sense of satire. He plays so rough that Khrushchev, if he should see the movie and have it translated for him, may decide against a summit conference for several more years. If Wilder has a thesis it is that the Communists are simply dying for all the material benefits of Western civilization (including, above all, Coca-Cola) and that given a certain amount of exposure they will adopt our money-making ways with alacrity. James Cagney is the chief player in the farce (based loosely on a Molnar play). He is the American representative of the Coca-Cola interests in West Berlin, and has his heart set on piercing the Iron Curtain with his product. This notion immediately sets off a series of misadventures, made wildly complicated when the Southern daughter of the American Coca-Cola chief visits Cagney, steals across into East Berlin, and marries an East German intellectual Marxist beatnik.

The picture reaches comic heights when Lilo Pulver, a piquant and gifted Swiss comedienne, parodies today's well-fed version of a blonde fraulein, and also when Hans Lothar heel-clicks his way through his role of a servile German assistant to Cagney. But Cagney, I fear, has done Wilder an ill service. He shouts his way through the entire movie, bellowing and bowling over all opposition. After a while, I found myself flinching every time he gathered his breath. A man just can't keep that up without strain to the vital organs.

Roger Vadim, a French director known most for his ability to find, marry, and display attractively figured young women, seems to have searched through public domain until he discovered **"Les Liaisons Dangereuses,"** the classic novel (1786) by Choderlos de Laclos, who wrote of the diabolical aspects of love and seduction with wit and high style. Mr. Vadim then chose to mock his own tradition by updating the story to the present day, and with a sniggering and sophomoric approach tried to equate our own morals with those of the late eighteenth century, or perhaps it is vice versa he had in mind. Cavalierly destroying the Laclos plot by marrying the two diaboliques, Madame de Merteuil and Valmont (they were former lovers in the novel), he turns it into a story of permissiveness in modern marriage, and ends the tale with a horrendous display of piety.

He also misuses a fine actor like the late Gerard Philipe, wastes the fascinating Jeanne Moreau, but dwells lovingly on the nude form of his wife, Annette Vadim, and, for good measure, throws in some cheesecake postures by Simone Renant. The French government opposed the export of the film for a time because it presumably painted a bad moral picture of the French, especially since Valmont, the "hero," is made a representative of the U.N. This, unfortunately, only serves to give a serious tone to what is largely nonsense. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR's TEN BEST FOR 1961, by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert:

"La Dolce Vita"
"Judgment at Nuremberg"
"Saturday Night and Sunday Morning"
"West Side Story"
"L'Avventura"
"The Hustler"
"The Innocents"
"The Five Day Lover"
"The Mark"
"No Love For Johnny"

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Brightness at Dusk

PERSONAL heroism in our time is suspect. The moral man is thought to be either fake or insensitive; the courageous man, opportunistic; the man who sacrifies his own welfare on behalf of a cause, psychopathic. Events, however, can still be heroic. And certainly the 1956 Hungarian uprising seems fixed in history as one of the most heroic and tragic events of our era.

In his new play, **"Shadow of Heroes,"** Robert Ardrey has searched through the rubble of this event in an effort to locate some lasting shreds of heroism. He begins in 1945 Budapest with three comrades of the Communist underground. The three, Janos Kadar, Laszlo Rajk, and Julia Rajk, have bravely resisted the Nazis and their torture. Because at that historical moment the interests of Party and Revolution coincide, their lives have reached a peak of simple integrity.

But when the war is over and the Party sends in its trained agents to set up a Communist regime in Hungary, there emerges a dichotomy between the fight for justice and dignity, and the struggle for hierarchical control of a country to suit Party necessity. The concern of the Communist agents must be the preservation of their own skins in a constantly shifting situation. What is right today may turn out to be wrong tomorrow. Intentions don't count. All is ruthless efficiency, prudence, and unilateral obedience.

The irony of the play is that Laszlo Rajk religiously believes in such obedience to the Party and yet finds himself rebelling against what seem to him wrong decisions. That his opinion may prove right, and even be subsequently admitted by the Party to have been right, cannot matter. Thus, even as he is being persuaded to "confess," Laszlo seems to recognize his fate as the logical fruit of his religion of selflessness.

His friend Janos, who has less personal dignity to lose, proves to be a better Party man, and in fact survives today as Secretary of the Communist Party in Hungary, while most of the other Party officials have disappeared. In the play he is described as well-meaning but weak. Near the end he almost reclaims himself with a stirring short outburst against the Soviets, but it turns out to be the last flickering of spirit before the fire goes out.

The nearest thing this play has to a hero is its heroine, Julia Rajk. Julia seems to care about the present, and to understand intuitively that the maintenance of justice and dignity here and now gives life whatever meaning it can have. The playwright has given her two marvelous moments. The first comes when she is able quietly to outfox Eerno Gero, the man responsible for her husband's execution. And the second is her speech to a mass meeting in which she stirs up the Hungarians by pointing out that she finds it loathesome to complain to them about experiences that have been their common lot, and proceeds to count her "blessings." It is implied that her speech set off the uprising, but the heroism comes less out of her fixity of purpose than out of the joyous capacity of people to assert their highest hopes.

The highlights of the story of the three comrades are narrated by an actor who dispassionately explains what is fact and what is partially invented. While we occasionally resent his refusal to be visibly moved by the material, the device has its advantages. By not appearing to ask for our sympathy, he helps make the point that historically the Hungarians may be the most rewarded of peoples in that their one brief moment of glory has exposed the fallacy of Soviet policy to the world and to the Russian people themselves. Furthermore, the quietly objective voice keeps reminding us that we are watching something real and complex rather than something false and dramatic, and it makes us feel properly uneasy that we and the rest of the Western world did not somehow find a way to help these people more than we did.

Director Warner Leroy and designer Kim Swados have constructed some compelling theatrical images, and the cast has approached the material with humility and respect. As Julia Rajk, Salome Gens emanates an unquenchable lyricism that is sometimes helpful and sometimes not. And George Gaines and Bernard Weiss make a convincing pair of cynical and damned Party heads. However, neither author, director, nor actors seem to have made this play their own to a sufficient degree. It tends to be too much demonstration, with the characters overly inhibited by the confines of the literal transcripts of their history.

Perhaps these failings, which caused the play to close, are inherent in the project. But aren't they worth bearing with? For "Shadow of Heroes" deals responsibly and informatively with a current event of great and durable significance. —HENRY HEWES.

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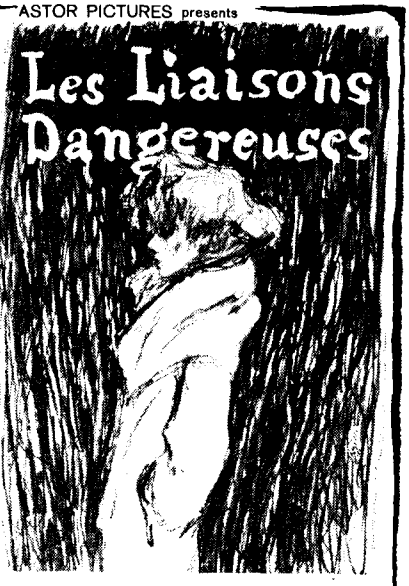

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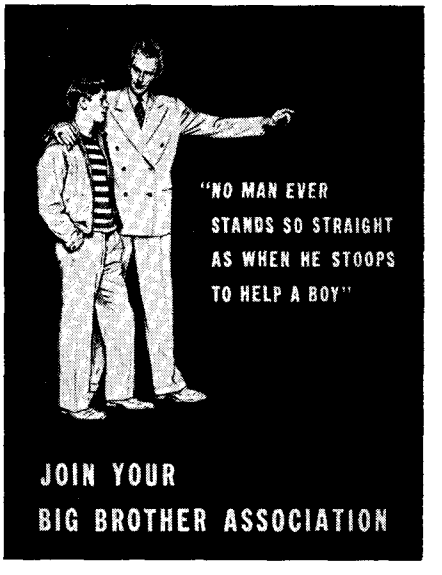

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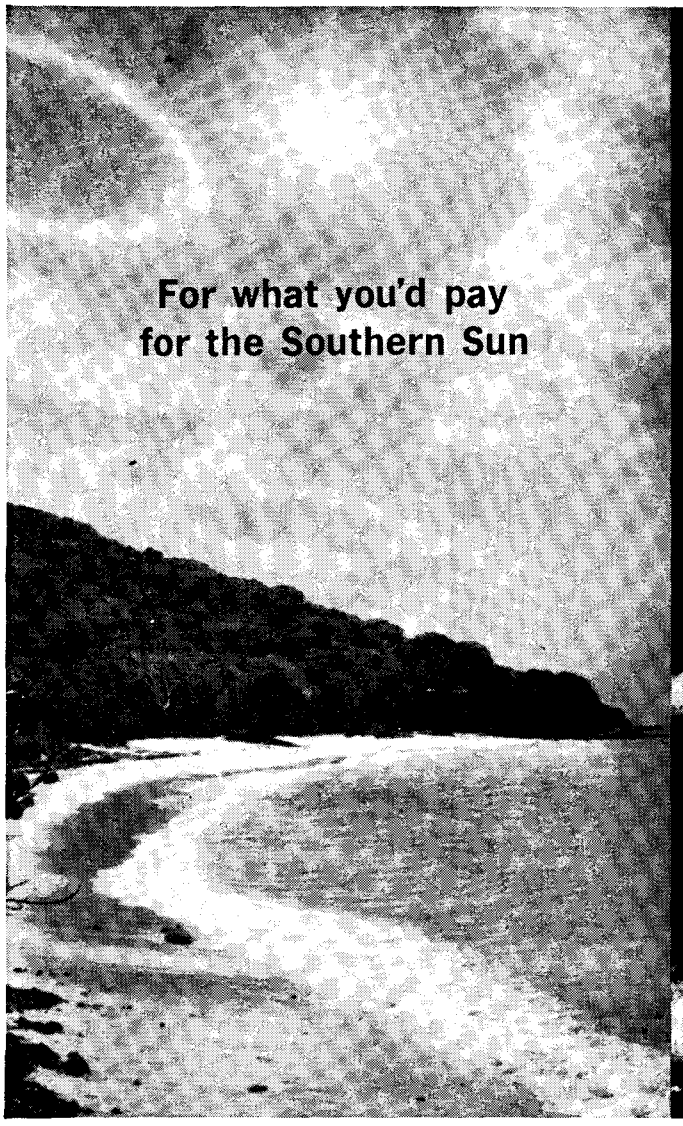

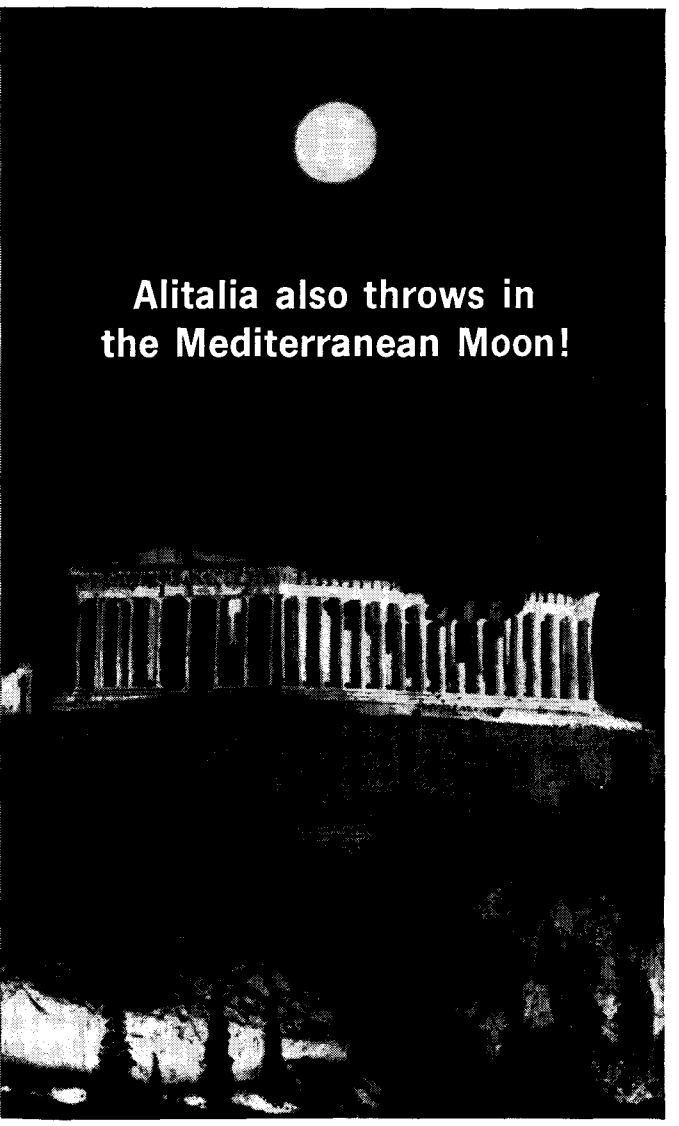

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THE EXHILARATING VIEW

By HORACE SUTTON

JUST A YEAR AGO, with the new Administration preparing to take over the desks and the challenges that lay upon them, we chalked out a dozen needs and aims that required federal aid, direction, encouragement, and support (*SR*, Jan. 7, 1961). The first five dealt with the matter of establishing a tourist business of our own, not merely to stabilize the imbalance of dollars that was facing us, but, further and deeper, to give foreign visitors a firsthand look for themselves at America, which has become a controversial entity in the world of nations. We called for the establishment of a U.S. Travel Service; for the opening of travel promotion offices in London, Paris, Frankfurt, Tokyo, and Sydney; for a publicity and advertising campaign to promote U.S. travel abroad; for the relaxation of travel barriers to the U.S., for either a tourist dollar or a vigorous program of enlightenment to show foreign visitors how to visit the U.S. on limited means.

Now, from the pinnacle of the New Year, looking back over the topography of the last twelve months, the view of the progress is exhilarating. Just before June's end the President signed into law the International Travel Act of 1961, which in effect created the United States Travel Service, whose mission was to entice and encourage foreign visitors to the U.S. By mid-August the President had appointed as its first director Voit Gilmore of North Carolina, an energetic forty-three-year-old businessman with a varied career in travel circles. In the four and a half months before year's end Gilmore bounced around the world attending travel meetings and selling the U.S.A., while simultaneously setting up a network of travel offices and interviewing thousands of applicants who wanted to run them.

By spring 1962 there will be U.S. travel offices, styled by American decorators, functioning in London, Paris, Frankfurt, and Sydney. Tokyo and Caracas come next. For the time being, until visitor volume warrants a downtown office of its own, the representatives of the Travel Service in Mexico and Sao Paulo will use embassy or consulate facilities. Besides these appointees working directly for the Travel Service, commercial attachés in principal cities of the world will be disseminating Visit U.S.A. literature and assisting in promotion.

In October of 1961 the Travel Service launched its advertising and public relations plan. It set off a crash program to produce good maps, folders, posters, booklets, slides, films, sales kits, and exhibits. These aids will begin to flow across the borders this month. In December, contracts were let for public

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WILL THEY, CAN THEY,

VISIT SI!

By A. B. W. TOFT, *a thirty-six-year-old Englishman who has been an alien resident of the U.S. for the last fourteen years. Mr. Toft lives in Fairfield County, Connecticut, and is a free-lance advertising consultant. He has contributed to Punch, the Christian Science Monitor, and Printer's Ink.*

EVER SINCE it was proposed that Europeans tour America, foreign detractors have been happily leaping the Atlantic with preheated typewriters at the ready. They come ostensibly as "pathfinders," but nonetheless giggle in printed delight at having discovered one more excuse for lambasting everything American. They stay just long enough to be well paid for their unwanted choler, and then take their ill-gotten gains back to the Côte d'Azur.

All well and good perhaps, but this time a "pathfinder" went too far—he attacked blueberry pie; I like blueberry pie, and I won't have it attacked out of hand by some visiting mountebank.

The criticism appeared in the New York *Times* last June in an article entitled "America is a Bad Tourist Trap." Unhappily, the thing was written by a fellow Englishman, David Holden. "Homemade blueberry pie," it was declared therein, "is revealed at every trial as the same old slice of purple glue." This in attempting to dissuade the intending foreign tourist from coming to America. What calumny! What utter heresy against true American succulence!

Of course, as one reads on in this particular piece of nastiness, it is discovered that the writer consumed all

VISIT NO!

By MARY ROBLEE, *a contributing editor for Vogue, where many of her articles have appeared. Virginia-born, she was educated on both sides of the Atlantic and lives now in Paris and New York.*

ONE WEEK after my French father-in-law had been in New York we received a note asking us to book his return passage to France. In time of crisis, *Beau-père* always writes notes, even if posted from the next bedroom. He did not, it appeared, want to die or be incarcerated on alien soil, two hazards that threatened menacingly.

A chauvinistic but worldly musician, with a passion for the liquids and solids of France, he had been bugged by New York's water. He found the potatoes and carrots mealy, the asparagus *pas les gros jolis blancs de Paris,* the pineapple fibrous, the lettuce tough, the butter wax, the cheese pasteurized, and the bread a fair facsimile of absorbent cotton. For meat, eggs, and seafood, he showed fair indulgence. After the rackety market stalls of Avenue Président Wilson, where he would occasionally pick up a cheese, the supermarket looked like an overstocked air raid shelter. The wine shops he found *formidable,* all *les bons crus de France.* But the water! The water did to him what Parisian water has always done to Americans.

Beau-père loves cafés. Preferably on a leafy square where pretty girls trot by, a fountain tinkles, and a likely, and naturally French-speaking, neighbor will

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TRAVEL IN THE USA?

of his blueberry pie in roadside diners. Now, I ask you, what sort of test is this? As every American knows, diners are frequented only by truckers with immense capacities for cardboard meals, traveling salesmen who hate their ulcers, and domestic tourists who prove themselves wiser than their foreign counterparts by sticking to ham sandwiches and ice cream. Why expect to get homemade delicacies in the culinary equivalent of the notorious English workingman's "coffee shop," or the lorry drivers' "caff"? How about one of those infamous English packaged meat pies with the concrete casing inside of which a small piece of pink pork gristle would rattle about were it not so liberally coated in a half-inch of rubber gelatin? England, English "pathfinders" should remember, is also the country that invented "one large and two o' drip." And anyone hailing from a place that could do that has no right to condemn anything that is edible in the slightest degree.

All right, America, "one large and two o' drip" is one huge cup of brackish, blackish tea that has been simmering in its own questionable juices for several days, and two slices of coarse bread liberally smeared with "dripping" or pan-grease. The thickness of the bread can only be described as vulgar, and the grease is traditionally older than the tea. For those with strong stomachs let me add that the whole is consumed in downright unsanitary surroundings with the enthusiastic participation of roaches, from lip-bruising china cracked and chipped beyond description. Admittedly these delightful English "bistros" are few and far between in this new era of prosperity, but the memory of them is as embarrassing as Suez. At least, the average American diner does not offend the sensibilities as well as the palate.

And to go on about food: As amazing as it may seem, I have heard dozens of Europeans come here and criticize American food in general. Lord Boothby (unhappily another Briton, and a politician of the Churchillian type, who should therefore be better mannered) never misses the opportunity, when appearing on American TV, to condemn U.S. fare. These self-styled visiting gourmets burble on as though food throughout the Continent and Great Britain were universally a treat for the taste buds and something about which the summer vacationer may drool throughout the winter and spring of his life's labor. Rot! Try getting a Spanish chef to fry eggs in anything but old oil. The memory of those

(*Continued on page* 60)

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discuss politics over an apéritif. A marathon stroller, *Beau-père* strode for hours around Manhattan with our black poodle, *Bête-noire,* in search of this mythical rendezvous. He would watch the workmen, whom he thought *sensationnel,* scaling the skeletal skyscrapers, stop by the Librairie de France for his periodicals, and make for his mirage café.

For taxi drivers and emergencies, my husband had scrawled on a scrap of paper, "I am French, I do not speak English, I live . . . etc.," as *Beau-père's* waggly English was inclined to falter in moments of stress. In the course of one promenade, *Bête-noire* misbehaved on the sidewalk instead of the street. In a flash, a churlish cop demanded justice, writing out a summons from the scrap of paper tendered indignantly by *Beau-père,* who tongue-lashed back in happily incomprehensible French. Twenty-five dollars or two weeks in prison. Cause for immediate departure for someone used to seeing poodles seated in restaurants and cobbled streets shined to pewter.

Realizing that New York is for the young, the brave, and the English-speaking, we bribed *Beau-père* into making a trip to visit my family in Virginia. Passage was duly booked, first class, as there was no tourist flight to Patrick Henry Field, although merely ninety minutes away.

At Idlewild we were told snippishly by a very pretty girl that the plane might not leave, and if so, weather would force us into Norfolk and a feeder bus. We boarded the DC-6, revved up, and took off. Dinner arrived: hot chicken cold in tinfoil cartons, sweet creamy dressing on a sick salad, rubbery cake, iced water, coffee the color of beer. "*Un peu de vin, s'il vous plait,*" said *Beau-père,* who since the age of twelve had never dined without it. "No wine, no whiskey, no brandy," said the hostess. "*O là,* said *Beau-père, "ce n'est pas la Caravelle.*"

Mercifully a *boeuf à la mode* with buckets of Beaujolais awaited us at my sister's house. The next morning *Beau-père,* in a swagged four-poster bed, awakened to birdsong on the Tidewater, and after breakfast we drove to Williamsburg. Among heavily leafed trees and blooming gardens, the white houses looked as though they had been washed and dried in the sunlight. It seemed, to *Beau-père,* a doll's village like Marie-Antoinette's *hameau;* the Governor's palace seemed a charming *hôtel de ville;* a sweep of lawn evoked Fontainbleau.

(*Continued on page* 58)

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BAEDEKER HAD A GUIDEBOOK FOR IT

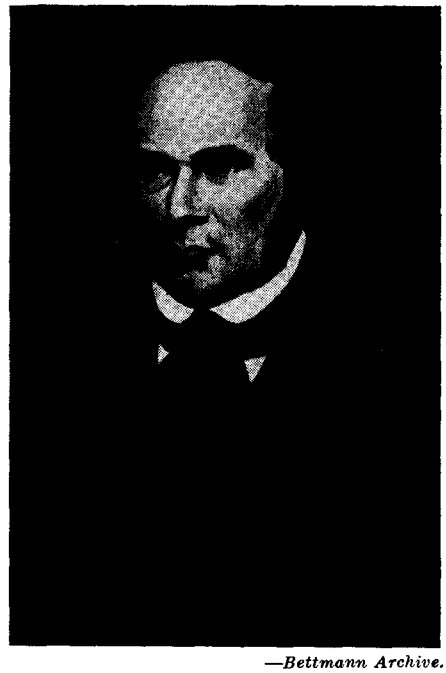
By TREVOR L. CHRISTIE

NEARLY three-quarters of a century before the marksmen of the New Frontier invited the world and his wife to visit this country with their "Visit U.S.A." extravaganza, the stately House of Baedeker not only had a word for it but they had a guidebook. From their stronghold in Leipzig the German publishers looked across the Atlantic to the New World and found it fair—with certain reservations. Karl Baedeker, son of the founder and head of the firm, backed up his judgment of the country's travel facilities by publishing four editions of his guide "The United States"—with "excursions to Mexico, Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Alaska"—between 1893 and 1909. (In 1893, 40,000-odd nonimmigrant visitors entered the U.S. as compared with about 600,000 in 1960.)

To those who think of the little red book with the gold lettering in terms of the museums of Paris, the Alps of Austria, or the lakes of Italy, it may come as something of a surprise that the formidable publishing firm tackled this vast continent and reduced it editorially to understandable size. But they did it with all the fidelity to fact and attention to detail that have characterized their European efforts from 1829 to this day. Making allowances for changes wrought by God and man, the guide remains as accurate a compendium to the U.S. as has ever been written, and foreigners contemplating a visit to this country, as well as Americans traveling within it, would do well to consult the book—if they can find one at this late date.

The Baedekers, invoking their long-established right to lecture their readers for their own good, set the tone of the 600-page first edition, including seventeen maps and twenty-two plans of cities and institutions, early in the game under the heading "General Hints" and aimed their admonitions primarily at their English followers, who at that period were the cocks of the travel walk.

"The first requisites for the enjoyment of a tour in the United States," they advised, "are an absence of prejudice and a willingness to accommodate oneself to the customs of the country. If the traveler exercises a little patience he will often find that ways which strike



—*Bettmann Archive.*

The original Baedeker—hints for the Old Frontier.

him as unreasonable or even disagreeable are more suitable to the environment than those of his own home would be. He should from the outset reconcile himself to the absence of deference or servility on the part of those he considers his social inferiors; but if ready himself to be courteous on a footing of equality he will seldom meet any real impoliteness.

"In a great many ways traveling in the United States is, to one who understands it, more comfortable than in Europe. The average Englishman will probably find the chief physical discomforts in the dirt of the city streets, the roughness of the country roads, the Winter overheating of hotels and railway cars, the dust, flies and mosquitoes of summer and (in many places) the habit of spitting on the floor; but the Americans themselves are now keenly alive to their weak points and are doing their best to remove them." (The new United States Travel Service will kindly note.)

In an introductory "How-to-Get-There" chapter, the guidebook pointed out that "passports, though not necessary in the U.S., may be useful in procuring delivery of registered and poste restante (Hold for address) letters." The idea of a visa was not even mentioned.

As for steamship passage, it advised that the average cost of a good stateroom on the Cunard or White Star line ranged from $75 to $125 and the average duration of the voyage was seven to ten days. (The SS *United States* currently holds the record, set in 1952, at 3 days, 10 hours, 40 minutes.)

Once ashore on the New York docks, the passenger was informed that "The Customs House examination is generally conducted courteously but with considerable minuteness. Nothing is admitted free of duty except the personal effects of the traveler, and unusually liberal supplies of unworn clothing are apt to be regarded with considerable suspicion." (After World War II American women entering Mediterranean countries such as Greece with more than two pair of nylons were often regarded as suspected smugglers.) The Baedekers issued a pointed warning that the expenses of a visit to the U.S. "depend, of course, on the habits and tastes of the traveler, but are almost inevitably from one-fourth to one-third higher than those of European travel. The distances to be traveled are so great that railway fares are apt to be absolutely, even when not relatively, higher, and comfortable hotels of the second or third class are comparatively rare."

By staying in boarding houses and avoiding the rental of carriages, however, they calculated that a person of "moderate requirements" could get by on most trips for $5 to $7.50 a day, but he would be safer to allow $10. They estimated the cost of a typical three-week railroad tour from New York, covering Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Richmond, and Washington, at about $240, including $120 for transportation. (Today's travel experts remind us that the Englishman's pound brought five U.S. dollars in those days as against two dollars and eighty cents now, and that a comparable tour by bus would cost about $444, including $99 for transport. Some authorities estimate that his descendant must figure on a minimum of $15 a day for bare survival and $20 to $25 a day for an enjoyable holiday, or about twice what it costs him on the Continent.)

The Baedekers went to great pains to explain the differences between the compartmented railway coaches of

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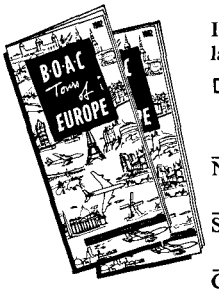

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Europe and the open-end type in America. "The vexed question of whether the American or the European railway carriage is the more comfortable is hard to decide," the book remarked. Against the American system it listed that the seats were too small to hold two persons, their backs were too low to support the head, the passenger had no control over his window, and the continued opening and shutting of the doors at both ends, with consequent drafts, are "annoying." "A single crying infant or spoiled child annoys 60-70 persons instead of the few in one compartment," it remarked, "the incessant visitation of the train boy renders a quiet nap almost impossible, while in the event of an accident there are only two exits against six or eight." In favor of the American system, it recorded the liberty of movement about the car, the toilet accommodations, and "the amusement of watching one's fellow-passengers" during a long journey. The European type might be superior for short trips, it concluded, but the American type was preferable for long distances.

When it came to American hotels, the Baedekers informed readers that "The quality varies very greatly in different localities; but it is perhaps safe to say that the best American houses will be found fully as comfortable as the first-class hotels of Europe by all who can accommodate themselves to the manner of the country, and do not demand everything precisely as they have been used to it at home." (Americans in Europe today will please observe and comply.) "The luxury of some of the leading American hotels is indeed seldom paralleled in Europe," the guide stated emphatically. On the other hand, it warned that "the comfort often afforded by the smaller and less pretentions inns of the Old Country can seldom be found in second and third class hotels."

The guidebook was gratified to note that "In New York and other large cities the traveler will find many excellent restaurants but in other places he will do well to take his meal at his hotel or boarding house." A la carte restaurants are "rather expensive," it advised, except that one portion of food will be enough for two persons and two portions for three, but "Table d'hôte" restaurants give "excellent value." Soup, fish, poultry, game, and sweet dishes were pronounced "generally good" but beef and mutton are "often inferior" to those of England. Wine or beer is rarely drunk with meals and the visitor is not expected to order liquor "for the good of the house" as in Europe, it was said, but ice water is the "universal beverage." Wine is generally "poor or dear and often both," it was noted, and "it is to be regretted that outside of California the native vintages which are often superior to the cheap imported wines seldom appear on the wine list." (Contemporary restaurant operators may be reminded that "the more things change the more they remain the same," as they say in Burgundy.) One more ominous phrase; "Restaurants which solicit the patronage of 'Gents' should be avoided."

Early in its history the House of Baedeker established the asterisk or star system in grading a country's attractions—one star for "Noteworthy" and two stars for "Outstanding"—and these they sprinkled liberally throughout the European guidebooks, but it is curious to note that they were extremely sparing in granting the highest accolade to American landmarks. They were liberal enough with their one-star designation, but they restricted their two-star recognition to seven points of interest and these were about equally divided between East and West.

As the gateway for most Europeans, New York City was acclaimed as "The largest and wealthiest city of the New World"—and somewhat backhandedly in deference to English readers—as "inferior in population as also in commercial importance to London alone among the cities of the globe." The guide singled out the harbor, Aquarium, Trinity and Grace churches, City Hall, Brooklyn Bridge, Central Park, Broadway, Fifth Avenue and Wall Street, the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Natural History as worthy of one-star rank, but nothing more.

To put a roof over his visitors' heads, Baedeker recommended the Astor House, then at 221 Broadway opposite the Post Office, the Brevoort, at Fifth Avenue and Eighth Street; the Broadway Central, 671 Broadway; the Fifth Avenue, Madison Square at 23rd Street; the Waldorf, Fifth Avenue and 33rd Street; the Murray Hill, Park Avenue and 41st Street; and the Savoy, then as now at Fifth Avenue and 59th Street—all with one-star rating.

To satisfy the palate, the book mentioned Delmonico's, Fifth Avenue and 26th Street; the Cafe Brunswick at the Hotel Brunswick, 225 Fifth Avenue; Sherry's, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street; Parker House, Broadway and 34th Street; Cafe Savarin, 120 Broadway; and Dorlon's Oyster Saloon. As to hotel bars serving food, it pointed to the Hoffman House, Madison Square at 24th Street, as the "finest" and remarked that the "free lunches are elaborate enough to suggest enormous profits on the beverages, which alone are paid for."

Embarking on an invasion of the country, editorially speaking, Baedeker

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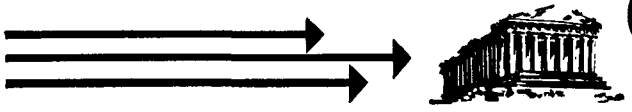

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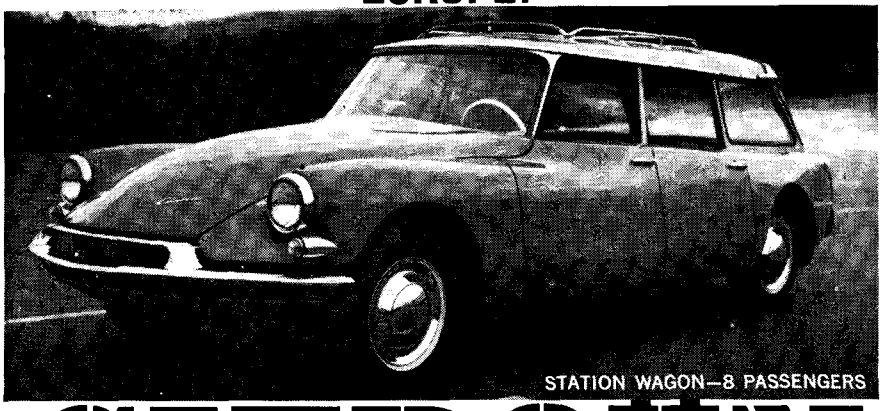

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covered all the principal cities, but found little to excite him. He gave Washington due recognition as the Nation's Capital and accorded the Capitol building two-star ranking as being "among the most beautiful buildings in the world," but one suspects they were simply being diplomatic. Union Station, the Library of Congress, the Smithsonian Institution, the Washington Monument, and the White House received one-star rating only.

Baedeker was impressed by Chicago as "the second city and largest railway center in the U.S." and as the home of the skyscraper and the meat-packing industry but they kept a tight rein on the two-star awards. They seemed to go out of their way to defend the city against its detractors when they wrote: "Great injustice is done to Chicago by those who represent it as wholly given over to the worship of Mammon as it compares favorably with many American cities in the efforts it has made to beautify itself." They dismissed Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, and other cities of the Midwest in a few pages and bestowed no tributes upon them.

As with most Europeans, Baedeker warmed up a bit to San Francisco as the largest city of California and the Pacific Coast and the eighth city of the U.S. and as being "grandly situated on the bay," and he had some words of praise for the Golden Gate (sans bridge), the Presidio, the Mission Dolores, and Chinatown, but that was all. He wrapped up Los Angeles in a page and he made no mention of Hollywood, since the only one in existence at that time was Hollywood, N.J.

If our great cities failed to move him, Baedeker was overcome with awe on beholding our natural landmarks. He described Niagara Falls as "one of the greatest and most impressive of the natural wonders of America" and unreservedly decorated it with two stars. This did not stop him, however, from roundly castigating the operators of the souvenir bazaars. "The bazaar nuisance continues in full force," he wrote, "and it is so serious an annoyance that many travelers hurry through their visit and leave Niagara much sooner than they had intended. The 'no charge' for admission is almost as impudent a fraud as the 'entre libre' of the Parisian cafés' Chantants. No purchases should be made at places to which tourists are taken by hackmen. Those who wish Indian curiosities should buy them from the Indians themselves."

Loosening up on the strings, Baedeker gave two stars to the Ausable Chasm in upper New York State as "perhaps the most wonderful piece of rock formation east of the Rockies"

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and also to the Natural Bridge of Virginia "as a hugh monolithic limestone arch finely situated in a beautiful amphitheater surrounded by mountains."

Beyond the Rockies, Baedeker waxed ecstatic over the beauties of Wyoming's Yellowstone National Park, the geysers of which, they noted, "are the largest in the world, excelling those of New Zealand or Iceland" and he bestowed two stars on the park and its Grand Canyon without hesitation.

California's Yosemite Valley evoked equal adulation and Baedeker gladly gave the park and the Falls two stars. "This is the highest waterfall in the world with anything like the same body of water" they wrote. "Perhaps no single valley in Switzerland combines in so limited a space such a wonderful variety of grand and romantic scenery."

Arizona's Grand Canyon of the Colorado brought forth paens of praise and they accorded it the final brace of stars, calling it "one of the most stupendous natural wonders of the world."

If the fourth generation of the House of Baedeker, now headed by fifty-year-old Hans, with headquarters in Freiburg, should decide to issue a fifth edition of the "United States" for the use of twentieth-century European travelers in the interests of the "Visit U.S.A." project, they would be forced to include the old standbys—Niagara Falls, Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Canyon. But they would also have to add some newcomers: Hollywood and Disneyland, General Motors and the Ford automobile plants, Cape Canaveral and Oak Ridge, the supermarket and the laundromat. It is reasonable to suppose that they would exercise the same devotion to accuracy that has marked their labors for 132 years and that two-star rankings would be few and far between. As for a three-star rating, that they would reserve for Paradise.

Baedeker's Two-Star Selections

The Capitol building, Washington, D.C.
Niagara Falls, New York
- **Horseshoe Falls**
- **Table Rock**
- **Trip on Maid of the Mist**

Ausable Chasm, New York
The Natural Bridge, Virginia
Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming
- **Upper Geyser Basin**
- **Great Falls**
- **Grand Canyon**

Yosemite Valley, California
- **Yosemite Falls**
- **Half Dome**
- **Inspiration Point**
- **Glacier Point**

Grand Canyon, Arizona

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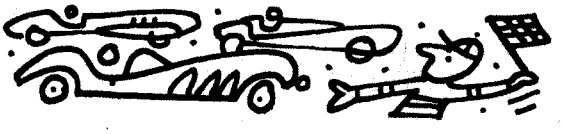
JANUARY

BY ROBERT MEYER, Jr.

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Mummer's Parade, Philadelphia, Pa. Tournament of Roses, Pasadena, Calif.	**2** South African Carnivals: Cape Town, Jan. 1-2; Durban, Jan. 12-20.	**3** Calypso Tents, Port of Spain, Trinidad. Most weekends, Jan. 1-March 6.	**4** Independence Day, Burma. Religious pilgrimage, Chalma, Mexico, Jan. 1-7.	**5** Bofana Epiphany Fair, Piazza Navona, Rome, Italy, Jan. 5-6.	**6** Championship dog sled races, Fitzwilliam, N.H., Jan. 6-7.
7 Narcissus-Chinese New Year Festival, Honolulu, Hawaii, Jan. 4-Feb. 10.	**8** Fools' Monday Carnival, Ronse, Belgium. Fair, Arles, France, Jan. 7-9.	**9** Pennsylvania Farm Show, state police rodeo, Harrisburg, Pa., Jan. 8-12.	**10** King Olav V opens Norwegian Parliament, Oslo, Norway.	**11** Pongal, harvest festivals throughout South India, Jan. 11-15.	**12** Religious pilgrimage, festival, Esquipulas, Guatemala. To Jan 15.	**13** Feast of San Antonio Abad, Añasco and Guánica, Puerto Rico, Jan. 12-17.
14 National Western Stock Show, Denver, Colo., Jan. 12-20.	**15** International Boat Show, the Coliseum, New York City, Jan. 13-21.	**16** Commonwealth Games, skiing contests, St. Moritz, Switzerland, Jan. 15-19.	**17** Winter Festival, opera, sports events, Malaga, Spain, Jan. 15-Feb. 15.	**18** Feast of San Sebastian, San Juan and San Sebastian, Puerto Rico, Jan. 18-22.	**19** Snow Festival, skiing, skating, sled races, Anchor Point, Alaska, Jan. 19-21.	**20** Hahnenkamm championship ski race, Kitzbühel, Austria, Jan. 20-21.
21 National ski jumping contest, Chicago, Ill. Bobsledding, Leysin, Switzerland.	**22** Thaipusam, Hindu festival, Chettiar Temple, Singapore.	**23** 13th annual Winter Sports Week, Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Germany, Jan. 20-28.	**24** Mozart Festival, Salzburg, Austria, Jan. 21-28.	**25** Rio Grande Valley Citrus Festival, Mission, Texas, Jan. 24-28.	**26** Professional art studio show, Paris, France, Jan. 22-29.	**27** St. Paul Winter Carnival, two big parades, St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 27-Feb. 4.
28 14th annual Antiques Forums, Williamsburg, Va., Jan. 28-Feb. 2; Feb. 4-9.	**29** Australian Surf Championships, Hobart, Tasmania. Feature of Australia Day.	**30** Regional Fair, folk events, Villaviciosa, Portugal, Jan. 29-30.	**31** Children's religious flower procession, Bonaire.			

FEBRUARY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Austrian skiing championship, Bad Goisern, Austria, through Feb. 4.	**2** Boat, Sports, Vacation Show, Cow Palace, San Francisco, Calif., through Feb. 11.	**3** Finnish skiing championships, Lappeenranta, Finland, Feb. 2-4.
4 3,000 bronze lanterns lighted at Lantern Festival, Kasuga Shrine, Nara, Japan.	**5** Chinese New Year, Year of the Tiger, Macau and Taiwan, Feb. 4-5.	**6** Sugar Harvest Festival, bonfires, Coamo and Mayagüez, Puerto Rico, Feb. 2-8.	**7** Climax 24th Miami-Nassau Ocean Race, Nassau, about Feb. 6 or 7.	**8** German Nordic Ski Championship, Braunlage, Germany, through Feb. 11.	**9** Dartmouth Winter Carnival, Hanover, N.H., Feb. 9-10.	**10** World championship professional ski races, Aspen, Colo., Feb. 9-11.
11 Norwegian figure skating championships, Oslo, Norway, Feb. 10-11.	**12** Gasparilla Pirate Invasion, parade Feb. 12, Tampa, Fla., Feb. 12-17.	**13** 13th International Toy Fair, Nuremberg, Germany, Feb. 11-16.	**14** International Fed. of Ski world championships, Chamonix, France, Feb. 11-18.	**15** Scottish Dairy Show, Glasgow, Scotland, Feb. 13-17.	**16** International surfcasting championships, Rotorua, New Zealand, through Feb. 20.	**17** Chinatown Festival, San Francisco, Calif., Feb. 17-24. Parade Feb. 24.
18 Men's world skating championship, Moscow, Russia, Feb. 18-19.	**19** Lantern Festival marks end of Chinese New Year, Hong Kong.	**20** Schemenlaufen masked procession, Imst, Tyrol, Austria.	**21** White Ribbon Slalom, major ski event, St. Moritz, Switzerland.	**22** Spring Fair, Frankfurt, Germany, Feb. 18-22. Industrial, consumer goods.	**23** Fur Rendezvous, Eskimo sports, fur auction, Anchorage, Alaska, Feb. 20-25.	**24** National AAU Track Championship, Madison Square Garden, New York City.
25 Annual 500-mile sports car rally, Kingston, Jamaica.	**26** Drama Festival, Cork, Ireland, Feb. 21-Mar. 5.	**27** Arts Festival, St. Pancras Town Hall, London, England, Feb. 26-Mar. 24.	**28** Kalevala Day, tribute to national poet, Helsinki, Finland.			

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MARCH

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Opera Ball, major social event, Vienna State Opera, Vienna, Austria.	2 Charro Days Fiesta, parade, dances, Brownsville, Texas, Mar. 1-4.	3 Italian Pre-Lenten Carnivals: San Remo, Taormina, Viareggio, Mar. 3-6.
4 Vasa 55-mile ski race, Salen/Mora, Sweden.	5 Moomba Festival, concerts, Passion Play, Melbourne, Australia, March 1-12.	6 Mardi Gras: Binche, Belgium; New Orleans, Nice, Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro.	7 Hari Raya Puasa, Mohammedan holiday, Malaya, Mar. 7-8.	8 World European Ice Hockey Championships, Colorado Springs, Colo. Mar. 8-18.	9 National Alpine Ski Jumping Championships, Salt Lake City, Utah, Mar. 9-11.	10 Salpausselka Winter Games, Lahti, Finland, Mar. 10-11.
11 Royal Birthdays: King Frederick IX, Mar. 11; Queen Ingrid, Mar. 28. Copenhagen.	12 Fallas de San Jose, bullfights, bonfires, Valencia, Spain, Mar. 11-19.	13 Annual Carnival, early morning procession, Basel, Switzerland, Mar. 12-14.	14 International Spring Trade Fair, Utrecht, Holland, Mar. 12-20.	15 National Collegiate Ice Hockey Championships, Utica, N.Y., Mar. 15-17.	16 Holmenkoll Ski Week, Oslo, Norway. Through Mar. 18.	17 St. Patrick's Day Parades, Dublin, Ireland; Boston, New York, Savannah.
18 Winter Carnival, dog sled races, Fairbanks, Alaska, Mar. 16-25.	19 National Junior Miss Pageant, Mobile, Ala., Mar. 18-23.	20 Purim, carnival of floats, dances, Tel Aviv, Israel.	21 Holi, festival of color, North India, Mar. 20-21.	22 Tours of homes, gardens, Savannah, Ga., Mar. 22-23.	23 National Collegiate Basketball Championships, Louisville, Ky., Mar. 23-24.	24 12-hour auto race, Sebring, Fla. Zulu Festival, Elandskop, South Africa.
25 Switzerland's Fairs: Zurich, Mar. 16-25; Basel, Mar. 31-Apr. 10.	26 Kuhio Day, honor memory of Prince Kuhio, Honolulu, Hawaii.	27 Caribbean Tennis Championship, Montego Bay, Jamaica, Mar. 25-30.	28 Annual Music Festival, Port of Spain, Trinidad, Mar. 17-31.	29 Miss. Old Homes Tours: Natchez, Mar. 3-Apr. 1; Columbus, Mar. 21-Apr. 8.	30 10th annual Tennis Week, San Juan, Puerto Rico, Mar. 26-Apr. 1.	31 The Grand National, steeplechase race, Aintree, England.

APRIL

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 College Weeks, Hamilton and St. George, Bermuda, Mar. 15-Apr. 15.	2 International Tchaikovsky Musical Contest, Moscow, Russia, through May 7.	3 50th National Cherry Blossom Festival, Washington, D.C., through Apr. 8.	4 Floral Exhibition, tulips featured, Keukenhof, Lisse, Holland, to May 15.	5 27th Mountain Folk Festival, Berea College, Berea, Ky., through Apr. 8.	6 16th North Carolina Azalea Festival, Wilmington, N.C., Apr. 5-8.	7 Oxford vs. Cambridge boat race on the Thames, London, England.
8 Flower Festival, Japan's Buddhist Temples during cherry blossom time.	9 International Fur Show, Paris, France, Apr. 5-9.	10 Rand Easter Show, Johannesburg, South Africa, through Apr. 23.	11 Vaisakli, Hindu New Year throughout India.	12 14th German Handicrafts Fair, Munich, Germany, through Apr. 23.	13 5th International Cultural Festival, Osaka, Japan, Apr. 12-May 5.	14 Songkran Festival, tribute to Buddha, Thailand, Apr. 13-15.
15 Maha Thingyan, water festival, Burma, Apr. 13-16.	16 International Spring Fair, Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Apr. 13-22.	17 Flag Day, regatta, cricket, tug-o'-war, Samoa.	18 Easter Shows, Sydney, Australia and Auckland, New Zealand, Apr. 13-24.	19 Ein-Gev Music Festival, on Sea of Galilee shore, Israel, Apr. 19-25.	20 Good Friday Processions: Perpignan, France; Trapani, Sicily.	21 Opening Century '21 World's Fair, Seattle, Wash., through Oct. 21.
22 Fiesta San Jacinto, ball, two parades, San Antonio, Texas, Apr. 22-28.	23 Children's Day, athletic contests, movies, Ankara and Istanbul, Turkey.	24 29th Historic Garden Week, throughout Virginia, Apr. 21-28.	25 2nd TV Arts, Science Festival, Montreux, Switzerland, Apr. 23-May 5.	26 Floral Pageant Week, Bermuda, Apr. 22-29. Parade in Hamilton, Apr. 26.	27 T'ien Hou's Birthday, lion dances, processions, fireworks, Hong Kong.	28 Moors - Christians mock battle feature of fiesta, Alcoy Spain, Apr. 22-29.
29 Calendimaggio musical competition, Assisi, Italy, Apr. 29-30.	30 Southwest of England Festival, Paignton, Devon, Apr. 30; May 9, 17; June 2.					

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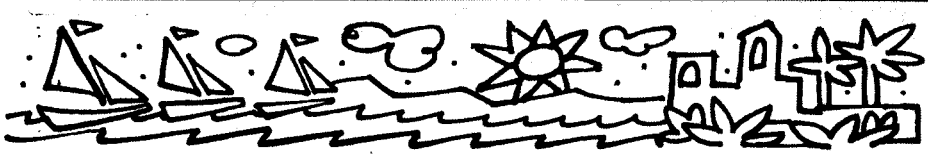
MAY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
		1 Tucson Festival, concerts, arts, crafts, Tucson, Ariz., Apr. 26-May 6.	**2** Holiday in Dixie, dances, hay rides, Shreveport, La., Apr. 28-May 6.	**3** Washington Apple Blossom Festival, Wenatchee, Wash., through May 5.	**4** Spring Fairs: Dublin, Ireland, May 1-5; Seville, Spain, May 1-6.	**5** King Crab Festival, Kodiak, Alaska, May 4-6. Kentucky Derby, Louisville, Ky.
6 Florida Folk Festival, singing, dancing, White Springs, Fla., May 4-6.	**7** English Amateur Golf Championship, Moortown, England, May 7-12.	**8** Cotton Carnival, parades, fashions, fireworks, Memphis, Tenn., to May 12.	**9** Industry Fairs: Brussels, Belgium, Apr. 30-May 10; Goteborg, Sweden, May 4-13.	**10** Visakha Bucha, Buddhist celebration, temples decorated, Bangkok, Thailand.	**11** International Singing Competition, Brussels, Belgium, May 7-25.	**12** Pilgrimage, Our Lady of Fatima, Fatima, Portugal, May 12-13; Oct. 12-13.
13 Spring Fiesta, tours of homes, gardens, New Orleans, La., May 4-19.	**14** May Festival, ballet, drama, opera, Wiesbaden, Germany, May 5-26.	**15** Feast of St. Isidro, folkloric events, Madrid, Spain, May 13-20.	**16** Irish 1,000 and 2,000 Guineas, horse races, Curragh, Ireland.	**17** Little Norway Festival, folk dancing, food, Petersburg, Alaska, May 15-17.	**18** 350th anniversary of tobacco, Jamestown Festival Park, Va., May 16-19.	**19** Royal Danish Ballet, Music Festival, Copenhagen, Denmark, May 15-31.
20 25th May Music Festival, Florence, Italy, May 15-July 5.	**21** Pleasure Boat Show, Paris, France, May 19-31.	**22** International Technical Fair, Belgrade, Yugoslavia, May 22-June 3.	**23** Festival of Arts, music, art, drama, Auckland, New Zealand, May 22-June 10.	**24** Gypsy Pilgrimage, Stes. Maries de la Mer, France, May 24-25.	**25** World championship swimming contests, Moscow, Russia, May 24-25.	**26** Folkloric, gastronomical fete, Vevey, Switzerland, May 26-June 3.
27 Festival of Aspendus, near Antalya, Turkey.	**28** 10th International Grieg Festival, Bergen, Norway, May 23-June 7.	**29** Glyndebourne Opera Festival Glyndebourne, England, May 23-Aug. 26.	**30** "500" Festival, climaxed by 500-mile auto race, Indianapolis, Ind., May 26-30.	**31** Honegger Music Festival, Basel, Switzerland, May 20-June 6.		

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
					**1** Vienna Festival, concerts, recitals, Vienna, Austria, May 26-June 30.	**2** Fairs: Barcelona, Spain, June 1-20; Halsingborg, Sweden, June 1-11.
3 10th Stockholm Festival, opera, ballet, Stockholm, Sweden, through June 15.	**4** National Day Festival, cultural exhibits, concerts, Singapore, June 3-11.	**5** Near East International Fair, Tel Aviv, Israel, June 5-15.	**6** The Derby, Epsom, England. Dragon Boat Festival, boat race, Hong Kong.	**7** Sun Fun Festival, Myrtle Beach, S.C. June 6-10.	**8** Pablo Casals Festival, concerts, recitals, San Juan, P.R., through June 20.	**9** Fleadh Ceoil, music festival, Wexford, Ireland, through June 12.
10 Ritvala Helka Folklore Festival, Saaksmaki, Finland.	**11** King Kamehameha Day, float parade, Honolulu, Hawaii.	**12** Alaska Music Festival, Anchorage, Alaska, June 11-28.	**13** Ramayana Ballet Festival, Jogjakarta, Indonesia, through June 18.	**14** USGA Open Golf Championship, Oakmont, Pa., June 14-16.	**15** Bath Music Festival, Bath, England, June 14-24.	**16** Newport-Bermuda Yacht Race. 60th intercollegiate regatta, Syracuse, N.Y.
17 Holland Festival, concerts, opera, Amsterdam, The Hague, June 15-July 15.	**18** Shakespeare: New York City; Stratford, Conn., San Diego, Cal. June-Sept.	**19** Mozart Festival, Wuerzburg, Germany, June 16-30.	**20** Royal Ascot horse race meeting, Ascot, England, June 19-22.	**21** Midnight Sun Sports Contests, Anchorage, Fairbanks, and Nome, Alaska.	**22** Aldeburgh Music Festival, Aldeburgh, England, June 19-22.	**23** Midsummer, Finnish Flag Day, throughout Finland.
24 Singing on Grandfather Mountain, Linville, North Carolina.	**25** International Textile Fair, Paris, France, June 23-28.	**26** Epidaurus Drama Festival, Epidaurus, Greece, June 17-July 8.	**27** Colombian Folklore Festival, Ibague, Colombia, June 22-30.	**28** 12th International Film Festival, Berlin, Germany, June 22-July 3.	**29** 12th Swiss Yodeling Festival, Lucerne, Switzerland, June 29-July 1.	**30** $180,000 Irish Sweeps Derby, The Curragh, Ireland.

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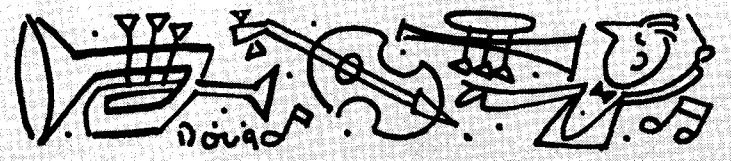
JULY

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1 Church Boat Race, fiddlers' contest, Leksand, Sweden.	**2** Palio of the Contrade, Siena, Italy. Also Aug. 16.	**3** Rath Yatra, chariot festival, Puri, India.	**4** Strawberry Festival, Eskimo dances, Haines, Alaska.	**5** Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, England, June 25-July 7.	**6** Festival of Two Worlds, music, drama, Spoleto, Italy. June 22-July 23.	**7** Pennsylvania Dutch Folkfests: Kutztown, July 1-8; Hershey, Aug. 22-26.
8 Sante Fe Opera, classical and contemporary, Santa Fe, N.M., June 27-Aug. 25.	**9** Cheltenham Music Festival, Cheltenham, England, July 1-13.	**10** USGA Amateur Public Links Championship, Tonawanda, N.Y., July 9-14.	**11** Aspen Music Festival, concerts, panels, Aspen, Colo., June 27-Aug. 26.	**12** Traditional Wild Horse Festival, Soma, Japan, July 11-13.	**13** International Musical Eisteddfod, Llangollen, Wales, July 10-15.	**14** Bastille Day, parades, fireworks, throughout France.
15 Il Festino, Feast of Santa Rosalia, Palermo, Italy. July 11-15.	**16** Aquatennial, parade, water shows, Minneapolis, Minn., July 13-22.	**17** Spectacle J. J. Rousseau, author's 250th birthday, Geneva, Switzerland, July 17-18.	**18** 13th Dubrovnik Summer Festival, Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, July 10-Aug. 24.	**19** Shakespearean Festival, Stratford, Ont., Canada, June 18-Sept. 22.	**20** "The Road to Heaven," miracle play, Leksand, Sweden, July 13-28.	**21** Gold Discovery Days, old-time celebration, Fairbanks, Alaska, July 21-22.
22 World Music Contest, Kerkrade, Holland. Also July 28-29; Aug. 4, 5, 11, 12, 15.	**23** Santiago Apostol Fiesta, Luiza Aldea, Puerto Rico, July 22-31.	**24** Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championship, Haverford, Pa., July 23-29.	**25** 10th Anniversary Puerto Rican Commonwealth, San Juan, Puerto Rico.	**26** Richard Wagner Festival, Bayreuth, Germany, July 23-Aug. 25.	**27** Salzburg Festival, featuring 28 operas, Salzburg, Austria, July 26-Aug. 31.	**28** 11th Music, Dance Festival, Santander, Spain, July 28-Aug. 31.
29 Olsok Eve, bonfires, historical play, near Trondheim, Norway.	**30** International Sound Regatta, near Copenhagen, Denmark, July 26-30.	**31** Carnival, native music, dances, Antigua, July 30-Aug. 7.				



AUGUST

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
			1 Seafair, parades, hydroplane race, Seattle, Wash., July 27-Aug. 5.	**2** Tightrope Walkers' Festival, Tetovo, Yugoslavia.	**3** International Festival, opera, ballet, concerts, Vancouver, B.C. July 9-Aug. 18.	**4** Koshare Indian Dances, La Junta, Colo., Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25; Dec. 29-30.
5 7th Athens Festival, music, ballet, drama, Athens, Greece, July 28-Sept. 14.	**6** Hula Festival, Waikiki Beach near Honolulu, Hawaii, Aug. 5-12.	**7** International Horse Show Week, Dublin, Ireland, Aug. 7-11.	**8** Danish Industries Fair, Fredericia, Denmark, Aug. 2-12.	**9** Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial, Gallup, N.M., Aug. 9-12.	**10** Montreal Festival, concerts, recitals, Montreal, Canada, Aug. 1-30.	**11** Feast of the Assumption, "Mystery of Elche," Elche, Spain, Aug. 13-15.
12 Men's Invitational Tennis Championship, Newport, R.I., Aug. 13-19.	**13** Munich Opera Festival, Munich, Germany, Aug. 13-Sept. 9.	**14** Royal National Show, Brisbane, Australia, Aug. 9-18.	**15** Liberation Day, mammoth parade, Seoul, Korea.	**16** Mt. Nyoigadake Bonfire, Kyoto, Japan.	**17** USGA Curtis Cup Golf Match, Colorado Springs, Colo., Aug. 17-18.	**18** 14th Six Nations Indian Pageant, Brantford, Ont., Canada, Aug. 17-18.
19 International Folk Festival, Sarajevo, Yugoslavia, July 26-Aug. 20.	**20** Fair and Festival, Tariba, Venezuela, Aug. 15-22.	**21** USGA Girls' Jr. Golf Championship, Williamsville, N.Y., Aug. 20-24.	**22** Pacific National Exhibition, Vancouver, B.C., Aug. 18-Sept. 3.	**23** Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Ont., Aug. 17-Sept. 3.	**24** Israel Music Festival, Haifa and Tel Aviv, Israel, Aug. 10-31.	**25** Edinburgh Festival, music, drama, literature, Edinburgh, Scotland. Aug. 19-Sept. 8.
26 Wedding of the Giants, Ath, Belgium, Aug. 26.	**27** USGA Women's Amateur Golf Championship, Rochester, N.Y., Aug. 27-Sept. 1.	**28** International Trade Fair, Izmir, Turkey, Aug. 20-Sept. 20.	**29** Provincial Exhibition, Truro, Nova Scotia, Aug. 29-Sept. 2.	**30** St. Erik's Trade Fair, Stockholm, Sweden, Aug. 29-Sept. 9.	**31** USLTA Singles Tennis Championships, Forest Hills, L.I., N.Y., Aug. 31-Sept. 9.	

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SEPTEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Flower Parade, between Aalsmeer and Amsterdam, Holland.
2 Sourdough Days, recall gold rush of '98, Skagway, Alaska, Sept. 1-3.	**3** Oslo Cup, a major horse race, Oslo, Norway.	**4** Three Choirs Festival, Gloucester, England, Sept. 2-7.	**5** 8th International Wine Fair, Ljubljana, Yugoslavia, Sept. 1-9.	**6** World Rowing Championships, Lucerne, Switzerland, Sept. 6-9.	**7** International Music Festival, Besancon, France, Sept. 6-16.	**8** 35th Les Voyageurs Men's Canoe Race, Winnipeg, Sept. 8-9.
9 Rough Water Swim, aqua festival, La Jolla, California.	**10** Sherry Vintage Festival, Jerez de la Frontera, Spain, Sept. 8-11.	**11** Civil War Pageant, Hagerstown, Md., Aug. 31-Sept. 16.	**12** 7th European Ahtletic Championship, Belgrade, Yugoslavia, Sept. 12-16.	**13** Jubilee Dinghies Cup Race, Bermuda.	**14** Light Opera Festival, Waterford, Ireland, Sept. 6-22.	**15** Fall Fairs: Utrecht, Holland, Sept. 10-18; Zagreb, Yugoslavia, Sept. 8-23.
16 Hibiscus Festival, float procession, Fiji, Sept. 15-22.	**17** Antietam Battle Anniversary, Md.	**18** Queen Juliana opens Parliament, The Hague, Holland.	**19** International Film Festival, Cork, Ireland, Sept. 16-23.	**20** USGA Amateur Golf Championship, Pinehurst, N.C., Sept. 17-22.	**21** Maid of the Mist Festival, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Sept. 17-24.	**22** International Book Exhibition, Frankfurt, Germany, Sept. 20-25.
23 Scandinavian Design Cavalcade, Oslo, Norway, Sept. 1-30.	**24** 1st Van Cliburn Piano Competition, Fort Worth, Tex.	**25** 2nd International Harp Contest, Jerusalem, Israel, Sept. 15-30.	**26** 1st Finnish International Trade Fair, Helsinki, Finland, Sept. 21-30.	**27** Royal Show, Nairobi, East Africa, Sept. 26-29.	**28** Grape Vintage Festival, St. Catharines, Canada, Sept. 27-29.	**29** 9th Music, Dance Festival, Seville, Spain, Sept. 27-29.
30 Innsbruck Fair, Innsbruck, Austria, Sept. 22-30.						

OCTOBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
	1 Oktoberfest, beer festival, Munich, Germany, Sept. 22-Oct. 7.	**2** Fifth International Theatre Festival, Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 24-Oct. 7.	**3** Feast of St. Francis, religious procession, Assisi, Italy, Oct. 3-4.	**4** Feast of 9 Emperor Gods, Penang, Malaya, Sept. 29-Oct. 7.	**5** USGA Sr. Amateur Golf Championship, Skokie, Ill., Oct. 1-6.	**6** Exploration Films Festival, Trento, Sicily, Oct. 1-7.
7 Grape Festivals, Lugano and Neuchatel, Switzerland.	**8** International Game Fishing Tournament, San Juan, Puerto Rico, Oct. 4-9.	**9** Dussehra, victory of good over evil, Mysore, India, Oct. 6-9.	**10** International Tobacco Fair, Skopje, Yugoslavia, Oct. 1-10.	**11** International Automobile Show, Paris, France, Oct. 4-14.	**12** Men's World Amateur Golf Team Championship, Ito, Japan, Oct. 10-13.	**13** Moran Cup Irish Championship Motor Trial, Dublin, Ireland.
14 Quarrel Festival, Matsubara Shrine, Himeji, Japan, Oct. 14-15.	**15** Our Lady of Pillar, Grand Rosary, Zaragoza, Spain, Oct. 11-21.	**16** Alaska Day, re-enact transfer of Alaska to USA, Sitka, Alaska, Oct. 16-18.	**17** National Horse Show, Farm Show Bldg., Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 13-20.	**18** Norwegian Contemporary Creative Art Show, Oslo, Norway, Oct. 1-30.	**19** Helldorado Days, old-time Western celebration, Tombstone, Ariz., Oct. 19-21.	**20** Autumn Pilgrimage, visit churches, homes, Richmond, Va., Oct. 19-21.
21 Closing day, Century '21 World's Fair, Seattle, Wash.	**22** Feast of Eras, Heian Shrine, Kyoto, Japan.	**23** International Motor Show, Earl's Court, London, England, Oct. 17-27.	**24** Aloha Week, pageantry, parade, canoe race, Honolulu, Hawaii, Oct. 2-27.	**25** Craftsman's Fair, Gatlinburg, Tenn., Oct. 23-27.	**26** National Day, parades, bike races, Vietnam.	**27** Historic Heritage celebration, throughout Maryland, Oct. 1-31.
28 Okunchi Festival, float parade, Karatsu, Japan, Oct. 28-30.	**29** Republic's anniversary, Ankara and Istanbul, Turkey.	**30** Tanico Festival of Arts, Hot Springs, Ark., Oct. 6-Nov. 24.	**31** All-day Halloween Party, city-wide, Anaheim, California.			

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NOVEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
				1 Turkish National Assembly Opens, Ankara, Turkey.	**2** Traditional Festival, Cartaxo, Portugal, Nov. 1-3.	**3** Daimyo Gyoretsu, feudal lord's procession, Hakone, Japan, Nov. 3-4.
4 Veteran Car Rally, for autos predating 1904, London - Brighton, England.	**5** Arizona State Fair, Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 2-11.	**6** 102nd Melbourne Cup horse race, Melbourne, Australia.	**7** Independence Fiesta, Beauty Contest, Bogata, Columbia, Nov. 5-12.	**8** Livestock Exposition, Rodeo, Harrisburg, Penna., Nov. 5-10.	**9** Religious Film Festival, Vienna, Austria, Nov. 9-15.	**10** Lord Mayor's Show, official call at Buckingham Palace, London, England.
11 Fair of St. Martin, fine horse show, Golega, Portugal, Nov. 10-12.	**12** Lapp Fair, Skibotn, Norway, beyond Arctic Circle, Nov. 12-13.	**13** Pilgrimage to St. Caillins Well, Galway, Ireland.	**14** 6th annual Film Festival, San Francisco, California, Nov. 1-15.	**15** Royal Agricultural Winter Fair, Toronto, Canada, Nov. 9-17.	**16** 8th Religious Film Festival, Vienna, Austria, Nov. 16-22.	**17** Holiday Folk Festival, Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 17-18
18 Grand Prix Auto Race, Macau, Nov. 18-19.	**19** Discovery Day, parades, fireworks, San Juan, Puerto Rico.	**20** Mexican Revolution anniversary, parades, Mexico City, Mexico.	**21** Movie, television actors parade, Hollywood, California.	**22** Thanksgiving Day Parades: New York City and Philadelphia, Pa.	**23** 12th National Automobile Show, Sao Paulo, Brazil, Nov. 10-25.	**24** Agricultural Show, dog trials, sheep-shearing, Auckland, New Zealand.
25 Book Exhibition, Berlin, Germany, Nov. 16-28.	**26** 5th Poinsettia Festival, San Diego, Calif., Nov. 10-Dec. 15.	**27** 35th Argentine Auto Grand Prix, Buenos Aires, Nov. 25- Dec. 9.	**28** Bahamas Speed Weeks, auto races, Nassau, Nov. 26- Dec. 9.	**29** Queen Elisabeth Music Festival, Brussels, Belgium, Nov. 27-29.	**30** St. Nicholas Festival, throughout Holland, Nov. 30-Dec. 6.	

DECEMBER

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
						1 Grey Cup Parade, pro football championship, Toronto, Canada.
2 10th Wahoo Fishing Roundup, Nassau, Dec. 2-29.	**3** Christmas Float Parade, Hot Springs, Ark.	**4** Christmas Markets: Frankfurt, Dec. 1-23; Nuernberg, Dec. 4-24.	**5** Strohschabmaenner, Mitterndorf, Austria, Dec. 5-6.	**6** Invitational Golf Tournament, Dorado Beach, Puerto Rico, Dec. 5-8.	**7** Lovers' Fair, gifts exchanged, Arlon, Belgium.	**8** Orange Festival, Fair, Buras, La., Dec. 7-8.
9 Bodhi Day, Japanese ceremonial, Honolulu, Hawaii.	**10** Nobel Prize Awards: Peace Prize, Oslo, Norway; others in Stockholm.	**11** Seises dances at Feast of Immaculate Conception, Seville, Spain, Dec. 8-15.	**12** Our Lady of Guadalupe, patron of Mexico, at Guadalupe, Mex.	**13** St. Lucia, Queen of Light Festival, Stockholm, Sweden.	**14** Mevlevi's Festival, whirling Dervishes, Konya, Turkey, Dec. 11-15.	**15** Santo Tomas Fair, Chichicastenango, Guatemala, Dec. 15-21.
16 Wakamiya Shrine Festival, Nara, Japan, Dec. 16-17.	**17** Choral Service, Hot Springs, Ark. Nuts Fair, Bastogne, Belgium.	**18** Recipes shared at Gastronomic Festival, San German, Puerto Rico.	**19** Christmas Candle, Torchlight Parade, Williamsburg, Va.	**20** Sugar Festival, Cali, Columbia, Dec. 18-Jan. 3.	**21** The Santon Fair, Marseille, France, Dec. 1-24. Clay figures featured.	**22** Chanukah, Feast of Lights, throughout Israel.
23 Las Posadas, Joseph's guest throughout Mexico, Dec. 16-24.	**24** Choral concert, religious service, Montserrat, Spain.	**25** Pilgrimage to Church of Nativity, Bethlehem, Dec. 24-25.	**26** Junkanoo Parade, dancing processions, Nassau, Dec. 26.	**27** John Canoe Dances, throughout Jamaica, Dec. 26 and 31.	**28** Sports Carnival, Sugar Bowl Game, New Orleans, Dec. 28-Jan. 1.	**29** Sun Carnival, concerts, sports events, El Paso, Dec. 29-31
30 Orange Bowl Festival, Miami, Fla., Dec. 26-Jan. 1.	**31** Feast of St. Sylvester, tremendous fireworks display, Funchal, Madeira.					

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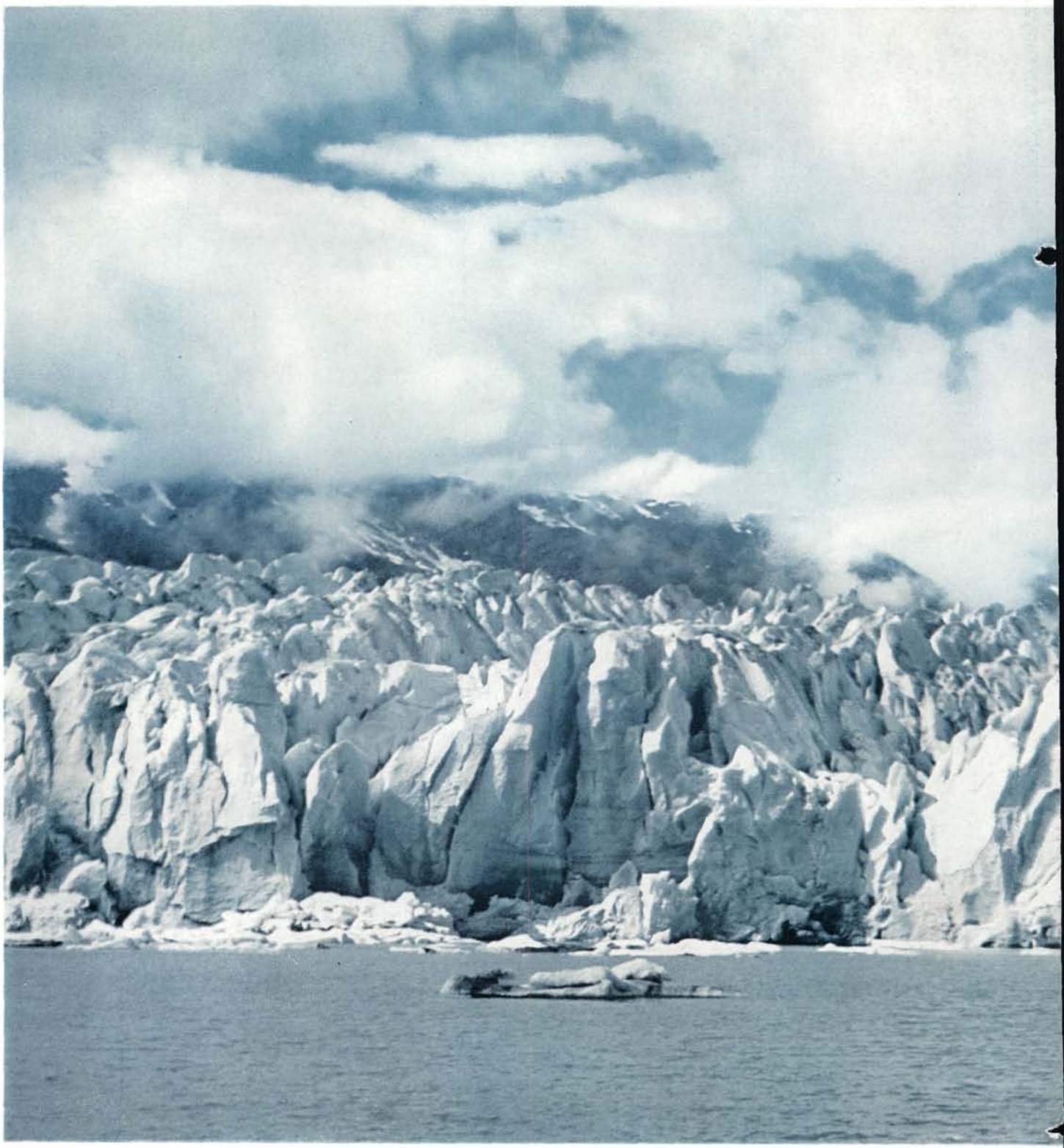

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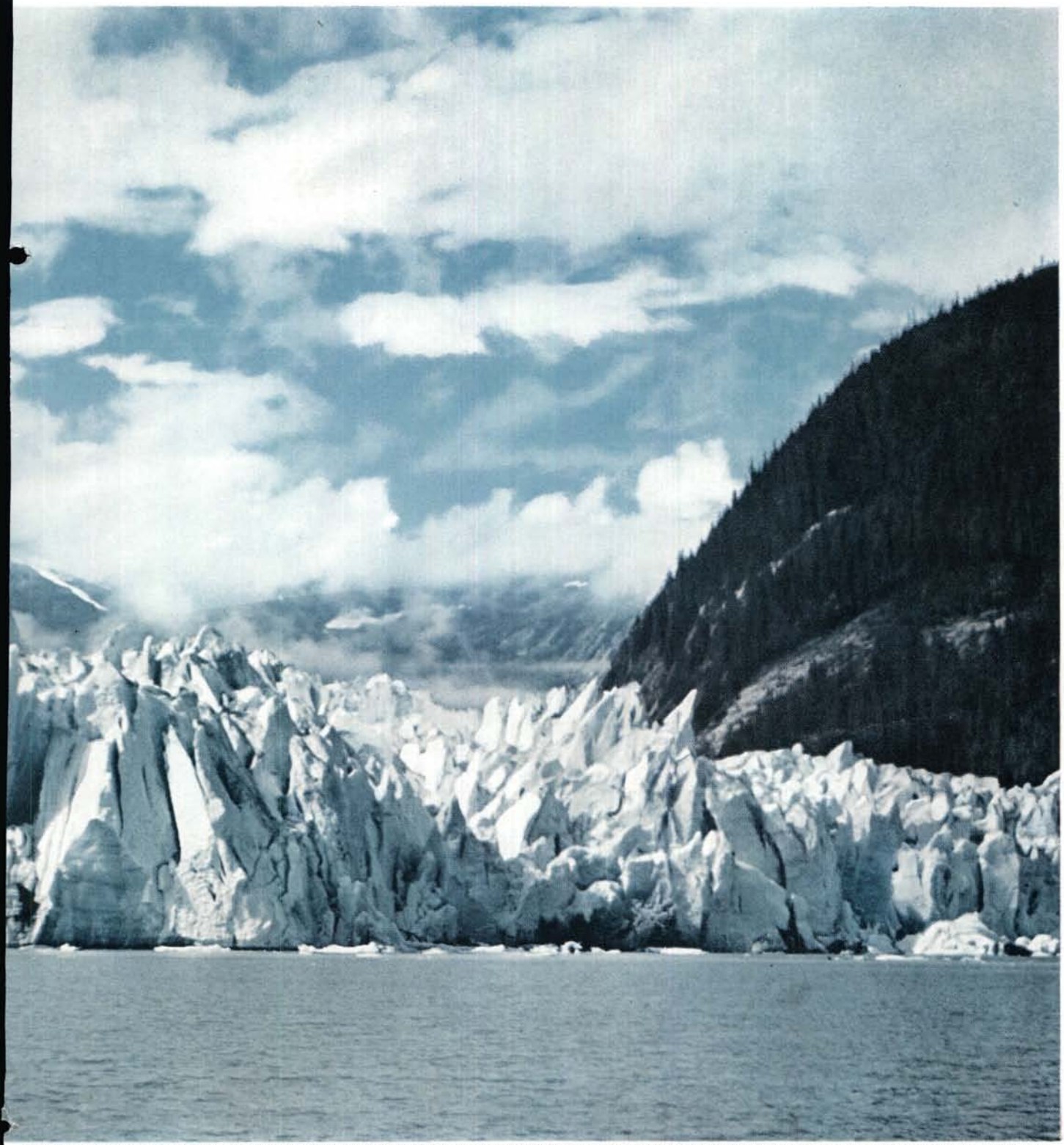

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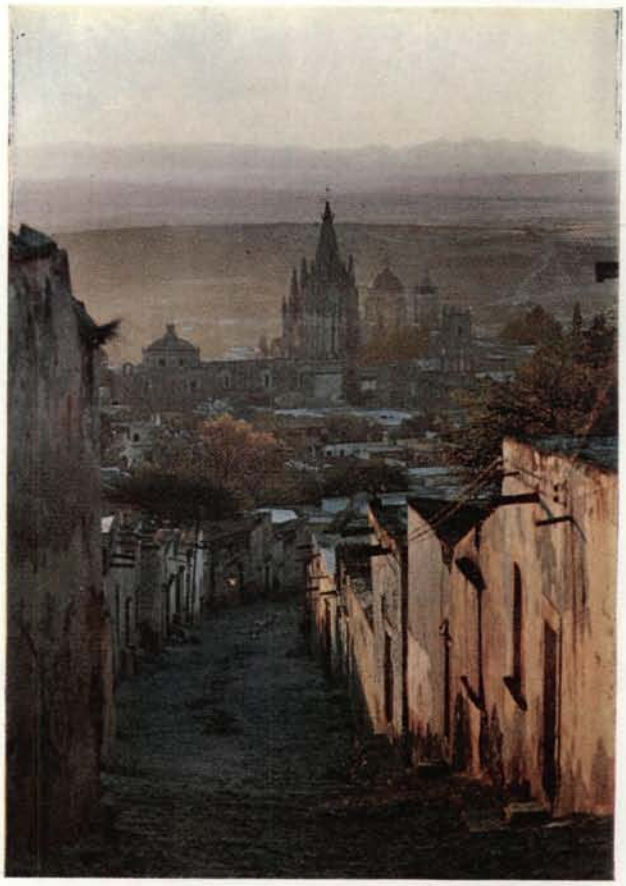
1961 Photo Prize Winners

Ruth B. Olson, Akron, O. Israel. Hasselblad; Kodacolor.

2
COLOR

3
COLOR



Mrs. Joseph G. Taylor, Inglewood, Cal.
San Miguel, Mexico. Leica; Ektachrome.

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A Gallery

John Beyer, Merrick, L.I. Luxor, Egypt. Ricoh; Perutz Peromnia.

1 BLACK & WHITE

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Allan W. Kahn, Noblesville, Ind. San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Rolleiflex; Verichrome

2

BLACK & WHITE

3

BLACK & WHITE

Bosworth Lemere, Carpinteria, Cal. Monument Valley, Utah. Meridian; Agfacolor

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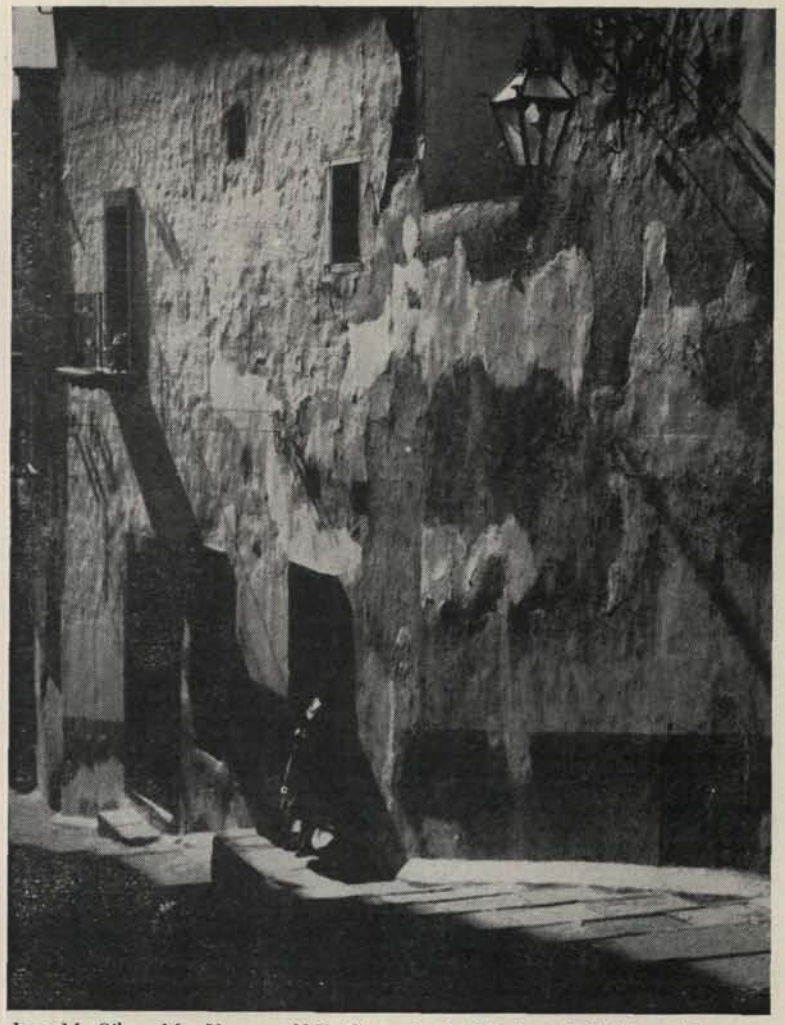
4

BLACK & WHITE



Jose M. Silva, Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Guanajuato, Mexico. Rolleiflex; Adox

S. Byron Stone, Brooklyn, N.Y. Mexico. Rolleiflex; Pan X.

5

BLACK & WHITE

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Benito Cappagli, Uniondale, N.Y., Austria. Voigtlander; Agfa.

A. Gifford Jackson, New York, N.Y.
Tahiti. Hasselbad; Perutz, Peromnia.

7

BLACK & WHITE

6

BLACK & WHITE

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TRAVEL WELL TAKEN

By MARGARET R. WEISS

WEBSTER offers no less than seventeen definitions of the word "quality." To the judges in *SR*'s World Travel Photo Contest, however, the term has a very specific meaning. A picture of quality is "a photo with all the qualities that make a good picture good."

To select a handful of quality photos from thousands of fine entries is no easy task. But it's one that is perhaps more easily met by the triumvirate to whom *SR* has given the responsibility than it might be by most panels of photography experts. All three judges are men of broad experience and distinguished achievement—persons widely diverse in temperament, taste, and specialized interest, yet admirably tolerant of these individual differences.

In this ninth travel photo competition, once again photographer-etcher Ivan Dmitri, Kodachrome's co-inventor Leopold Godowsky, and nationally syndicated columnist Norris Harkness spent long hours screening and appraising and reappraising every entry submitted. As Mr. Godowsky puts it, "Our judging is a good example of the democratic process in action—compromises have to be made, but dissenting voices are respected."

The screening operation follows this procedure: first, every judge goes through all the prints and transparencies, taking as much time as he needs to select those that especially appeal to him; next, a second run-through narrows down the number of pictures by requiring the approval of at least two of the judges; then, a third session trims selections in each category to about twenty or twenty-five entries, the ones that have earned the unanimous vote of all the judges. More argument and discussion—more debate and rebuttal—until finally another unanimous decision gives the top ten color and black-and-white pictures their winning positions.

"No one of us represents any particular 'school' of photographic opinion," comments Mr. Dmitri. "Whether a photo is abstract or pictorial, whether it's in sharp focus or soft, has high contrast or low, doesn't matter. What does concern us very much, though, is the total effect a picture produces. We have no rigid rules in making our evaluations. Our only yardstick is the degree of emotional response a photo arouses when we consider it as a whole—general composition, subject matter, its ability to communicate the concept behind it."

As for technique, the judges are agreed that any picture still in the running at the second round of screening can be assumed to be technically good. "But even if a picture falls short of perfection in this respect," adds Mr. Godowsky, "I'd still cast my vote for it, provided the subject matter had strong human interest—real humor or pathos or poignancy—and exhibited an esthetically pleasing spatial distribution of its elements."

Mr. Harkness sums up this year's judging quite simply: "They were the best crop of pictures we had seen since the Travel Photo Contest began. All those in the finals were well composed, shot at the right moment and from the best angle, and all had 'that certain something' you recognize quickly but can rarely define."

An obviously foot-weary Huysmans once complained that "the pleasure of travel exists only in retrospect." If this is true, camera-carrying travelers have the edge on non-picture takers. For nothing spurs recall of memorable sights and scenes more effectively, nothing can communicate the experience to others more immediately, than a good photo snapped on the spot.

Consider the prizewinning pictures reproduced here and on the cover—and we think you'll agree the point is well taken. We also think you're likely to agree with Mr. Harkness's assessment of the top photos in this year's contest.

JANE IMPASTATO, this year's grand-prize winner in the color category, modestly classifies herself as "a suburban housewife, mother of three, and a beginner in photography."

This is the first photo contest she has ever entered. And, she confesses, "I didn't get much encouragement from my fellow members at our local camera club. So actually it took a full-scale family council to make me submit even the single entry I finally sent in!"

The prizewinning picture, made with a camera her husband had given her several Christmases ago, was shot during a whirlwind round-the-world trip the Impastatos took last summer. It was a six-week tour—an International Congress of Psychiatry organized by Dr. Impastato for a group of his colleagues. "Meetings and clinics kept David so busy that I had to take on his usual role of family photographer—in self-defense, you might say!"

On her trip she shot about 500 color slides—more than fifty in the Shalimar Gardens where she snapped the "Kashmiri Madonna." "In most cases, the children playing in the garden pavilion played to the camera. But I caught these off guard while they were absorbed in watching somebody else get ready to focus his camera."

On the Impastato agenda: the Grand-Prize trip, of course—and a camera for their twelve-year-old daughter, Mary.

JOHN BEYER, whose photo took top honors among black-and-white entries in this year's competition, was in transit somewhere between Long Island and Detroit when *SR*'s communiqué of congratulations arrived.

"Sails on the Nile" is one of several hundred photos that record his recent twenty-two-country trip—a study tour made possible through a scholarship grant from Columbia University's School of Architecture.

The boat trip down the Nile was a long, languorous one. But his eye was alert and his camera quick enough to capture the scenic view that earned him the grand prize of around-trip flight to Tokyo.

Nothing could be more appropriate—for Mr. Beyer is currently working in the Detroit offices of Yamasaki, the noted Japanese architect. The Tokyo trip will doubtless combine business and pleasure. In any case, it should net some likely subjects for *SR*'s 1962 Travel Photo Contest.

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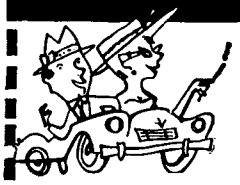

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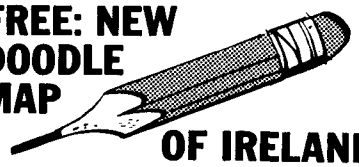

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Photo Prizewinners

GRAND PRIZE IN COLOR

(Round-trip flight to Paris)

MRS. DAVID IMPASTATO, Pelham Manor, N. Y. Srinagar, Kashmir. Zeiss Ikon Contax; Kodachrome.

GRAND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE

(Round-trip flight to Tokyo)

JOHN BEYER, Merrick, L. I., Luxor, Egypt. Ricoh; Perutz Peromnia.

SECOND PRIZE IN COLOR

(Cash Prize—$200)

RUTH B. OLSON, Akron, O. Israel. Hasselblad; Kodacolor.

SECOND PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE

(Cash Prize—$200)

ALLAN W. KAHN, Noblesville, Ind. San Miguel de Allende, Mexico. Rolleiflex; Verichrome.

THIRD PRIZE IN COLOR

(Cash Prize—$100)

MRS. JOSEPH G. TAYLOR, Inglewood, Calif. San Miguel, Mexico. Leica; Ektachrome.

THIRD PRIZE IN BLACK AND WHITE

(Cash Prize—$100)

BOSWORTH LEMERE, Carpinteria, Calif. Monument Valley, Utah. Meridian; Agfacolor.

FINALISTS IN COLOR

(Cash Prizes—$50)

EDWARD KEONJIAN, Hempstead, N. Y. Mosque near Delhi, India. Zeiss Ikon Contax; Ektachrome.

DAVID W. HART, Santa Barbara, Calif. Monument Valley, Utah. Exakta; Kodachrome.

WALTER REINSEL, Philadelphia, Pa. Madrid, Spain. Kodak Retina; Ektachrome.

NATHAN KLEINHANDLER, New York, N. Y. Jerusalem. Leica; Kodachrome.

E G. GLASS, JR., Cleveland Heights, O. Salamanca, Spain. Minox; Anscochrome.

MRS. JOHN F. RYAN, Pelham, N. Y. Portugal. Zeiss Ikon Contaflex; Kodachrome.

AL DAVENPORT, Long Beach, Calif. Oaxaca, Mexico. Kodak Retina: Ektachrome.

FINALISTS IN BLACK AND WHITE

(Cash Prizes—$50)

JOSE M. SILVA, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Guanajuato, Mexico. Rolleiflex; Adox.

S. BYRON STONE, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mexico. Rolleiflex; Pan X.

A. GIFFORD JACKSON, New York, N. Y. Tahiti. Hasselblad; Perutz Peromnia.

BENITO CAPPAGLI, Uniondale, N. Y. Austria. Voigtlander; Agfa.

ROMAN ZABINSKI, Buffalo, N. Y. Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. Hasselblad; Plus X.

KHALIL I. GEZI, Los Angeles, Calif. La Canada, Calif. Rolleiflex; Tower Pan.

DANIEL LERNER, New York, N. Y. Zurich, Switzerland. Yashica; Verichrome.

HONORABLE MENTION

ROBERT BAUER, Staten Island, N. Y. Patzcuaro, Mexico. Nikon; Kodachrome.

MARGARET H. BOWERS, Rocky River, O. Tokyo, Japan. Leica; Kodachrome.

KENNETH E. BRITZIUS, Minneapolis, Minn. Venice, Italy. Zeiss Contaflex; Anscochrome.

HENRY R. BUCK, San Francisco, Calif. Viet Nam. Konica; Ektachrome.

JULES L. CAHN, New Orleans, La. Beersheba, Israel. Kodak Retina II A; Kodachrome.

MAYA CHARNES, Los Angeles, Calif. Les Avignon, France. Graflex; Kodachrome.

RUTH D. COLEMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y. Riegelsville, Pa. Leica; Plus X.

MARY ELIZABETH COPELAND, Osceola, Ark. New York, N. Y. Leica; Tri X.

D. FARQUHARSON, New York, N. Y. Antigua, B.W.I. Kodak Retina II; Ansco.

MRS. ORAZIO FRUGONI, Rochester, N. Y. Borgo San Lorenzo, Tuscany. Rolleiflex; Ilford.

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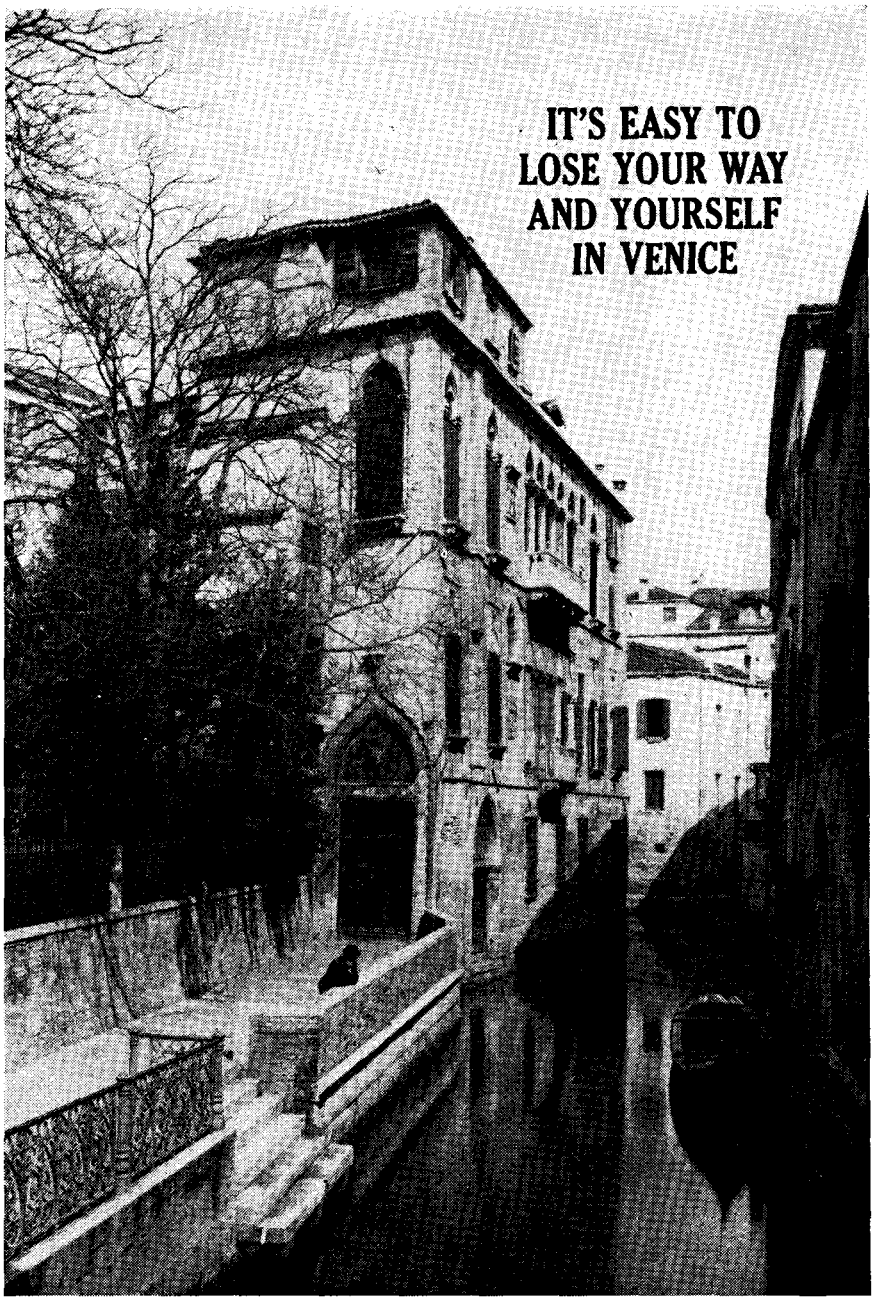
DR. Z. S. GIERLACH, Lexington, Ky. San Fernandina, Fla. Walzflex; Plus X.
MARTIN GILBERT, Santa Monica, Cal. Mexico. Beseler Topcon; Plus X.
MARION GREEN, Brooklyn, N. Y. Morocco. Kodak Retina; Kodachrome.
DOUGLAS HANER, Ferndale, Mich. Bologna, Italy. Kodak Retina III C; Kodachrome.
LO KAP HEAN, Seoul, Korea. Korea. Perutz.
ALBERTA JACOBS, Ogden, Utah. Zagorsk, U.S.S.R. Agfa; Kodachrome.
JOSEPH JAVICOLI, Cincinnati, O. Taxco, Mexico. Nikon; Plus X.
THOMAS LAZARUS, Scarsdale, N. Y. Beautycord; Kodachrome.
MILES J. MARTIN, Scotia, N. Y. Venice, Italy. Leica; Kodachrome.
PHILIP F. MASTERBONE, Milford, Conn. Cusco, Peru. Kodachrome.
ROBERT MAYHEW, Bridgewater, Mass. Puerto Rico. Bell & Howell; Kodak 127.
ANN C. MCINNIS, Santa Monica, Calif. Denmark. Agfa; Kodachrome.
MATTHEW W. MILLER, Forest Hills, N. Y. Stowe, Vt. Rolleicord; Ektachrome.
ANTHONY L. MILNAR, Ada, O. Lake Lungren, Switzerland. Voigtlander; Kodachrome.
JAMES A. MOODY, Carmel, Calif. Mont St. Michele, France. Leica; Kodachrome.
MARGUERITE D. MYRICK, Easthampton, Mass. Grindelwald, Switzerland. Argus; Kodachrome.
CAPT. S. C. PENNINGTON, New York, N. Y. St. Georges, Newfoundland. Linhof; Verichrome.
PAUL PETROFF, Great Neck, N. Y. Oaxaca, Mexico. Nikon; Ektachrome.
WILL H. ROGERS, Dallas, Tex. Venice, Italy. Diax II; Plus X.
W. G. ROSS, North Hatley, Canada. Quebec. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome.
IRA W. RUBEL, Glencoe, Ill. San Germain, Puerto Rico. Hasselblad; Verichrome.
DR. MEYER SAKLAD, Providence, R. I. Pisac, Peru. Hasselblad; Ektachrome; and en route Pisac, Peru. Hasselblad; Panatomic X.
MARY S. SCOVILL, Petoskey, Mich. Lake Patzcuaro, Mexico. Praktina; Kodachrome.
CDR. E. C. SCULLY, Washington, D. C. Goulimine, Morocco. Leica; Kodachrome.
ELLIOTT R. STARKS, Madison, Wis. Costa Brava, Spain. Kodak Retina II A; Plus X.
R. TIMMIS, Vancouver, B. C., Canada. Huancayo, Peru. Zeiss Contaflex; Kodachrome.
URSULA TOOMEY, Springfield, Mass. Yucatan. Hasselblad; Ektachrome.
A. E. WEICHERT, Brookfield, Conn. Washington, Conn. Anscoset; Kodachrome.
DR. CHARLES WEST, Marianna, Ark. Kamakura, Japan. Zeiss Ikon Contessa; Kodachrome.

HER HOUSE IS FULL

By S. Dorman

HER house is full of pointed things;
cactus in pots, letter knives, and needles
for thread of tapestries. Rugs slide
beneath you on the waxen floors, wings
rise in a pink cage where a flock
of finches confides its grief
and secret rages to the papered wall.
Her eyes are artifice, catch light the way
a polished tile will shine; buttons,
of fine Norwegian pewter with sharp
undersides. She turns at ease within
this maze of spines and subtle shining,
accompanied by the click of beaks
and tinkle of octagonal bracelets.



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Sutton

Continued from page 27

relations and advertising. Ogilvy, Benson and Mather will handle the advertising account in Great Britain, France, and West Germany, and BBD&O will place come-to-America ads in Italy and be responsible for travel trade advertising in Latin America and the Pacific. BBD&O will also assist in preparing the U.S. to receive foreign visitors. What Washington is calling "familiarization meetings" are already being held in U.S. cities.

One of our biggest handicaps at the beginning of 1961 was the snarl of red tape spread like barbed wire at the nation's portals. State, Justice, and Treasury—responsible, in turn, for visas, Immigration Service, and Customs—had all accumulated nagging procedures, many of them necessitated, they said, by the laws passed by Congress. Encouraged by the White House, the new Administration began snipping away at the obstructions. An Interdepartmental Government Committee was organized and now meets monthly, with Gilmore in the chair. Attitudes, conflicts, and impediments in U.S. border procedures are analyzed. Last spring State abolished the four-page questionnaire it had been using for visa applications. The impertinent questions were thrown out, as the fingerprints had been. Now a form, smaller than a postcard, is used and the questions on it apply to a description of the applicant.

The Immigration and Naturalization Service has hired eighty port receptionists who are supposed to facilitate entry procedures, aid mothers with babies, and smile. Internal Revenue regulations, once a maddening rigmarole imposed on visitors to this country, have been vastly eased. Visitors who are here less than sixty days and who earn no money in the U.S. are not required to report to the Internal Revenue Service. Indeed, 95 per cent of outgoing visitors no longer have to obtain a tax clearance.

We suggested a year ago that foreign governments be invited to relax their own currency restrictions so that their nationals could buy dollars for trips to the U.S. Unfortunately, almost simultaneously with the establishment of the U.S. Travel Service, the U.S. Government dropped the duty-free limit for its own citizens from $500 to $100. Thus it was put in a poor bargaining position when it tried to suggest that other nations raise their limits. Nonetheless, the Travel Service had Gilmore in attendance at an international travel conclave in Munich in

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The women of Hong Kong worship the White Tiger, and Indonesian bulls are soothed to sleep by song and prayer. In Japan, commercial fishermen train cormorants to dive for fish by torchlight. Hunters ride on elephants in Vietnam.

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October, where seventy-two nations discussed currency restrictions for foreign travel and duty-free allowances. Easing monetary restrictions is a proposed subject for the agenda of the United Nations conference on tourism planned for 1963.

Regardless of how much governments might be willing to ease currency restrictions, there was still the matter of the high cost of U.S. living. Visitors, we said back at 1961's beginning, were complaining that we surrounded ourselves with a "dollar curtain," making it too expensive for the average foreigner to come here. We suggested either a tourist dollar or an intensive campaign of enlightenment that would direct visitors to our low-cost facilities. Gilmore has recognized cost as "the number one barrier" to expanded travel from abroad. At a meeing of package tour operators called by the Travel Service in October, it was decided to include local Y's, hostels, park cabins, and college campuses in order to produce a truly low-cost tour. Two bus lines, Greyhound and Trailways, came up with a ninety-nine-day unlimited tour of the U.S. for $99. Airlines produced packaged tours including small, big-city hotels. A group of French architects traveled the U.S. last summer for $11 per person per day including meals, rooms, transport, sightseeing transfers, and taxes.

As for the other facets of the U.S. travel industry, we noted, as last year began, that there was still no penalty on the books for passengers who booked a seat on an airline and never showed up; that inexpensive accommodations at some national parks, particularly in Florida and at the Virgin Islands National Park, were severely limited; that the forty-pound weight allowances on domestic air carriers was impractical; that a white man couldn't get a job as a Pullman porter and a colored man or woman couldn't get a job on a U.S. airline; that safety in the air would have to be a subject for federal action.

Eleven months after the bizarre mid-air crash that occurred over New York just at Christmastime in 1960, a report of a "Study of the Safe and Efficient Utilization of Airspace," prepared by an eight-man task force appointed by the President last spring, was made public. Known as the Project Beacon report, it was ordered begun at once.

Last month the eleven major domestic airlines agreed to impose a penalty on ticket holders who fail to use their reservations. If the Civil Aeronautics Board approves, a plan will go into effect on March 1 whereby passengers who book space and fail to use it will be liable to a penalty from $5 to

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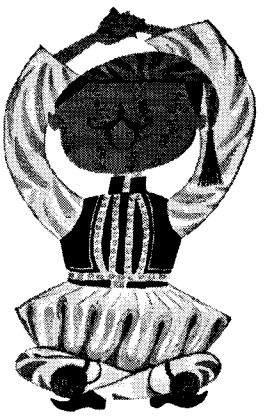
50 per cent of the cost of the ticket, up to $50. Not much progress was shown in rectifying the inequities of the domestic baggage allowances. A person traveling from one coast to another on vacation still gets the same baggage allowance as a businessman traveling from New York to Boston for the day. Last April the Civil Aeronautics Board invited the domestic lines to submit their views on a proposal to give an increased baggage allowance to women on the supposition that women weigh less than men and also require more baggage. The CAB has since said, simply, that after evaluating the comments it received, it decided to take no further action.

Nor was much progress evident in the plan to integrate cabin personnel on U.S. airlines. While TWA and Mohawk had hired colored hostesses, it was a token move at best. Although some U.S. carriers, notably those flying abroad, were hiring foreign-born hostesses, the old prejudices still prevailed at home. Some lines privately cited the facts that hostesses generally room together, that their reservoir of girls drawn from small Southern towns would be cut off, that airlines flying to Southern cities would be embarrassed by local regulations, and on and on. Since most airlines do business with the U.S. Government, the question would almost surely be broached one day by Vice President Johnson's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity.

In other areas of travel and transport the U.S. has other work to do. Down in Puerto Rico, for example, visitors in transit from one island to another, whose planes only touch down at Puerto Rico to take on passengers and fuel, are required to pass through Public Health and Immigration. Even though he is only to be on the ground for perhaps fifteen minutes, each transit passenger, who may have nothing to do with the U.S. at all except that his plane put down there, has to be checked against the black book maintained by Immigration inspectors. His vaccination certificate may be checked too. Until a transit lounge is built, if ever, about all the traveler may be thankful for in this brush with U.S. officialdom is that his baggage does not have to be off-loaded and inspected. If there is any time left—usually these procedures *delay* the plane at its Puerto Rico stop—the passenger may make purchases of magazines and candy, which, at San Juan's airport, are sold at premium prices—thirty cents for a twenty-five-cent magazine, ten cents for a nickel chocolate bar.

At New York's dazzling Idlewild Airport, with its rakish buildings and intricate traffic patterns, there is, alas, rarely



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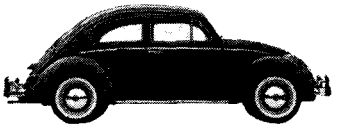

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space to park one's car. A passenger leaving on a short trip to Chicago, who wanted to park his car in the lot near the American Airlines terminal, was told that the only place he could find room was on the far side of the field, perhaps a mile or so away. "Take the bus back," an attendant told him. When he returned from Chicago the next night he found himself in a double line of twenty cars creeping to the exit gate to pay the parking bill. It took him forty-five minutes to get out.

It frequently perplexes the arrivals at Idlewild to find a long line of gleaming customs quays where baggage could be inspected at a rapid clip if only there were sufficient inspectors to work them. Once through the customs inspection, passengers have to wait for porters; they are not permitted to take either the rolling shopping carts past the Customs quay nor the rollaway baggage wagons outside the Customs shed. Porters frequently take the baggage of two and three passengers at a time, resulting in more delays at the vehicle platform. A simple expedient would be to allow passengers to roll their own baggage to the outside platform and have a Port authority attendant collect the carts periodically. The porter service is ineffective, inefficient and outdated.

Passenger comfort airport to airport, safety in the air, courtesy on the ground, the elimination of barriers, and a true exposition of low-cost travel in the U.S. are some of the things that will encourage foreign visitors to visit the U.S.A. It may also entice some of the 90 per cent of Americans who do not use commercial planes to take to the air. Like Europeans, Australians, and Asians, they are ready to take to the road.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 962

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 962 will be found in the next issue.

ABCDEAF GDB HIJK GCLB
MNOINGK HP QEI NF
DNF REAERNGK GH
MBFANFB DNQFBJP.
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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 961

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Visit No!

Continued from page 29

But mostly, Williamsburg was early America, a kernel of civilization in a seventeenth-century wilderness when 30,000 artisans took four years to build Versailles.

We lunched on a viny terrace: Smithfield ham, Welsh rarebit, apple pie à la mode, a carafe of white wine, served by a sweet-voiced colored boy in red knee breeches who spoke passable, and voluble, college French.

THE next day at Nelson House, where we were invited for lunch, we wandered through pyrotechnic gardens bordered in night-black boxwood, through rooms with portraits of Lafayette, Rochambeau, and Washington, with Revolutionary cannon balls still lodged in the walls. On an ivy-shadowed brick terrace we had apéritifs: the Senator from Washington and his lady, the young lawyer and his beautiful wife, the General from Langley, our hostess. Everyone spoke French, *le vrai*. It reminded me of once having arrived at a Breton château with my Virginia aunt to find everyone speaking English, *le vrai*.

Tall forked candelabra lighted the Georgian dining room. General Nelson scowled at us from above the paneled fireplace. The soufflé, frothy and light as fluff, crackly fried chichen, flambéed pitted black cherries, free-floating Pouilly Fuissé, champagne, iced to sting. Conversation swerved toward politics: *de Gaulle, les événements en Algérie; Kennedy, les événements à Berlin; l'ONU, les événements au Congo.*

In a blaze of Gallic gallantry, *Beau-père* rose, glass in hand, proclaiming: *"Où l'hôtesse est belle, le vin est bon. Vive La Virginie!"*

"Vive La France!" boomed our hosts. "Lafayette, we are here!"

Virginia produced a euphoria which, alas, did not hover over similar New England villages. Perhaps because the tide was out, the sailboats lurched in silt, and the little ports and salt-box houses evoked, for *Beau-père*, a pathetic comparison with the toy harbors of the Côte d'Azur. In fact, his love affair with Virginia had been more French than American, after all, the transposition of a Gallic felt need to a random geographical location across an ocean.

But where age resists, youth responds. *Beau-père's* quasi-approval of America spearheaded an invasion of French family upon us. One young nephew, after a week in Nantucket, discarded his St. Trop bikini for white shorts down, and white socks up, to his knees. Another niece lost two kilos between Bloomingdale's and the Peppermint Lounge. For the young, who usually speak at least rock-and-roll English and take to American cheeseburgers and pop, the glassy skyline appears to blur any dirty streets or derelict subways.

These personal experiments sparked my curiosity to probe the experiences of other foreigners visiting the United States. For the most part, people are as ambivalent about America as they are about any other country, except perhaps their own.

A group of African diplomats, often cold-shouldered in New York, were invited to a Connecticut weekend of such overwhelming hospitality that it aroused their suspicion of being a CIA ruse.

The British are inclined to go along with Oscar Wilde, "We have everything in common with Americans . . . except, of course, language." He might have added central heating. One London executive sends his commercial travelers here with a special wardrobe of summer-weight suits in winter. An English peer, idling away an hour or so in a hotel room between business appointments, switched on the TV, but soon switched it off with the verdict, "My, but the telly is tiresome."

Except for telephones and highways, most public services come in for a blanket trouncing, especially trains. Compared to Italy's Settebello, France's Mistral, the trans-Europe expresses linking eighty European cities, the Congressional Limited is limited. On the way to an official dinner in Washington, one diplomat's wife had to change her clothes in the ladies' room simply because the train stopped cold on the tracks for two endless hours—and for no apparent reason, such as blizzards, floods, or fire.

ITALIANS, while taking in every theatre, jazz club, and movie in town, still object to the mad pace of New York. With so many Italian imports here and the Common Market booming there, the women find little to buy but contraceptive pills.

Apart from university circles, the intellectual level of conversation appears appallingly low to visiting savants from Western Europe. Perhaps because the rules of the conversational game differ. In Europe, a great brain grabs the talking ball firmly to his chest until his goal is made some two hours later; whereas here it is considered polite to pass the ball of conversation, bouncing it from one group to another until ideas collapse into a scrimmage of small talk.

Saloon snobbery is noted among Africans, often seated in the wake of

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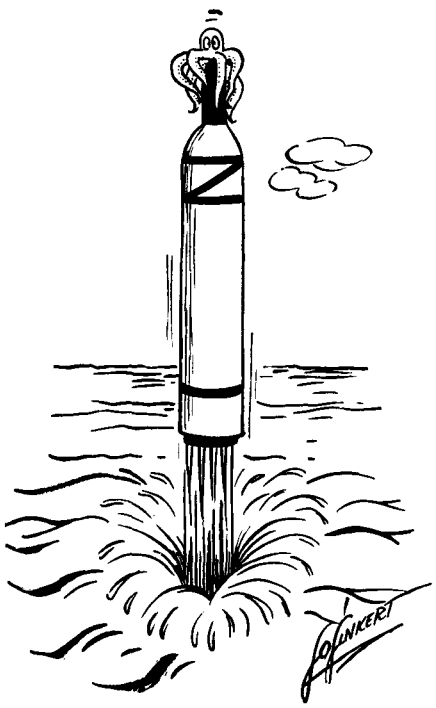
the kitchen door, whereas Spanish grandees—if it is known—get choice seating. Except for big apartment developments like Kip's Bay Plaza and Washington Square Village, many landlords steer clear of diplomats, fearing their mixed guest lists. Leaving a Park Avenue party, an African delegate's wife overheard tenants in the elevator saying: "I thought there was a service entrance in this building." Discrimination, though fast fading in New York, still strikes ravaging blows to Afro-American friendship.

For centuries now, poison darts have been flying in the direction of America—from Samuel Johnson, Anthony Trollope, Charles Dickens, Evelyn Waugh, and G. B. Shaw, who was noted for his stinging barbs, such as one radio broadcast to America: "Hello, America! Hello, all you dear old boobs . . ."

In 1960, 5,600,000 visitors for business, pleasure, and study crossed U.S. borders, just 13,200 less than visited France. It is an old story to the French, steeled to both military and touristic invasions. It never occurs to them to ask whether or not one likes France. They do, and that's enough. Any pointed shafts glance off their flinty hides with a shrug. *Tant pis.* But Americans, loving to be loved, get every pin-prick straight in their ever-loving vulnerable hearts. If you ask visitors, "How do you like America?" someone might answer, like Bertrand Russell, "It is like a man asking if you prefer his wife to your own."



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Visit Si!

Continued from page 29

bilious Spanish mornings is not something one easily forgets.

And what about France, land of exotic cuisine? Ha! Leave Paris and take to the open road. How about those delightful little cafés, those quaint eating places off the squares in the provincial towns—with their unshaven, unkempt, uninterested "garçons," their wine-gravied tablecloths, and the inevitable flea-ridden mutt scratching itself in the kitchen door? In Toulouse in particular, or across the Continent in Venice for instance, one can eat a memorable meal surrounded by soft music, candlelight, and the romantic odor of sour drains. The food is delicious, one supposes, if ever it can be got at through the thick layer of glutinous "sauce" with which it is so cleverly embalmed. Small wonder the French have to wash everything down with liberal doses of wine. One has to be more "fried" than the food in order to get the stuff down at all! As it happens, the only French food I have ever enjoyed I ate in New York, accompanied by a domestic rosé that was superior to 90 per cent of the celebrated French *produit*. Where on the Continent, one might ask, is the solid, ordinary, well-cooked, decently served plain fare (which Englishmen anyway are supposed to defend) available in any one of the fifty, fresh-air States? Where the lean, tender, eighteen-ounce American steak, pan-fried potatoes, luscious garden-fresh corn on the cob, yes, and homemade blueberry pie? Don't come to America, warn the "pathfinders," for food. Don't indeed! Not because you won't find it, good and succulent in abundance, but because anyone who contemplates the adventure of crossing 3,000 miles of ocean to visit a strange and different country just for a meal deserves a large and unpleasant come-uppance complete with boiled cabbage and a sawdust sausage. And I hope he gets it!

Scenery in America, goes the familiar argument, cannot compare with that to be found in Europe. It's big, it's coarse, it's rough and uncultivated, and what, after all, is the Grand Canyon except "the biggest damn hole you've ever seen"? What indeed? And what but the biggest damn kaleidoscope of changing brilliance you have ever seen if you have the acumen to visit the place at the right time of year? What should scenery be, a Yorkshire dale? A Yorkshire dale is pleasant enough for a quiet Sunday afternoon, pleasant enough to laze in for a few summer hours, but it hardly excites, it doesn't revivify, it doesn't bestir the imagination. Could any but the most jaundiced city dweller spend two whole weeks in a Yorkshire dale and then say anything but "It made a nice change"? If that's all one wants from life's freer moments, one can do as the great lyric poet Dylan Thomas did when bored with a wintertime Atlantic crossing: spend half an hour in his clothes closet with the door shut.

Where in Europe can one duplicate the sheer size of Daytona Beach, familiar to aficionados of speed? Where the raucous delights of Miami Beach, if one's tastes lie along such planes? Where the eye-appeal of San Francisco? Certainly the "rockbound coasts of Maine" must delight any tourist with a 35mm camera, and breathing the crystal air of New England's White Mountains is an experience no one whose lungs are full of Piccadilly's petrol fumes could ever forget. And where else in the world can one duplicate the exhilaration of sighting the New York skyline for the first time? Where else can one savor impending adventure similar to that of coming up the North River just before dawn in a ship that moves cat-sure among the thousand foreign lanterns anchored there?

It is true that this country has no history in the European sense of the word—usually the third point in the "pathfinders'" grouch. But I for one am tired of Europeans who talk as though this country as such, the vast geographical immensity of it all, were fabricated along with the Declaration. Here it is, and here it has been for ages, and here it is to stay. If America has not cherished her real history in monumental shrines, it is because she has been too busy working for the future, and has not had time to build ruins. On the other hand, who can deny that the story of America moving West is pure history? The saga of thirteen raw frontier colonies with few if any precedents to guide them, no education to speak of, no great institutions, just guts and ambition, is something the empire-conscious grandees of Europe should understand and admire. With more leisure time through power, wealth, and establishment, America seeks to do something about remembering and recording her past. The preservation of Williamsburg and Sturbridge Village, of Mystic, Connecticut, the current preoccupation with the Civil War, and the monuments of Washington, D. C., are the initial indications of this. The acquisition of further history to record is a matter of time, and it is just plain boorish of visitors to ignore the fact.

America has come too far, too fast, for some Europeans' peace of mind. What the detractors are really saying, perhaps, is that when they come 3,000 miles to America and do not find the familiar trappings of European history

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and everyday European life, they are disappointed that everything should be so unworthwhile. Strange attitudes for those who profess to be looking for a change! Europeans, the British in particular, are disappointed that their one-time offspring did not fall flat on its independent face and have to turn back to Mother for assistance. It didn't. It developed its own image instead and stuck with it. Furthermore, it proved that a classless society could succeed, and succeed beyond the average European's wildest dreams.

The British certainly, and the Europeans in general for that matter, have for centuries associated certain status symbols with a given education, a given accent, and a mysterious quality called "breeding," whatever that may mean. On visiting America, they become irritated and resentful to find that comfortable housing, large cars, and spare cash for clothes and entertainment are enjoyed by all. It bewilders them. They boggle at it and tend to think it is just something Americans put on in order to trick the visitor. It isn't. It is the same thing, in a sense, that the European hopes to achieve when he apes the manners and mores of his own aristocracy. It is social betterment, but on a mass scale. Simply, socially, the American has beaten the European to the punch.

Stand on any busy street corner in New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, even Boston, and you can watch the aristocracy of this nation pass by. They have come, at some time or other, from every spot on the globe. There are blond skins, swarthy skins, jet black and yellow skins, high cheekbones, broad foreheads, thick lips, thin lips, and the cop still with the "map of Ireland" on his face. All hurry along, all have two things in common. The first: They or their ancestors came here in comparatively recent history; the second: They all stand straight after a while as men without the silly class distinction of birth, equals among equals, firm in the conviction that they have found the promised land. It is not neatly landscaped, it has no photogenic ruins from past Caesars, no mannered niceties and overrefined institutions of speech and habit, but it does have individual opportunity measured only by individual capability. It really doesn't matter who or what grandfather was! If, occasionally, Americans cannot pause for more than a roadside version of blueberry pie, who should criticize them? Back off the highway in millions of little modern kitchens, the real thing is simmering, and that is worth a great deal of any European traveler's time, mileage, and money. I like blueberry pie; I think I'll have another slice!

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Gestation of a Brain Child

By Granville Hicks

GRAHAM GREENE's **"In Search of a Character"** (Viking, $3.50) is made up, as the subtitle says, of two African journals. The second and shorter of these, called "Convoy to West Africa," describes a hazardous and harrowing voyage that Greene made on governmental business at the end of 1941. Although "The Heart of the Matter" grew out of his year in Freetown, this journal, which is limited to the voyage, has little bearing on the novel. "Congo Journal," on the other hand, describes a trip that was made in 1959 specifically for the sake of "A Burnt-Out Case."

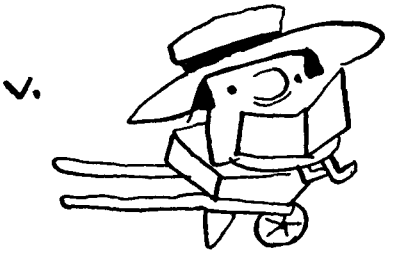
In his Introduction Greene says, "I went to the Belgian Congo in January 1959 with a novel already beginning to form in my head by way of a situation —a stranger who turns up in a remote leper-colony." He wanted to gather background material. "I have very little visual imagination," he confesses, "and only a short memory. . . . I had to make four visits of three months each to Indo-China for 'The Quiet American.'" He would, he suggests, have made another trip to the Congo if he had not been prevented by the disorder in that country.

He was also seeking information on the subject of leprosy, and the journal shows how painstaking his researches were. His insistence on accuracy is revealing, for one is never conscious in reading Greene's novels of the kind of documentation that is sometimes so obtrusive in the novels of Sinclair Lewis or John O'Hara. As Englishmen so often do, he seems omniscient, and one is surprised and a little disillusioned to discover that he has to work up his subjects in the most matter-of-fact way.

Even more interesting is his effort to define the character of his hero. Since he felt that he had to take notes on the medical background, he set down some of his speculations about Querry—called "X" in the journal. Where the original idea came from he does not tell us. "All I know about the story I am planning," he says in the journal's first entry, "is that a man 'turns up,' and for that reason alone I find myself on a plane between Brussels and Leopoldville." As he went along, he clarified his mind on a few points: the character would be an architect, he would work in a leprosery, and we would see him first on a Congo River steamer. But the character was still eluding Greene when he left the Congo, and he "had to live with him and in him for eighteen months." "Never had a novel proved more recalcitrant or more depressing."

But if Querry remained nebulous while Greene was in Africa, secondary characters took shape. One sees a little of the process by which Greene created Doctor Colin, M. Rycker, and several of the priests, and one realizes how perfectly honest he was when he said, in the novel's dedicatory epistle, that none of the characters was to be identified with any person he had known.

There is also a passage that will interest students of literary influences: "Reading Conrad—the volume called 'Youth' for the sake of 'Heart of Darkness'—the first time since I abandoned him about 1932 because his influence on me was too great and too disastrous. The heavy hypnotic style falls around



me again, and I am aware of the poverty of my own. Perhaps now I have lived long enough with my poverty to be safe from corruption."

Add all this together, and you find, I am prepared to admit, that no dazzling light has been thrown on the creation of "A Burnt-Out Case." And yet I am grateful for what illumination there is. The process by which a work of art is brought into being seems to me endlessly interesting and truly important.

In certain circles today such a statement is heresy. Commenting on Charles Shain's pamphlet on F. Scott Fitzgerald (*SR*, Nov. 11), I said, "Dangerous as biographical criticism sometimes is, it does have its uses. If understanding of a man contributes to understanding and appreciation of his work, as it surely does with Fitzgerald, a critic is foolish to shy away from biography." A graduate student at one of the major universities wrote me that he had quoted me in a seminar and had been almost alone in defending my position. "Most of the members of the seminar," he said, "feel (with Wellek and Warren in 'Theory of Literature') that biographical information is extrinsic."

As W. M. Frohock observes in an essay in "Strangers to This Ground" (*SR*, Dec. 9), textual criticism is now triumphant in most of the universities. Biography is irrelevant; social background is irrelevant; nothing matters but the work of literature, and this the student scrutinizes with the care and precision of a microbiologist examining a segment of tissue.

THE textual critics have rendered praiseworthy service. They have asserted the preeminence of the literary achievement, preached the importance of careful reading, and got rid of a lot of extraneous materials that used to clutter up literature courses. Yet, as Frohock points out, with all their opportunities for reaching large numbers of students, they have not managed to bring into existence the kind of alert, eager reading public the country so badly needs.

The difficulty with textual criticism, when practiced with the austerity of René Wellek and Austin Warren, is that it abstracts literature from life. It is true that the work of literature exists in and for itself and that attempts to explain it often develop into attempts to explain it away. But it is also true that a poem or play or novel is the result of a process and that understanding the process may help us to understand and appreciate the result. The literary imagination operates upon material supplied by the author's experience. We can appreciate the work without knowing anything about the experience—as, for instance, we have to do with Shakespeare's plays—but that does not mean that knowledge might not help us to appreciate it more. Reading "Congo Journal," slight as it is, has made me aware of elements in "A Burnt-Out Case" that had eluded me, and anything that increases awareness is good.

There seems to me something sterile about criticism that is exclusively textual. Literature grows out of life and works upon life. To isolate the literary object is a valid method of attack, but to leave it in isolation is a mistake. I know that T. S. Eliot reversed the scriptural line, but it still seems to me that, important as the letter is, it is the spirit that gives life, and life is what we are after.

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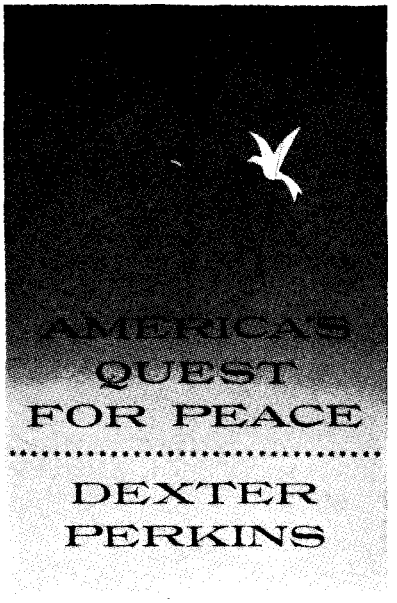
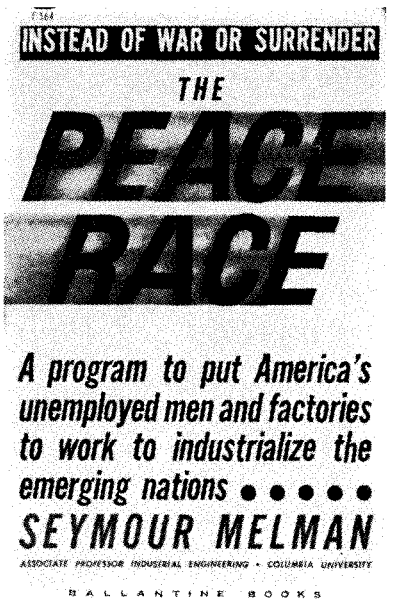
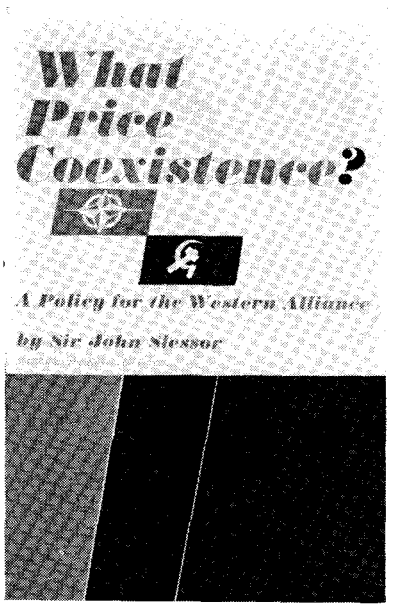
Books in the News




INSTEAD OF WAR OR SURRENDER
THE
PEACE
RACE
A program to put America's unemployed men and factories to work to industrialize the emerging nations
SEYMOUR MELMAN
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERING • COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
BALLANTINE BOOKS



Alternatives to Holocaust

By Charles Porter, *former Democratic member from Oregon of the House of Representatives.*

WHETHER in fact man is smart enough to survive in spite of his new weapons is at this moment uncertain. If we survey the efforts of the United States in this century, as historian Dexter Perkins does in **"America's Quest for Peace"** (Indiana University Press, $3), the odds against survival suggest that your fall-out shelter should be deep and well stocked.

If, on the other hand, we heed what Seymour Melman, Columbia University professor of industrial and management engineering, proposes in **"The Peace Race"** (Braziller, hardbound, $3.95; Ballantine, paperback, 50¢) we might incline to forgo the shelter and refuse membership in the John Birch Society.

Both books are short and well written. Perkins takes a scholar's view of the immediate past and shakes his head dolefully. Melman looks penetratingly at the present to determine what the future could bring instead of disaster. He rejects the measured pace of a quest and summons Americans to a race, which he believes we can win.

We don't have to be dead or red, armed or impotent, he says. By "peace race" he means that we employ our immense productive capacities to bring economic development with freedom to underprivileged countries and on a scale hitherto undreamed of by the most ardent supporters of economic and technical assistance through the mutual security program.

The arms race is more familiar. We know its high taxes (80¢ out of every tax dollar goes for past and present wars), its pervasive influence in academic and industrial research, and its innate instability. It is easy to anticipate its victoryless culmination in holocaust.

Perkins, steeped in diplomatic history, offers little hope that our men will match our mountains of arms. He tells of our efforts to achieve peace through law and concludes that at best they have been only a "palliative" for war prevention. Apparently he is unaware of the promising and hard-driving work being done under the superb leadership of men like Charles S. Rhyne, former president of the American Bar Association, and Arthur Larson, now of Duke University.

Peace through collective security offers no more than the old balance of power, Perkins says. "Any balance is precarious," he adds, especially now that there are nuclear weapons.

As for his final category of our quest for peace, disarmament, he concludes that any far-reaching scheme in this area will face many hurdles; that it must take security needs of all major powers into account; must come in at a time of relaxed tension and not involve any sharp shift in the balance of military power. Perkins calls "total disarmament" an "irridescent dream," but it is clear he has not studied the proposals offered by both sides since 1959, when he delivered the lectures on which this book is based. "Total" or, better, "complete and general" disarmament does not require, as he implies, a reduction of forces to baseball bats and kitchen knives, but allows the retention by nations of conventional forces adequate for internal security.

Perkins emphasizes his agreement with the Dulles doctrine that violence is less likely if one makes clear his intention to resist and declares "our first and fundamental principle must be to remain strong," a favorite breast-beating theme song for most politicians, and an arid formula because military strength today, no matter how superior, does not mean that we can defend ourselves against devastation.

Seeking to conclude on a more hopeful note, Perkins quotes Winston Churchill's statement that "in our time peace might be the sturdy child of terror." More likely, terror will beget terror.

Perkins is not alone among the rationalists who believe that aggression may be so dangerous today that it will not be attempted and hence that nuclear armaments will constitute "a powerful guarantee of peace." A nation with lethal rockets pointed at it, how-

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ever, can hardly depend on its leaders to remain rational. How rational is the hideous but undeniable fact that the nation that strikes first will have more survivors even if it can't claim a "victory"?

Where Perkins ends—talking about "Great winds of hope . . . sweeping through the world, the hope of peace, the hope of economic progress, of a richer life for all"—Melman takes up, optimistic yet practical and informed, deeply concerned but unintimidated.

While Americans concede Soviet superiority in the conquest of space, their spines chill with the thought that maybe Khrushchev and Company will bury us, if not in radioactive dust, in the struggle for world markets and the ensuing political affiliations based on commercial relationships.

Melman chides those Americans who doubt our ability to compete. He believes that if capital is made easily available, that is, out of the vast idle productive capacities of the United States, then the underdeveloped nations need not become police states along Soviet lines in order to use force and deprivation to accumulate capital goods rapidly for the economic "take-off" so long deferred and so devoutly desired.

The peace race means that America will put its know-how to work to industrialize the world under conditions of "variety in economic life" with "independence of organization and diversity in decision-making," which means, among other things, trade unions, cooperatives and, yes, in some instances public ownership.

Melman, who is an authority on the machine tool industry, paints a terrifying picture of how the Soviets are now winning a crucial phase of the peace race by being on the verge of providing standardized, mass-produced machine tools to Asia, Africa, and Latin America at prices far below ours. If we are to rev up our productive capacity for such competition, industry and government will have to join together in planning and executing a program of action.

While we should cooperate with the Soviet Union in bringing about controlled disarmament, according to Melman, we need not cut back our arms production in order to enter into the peace race, whereas, to compete, the USSR would be forced to cut back arms.

Melman's counsel boils down to advice that the United States recognize the drastic shortcoming of military strength as insurance against nuclear war, and realize that in our economic and political institutions we have strengths as yet undeveloped and uncommitted.

"The evidence," he says, "challenges a widely held assumption that a thoroughly managerial society, with its loss of personal and political freedom, is a necessary condition for rapid advance in industrial productivity."

But where will the money for the peace race come from? Victory in the Cold War and avoidance of nuclear war are worth any price. Melman's book points the way. Full employment in an economy that must find 80,000 jobs per week for the next ten years just to maintain present employment will mean, as Melman reminds us, large increases in corporate and personal tax yields.

An arms race and reliance on military strength can't save the human race. A peace race might. Once the cocked weapons are lowered and at least partly unloaded, we can help demonstrate to the two billion disadvantaged people of the world that freedom can speed economic development and that freedom makes both full bellies and peace worth while.

Strategy: Be Flexible and Firm

By Edgar Ansel Mowrer, *author of "An End to Make-Believe."*

MARSHAL of the Royal Air Force Sir John Cotsworth Slessor comes of a long line of distinguished soldiers. During two world wars he seems to have held about all the important jobs that an Air Force officer could. He is an authority on strategy and writes clearly. In his current book, **"What Price Coexistence? A Policy for the Western Alliance"** (Praeger, $4.50), he specifies that he is setting forth a "personal view," but his recommendations turn out, upon examination, to be not unlike those of the Macmillan government in Britain. They can indeed be considered a plea for the kind of common strategy that H. M. Government would like to persuade their Allies, and chiefly the United States, to adopt. On this account alone "What Price Coexistence?" deserves careful reading.

As befits a Britisher in today's world, Marshal Slessor's plan is in the middle—about the same distance from the aims of nuclear pacifists and immediate disarmers as it is from those who in increasing number demand that the West pass from the defensive to winning the Cold War.

Essentially, the Marshal favors the policy of holding the line, of "containment" (made more effective by readiness to fight little wars if necessary), of "nonprovocation," of "time, talk and patience," of giving up whatever ideas of "liberation" Westerners may have, and of recognizing that "Communism is here to stay"—in short, of real (not Communist-type) peaceful coexistence and cooperation with the "enemy" wherever possible, overlooking no opportunity to negotiate or to come to terms "when the Communists show genuine interest."

Because of nuclear weapons, total war, he believes, is out. These weapons are the real protectors of the peace, and in any sincere process of disarmament (which he does not expect in the near future) they should be the last thing to be given up.

Unlike any number of other Englishmen (and not a few Americans), Sir John has a realistic understanding of the Soviet and Red Chinese governments' will to win (although he overestimates the possibility of a serious split between them). Slessor acknowledges that the recent Communist program was "an amazingly frank declaration of Cold War" and of "implacable hostility to the Western world and all we stand for." The USSR, he says, will "never agree to anything reasonable unless they are compelled by the pressure of events" or of their own interest. Yet since "there is . . . no rapid or spectacular action open to us whereby we can change the system . . . in Russia or other Communist areas . . . the only hope is the gradual evolution of Communism into something more reasonable and civilized." Meanwhile we must be resolute, subject the Russians to nonviolent pressures to make them alter their policies, recognize and respect their "sphere of influence," yet permit no imposition of Communism on any part of ours.

The Marshal's strategical plan, which follows from the foregoing assumptions, varies in different areas. He proposes regarding the peripheral and undeveloped countries that we slow down emancipation, give aid wisely, and fight to hold them if necessary. But we must not let them blackmail us, he cautions. We should hold the line with respect to China, build up a balance of political and economic power in Asia (using India, perhaps?), and cease ostracizing Peking. "It is not in anyone's long-term interest for the anarchy and poverty that has [sic!] prevailed . . . in China to continue."

However, the Marshal stresses

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mainly the defense of NATO in the West. Here he urges a "partition policy," which we have encountered before under the name of "disengagement." This would mean maintaining the ultimate threat of a nuclear striking force outside Germany; withdrawing all Allied forces from Germany whether the other side did so or not; entrusting the ground defense of Germany to frontier police, air-mobile covering groups, and a support group of some strength backed up by Swiss-type territorials (all Germans, *with no nuclear weapons*); and the denial of nuclear weapons to NATO. Leave these with the Americans and British. The result: no increase of German ground forces and an actual reduction of the Allied—which is what the British want. This the Marshal calls "toughness combined with flexibility." Eventually it might lead to the reunion of the two "disengaged" parts of Germany. Meanwhile, we should seek a "positive policy" of no war over Berlin.

First of all, it is in my view absurd to imagine the Germans remaining in NATO or the Common Market if they are to be subjected to permanent discrimination and if their rights in Berlin—the whole city—are not fully protected. Second, I do not see France under de Gaulle relinquishing nuclear weapons while countries like Britain continue to rely upon them for salvation. Third, an attempt to mollify Red China would, I am convinced, encourage it to undertake new and increasingly intolerable attacks against its neighbors. Concessions will neither pacify its rulers nor cause them to split with the Kremlin. Finally, the Slessor policy would prevent the hardening of the Common Market into a political unit including both West Germany and Britain, and the eventual organization of an Atlantic Community—the West's brightest hope.

Contradictory, I feel, are the author's "utter distrust" of the Kremlin and his equal desire to "take every opportunity to negotiate." If the Kremlin nourishes "implacable hostility" toward the West, then any such conciliatory defensive as he recommends would encourage it to new outrages. Nor is it—as the author believes—necessarily true that even in undeveloped countries it is "less difficult for the Communist system . . . to pursue the offensive than it is for the democracies to hold the fort." Nothing is preventing the democracies from inspiring sabotage and guerrilla warfare, say, in North Viet Nam but their own fear of "provoking" the adversary and "escalating" the struggle.

This fear, which may be justified, is not part of a "forward-looking policy."

FICTION

Quest for the Grail, 1939-45

Evelyn Waugh—an old target.

"The End of the Battle," by Evelyn Waugh *(Little, Brown. 319 pp. $4.50), third novel in a trilogy, concludes the saga of a Catholic romantic who is disillusioned in his belief that the Second World War is a holy crusade. Burling Lowrey was the editor of the recent anthology "Twentieth Century Parody."*

By Burling Lowrey

SINCE 1952 devotees of Evelyn Waugh have been following suspensefully his saga of World War II, beginning with "Men at Arms" (1952) and continuing with "Officers and Gentlemen" (1955). With the publication of "The End of the Battle" the trilogy is complete, and it is now possible to anchor some of the suspended judgments that emerged from the first two volumes.

The entire work might appropriately be called "The Crouchback Saga," for, in spite of its many facets, the trilogy is about Guy Crouchback; and whatever appeal or fascination the three volumes may have must surely center around the relative appeal or fascination of the protagonist himself. What is unique about Crouchback is his motive for going to war. As is made quite clear in "Men at Arms," he is a Catholic romantic, a gentleman, and an aristocrat, who, in 1939, looks upon the war as a kind of holy crusade, in which "after eight years of shame and loneliness" he would fulfill all the values of personal honor that he had idealized in his youth. In short, the war provides an opportunity for the regeneration and revitalization of a vacuum—a modern man.

Thus the mood of "Men at Arms" is largely one of exhilaration and expectancy as Crouchback trains for a commission in a tradition-bound regiment, the Halberdiers, and comforts himself with this illusion: "The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms. Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle." The ending of the novel sets up the mood of "Officers and Gentlemen," as Guy, after participating in a near-debacle at Dakar, finds himself flying to England to face a court-martial for offenses that he never committed. "Officers and Gentlemen" traces the gradual disillusionment of Crouchback, climaxed by the military disaster of Crete and the invasion of Russia by Hitler (much of Guy's disillusionment is political). Realizing the significance of these events, he finds himself "back after less than two years' pilgrimage in a Holy Land of Illusion, in the old ambiguous world, where priests were spies and gallant friends proved traitors and his country was led blundering into dishonor."

With Crouchback's crusader's wings clipped and the disillusionment almost total, a question properly raised at the end of "Officers and Gentlemen" was: Where was Waugh to go from here? The answer, and not a completely satisfactory one, is found in "The End of the Battle." The author pulls together the loose ends of a very complicated plot and, without working up too much dramatic conflict, merely shows what happens to his large cast of characters at the end of the war. The mood of the third volume is one of sadness. Crouchback, now approaching forty, now patronizingly called "Uncle" by his superior officers, making one final attempt to get back into the war, ends up doing liaison work with the Partisans in Yugoslavia. Much of this phase of the book is taken up with his fumbling attempts to aid a group of Jewish refugees. ("All the stamping of the barrack square and the biffing of imag-

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inary strongholds were finding their consummation in one frustrated act of mercy.")

In the context of the entire trilogy the scenes of greatest significance in "The End of the Battle" are those depicting the funeral of Crouchback's father, the abortive reunion of Guy with his ex-wife, Virginia, and the emergence of certain minor characters from the previous volumes, such as Ludovic, that literary esthete with miraculous powers of survival and endurance, and Major de Souza, certainly one of the most unpleasant characters in the annals of war fiction.

One of the motifs that saves the trilogy from superficiality is the familiar one, to Waugh followers, of Catholicism, which is used admirably on both a symbolic and literal level, and woven beautifully into character and theme. For example, we never lose sight of the idea that Crouchback is a kind of medieval knight on a spiritual quest and that the Halberdiers, especially in "Men at Arms," represent, only more militantly, the hierarchical and ritualistic values in the Catholic Church, which to men like Crouchback act as a refuge from the chaos and purposelessness of modern life. After being somewhat submerged in "Officers and Gentlemen," the theme emerges strongly in "The End of the Battle" by means of a letter from Crouchback senior to his son. Two statements in the letter are stamped in Guy's consciousness throughout the novel. They are: "The Mystical Body doesn't strike attitudes and stand on its dignity. It accepts suffering and injustice. It is ready to forgive at the first hint of compunction." And "Quantitative judgments don't apply." If only one soul was saved (Virginia's illegitimate child), that is full compensation for any amount of loss of face. Without clubbing us over the head with them, Waugh uses these ideas to motivate Guy's actions in the last volume and to bring about the expected Christian resolution to the problems of character and values raised in the trilogy.

In contrast to the depth and seriousness of the religious theme, there is that old Waugh target—the Modern Age (even though it is in arms, it's still the Modern Age), the futility of secular life, again bludgeoned with the weapons of satire and farce. But here it must be said that there has been a definite falling off in his power to create wildly comic scenes and characters. The humor is there certainly—in such portraits as the Patton-esque Brigadier Ritchie-Hook, the Falstaffian Captain Apthorpe, and in the frequent parody of military ritual—but it has lost much of its edge; and the snobbery is not as funny as it was in the pre-"Brideshead" Waugh, mainly because, like our own John O'Hara, he is too close to and too sympathetic toward the very subject he is ridiculing.

But all this says is that Waugh is different from what he used to be. And even though the Crouchback trilogy is no "Handful of Dust," it can certainly hold its own with the now considerable body of World War II fiction in England and the United States.

The Sleeping Dogs of Memory

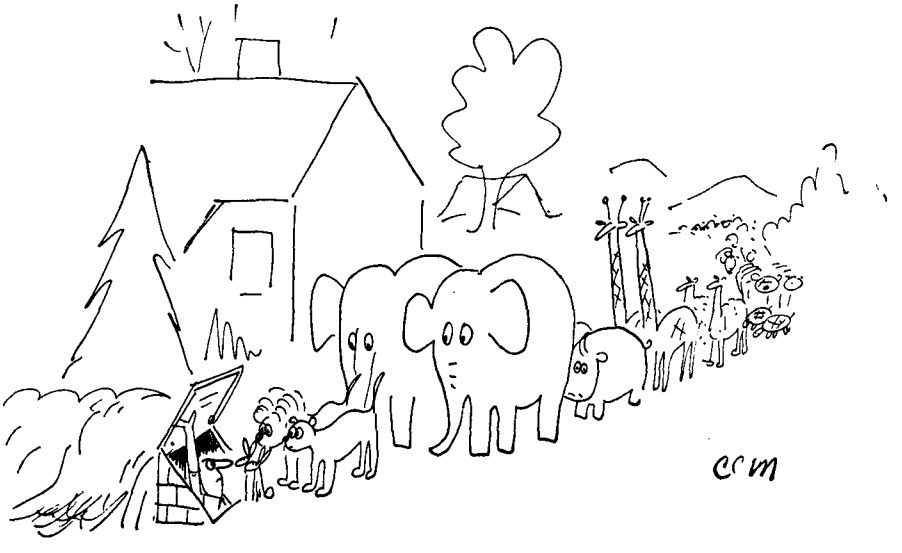
"I Remember! I Remember!" by Sean O'Faolain *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 240 pp. $4.50), reveals in a series of short stories the dangers and consolations of preoccupation with the past. David Dempsey is the author of "All That Was Mortal."*

By David Dempsey

ALTHOUGH the name of Sean O'Faolain is not so well known to American readers as that of Frank O'Connor, his stories are no less a tribute to the Ireland that is so long and well remembered in the minds of its best writers. And to remember is virtually a profession among Irishmen. Partly, this is the result of the misty predilection of the Irish for holding onto the past, a characteristic which in bars produces a boozy sentimentalism, and in the hands of the imaginative, poetry. Both O'Connor and O'Faolain are artists at reconciling this ambivalence in the Irish—for that matter, in the human—spirit. One recalls the past in order to reject it, to free oneself of a tyranny.

This motif—the fugitive, lost, unself-conscious self, the tender time of life which the world gradually wraps in its shell of daily existence—runs through almost all the stories in "I Remember! I Remember!" Memory is an attempt at fulfilment that reality denies, a form of compound interest, growing with time, upon which all of us must eventually draw, usually to our regret. How it works out, what happens when the depositor steps up to the cashier's window of the mind with his pass book, put aside for just such emergencies, forms the material of these tales.

O'Faolain clearly sympathizes with that time of life when a man gropes for the illusions of his younger days. The title story sums up the pain that comes with having one's memories called to account and then brought into line with the facts. Two sisters, reunited when one of them returns to Ireland with her American husband, remember the same events of their youth with vastly different results. Mary has given her husband a romantic picture of herself, which her sister, "a little hunched-up woman with a face like a bit of burnt cork," defaces. When is a lie a lie, and when is it excusable fantasy?



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To steal one's memories—even those compounded by the natural increment of time—is to destroy part of life.

Sometimes, as in "The Sugawn Chair," memory is hardly more than a relic found in an attic that brings back the smells and associations of a gentler, vanished time. Sometimes it points up the conflict between the old, tradition-ridden Ireland and the "up to date." In "A Shadow, Silent as a Cloud," a successful architect is rejected by friends who prefer sentiment to progress. In this, as in many of the stories, the characters are driven back on the past as a refuge not so much from the present as from the self that the present has molded.

O'Faolain finds the moment of awareness in each life that is evoked by some particular event in the past. A very elderly man recalls a love affair, only to distrust its "message" because he is "too old to embrace it." A bishop, in the ironic "The Younger Generation," writes pastoral letters "not to the living but to the dying and the dead." In "Love's Young Dream" memory plays tricks, but, as is so often the case, they are tricks of necessity, protective metaphors to guard us against useless truths.

Not all of these stories are equally successful, and I would dissent from "One Night in Turin" as being too long as well as anticlimactic. On the other hand, "No Country for Old Men" comes off brilliantly as a story of two men's loyalty to an old ideal that inadvertently traps them in a situation at once absurd and heroic. More often than not, the present moment is inhospitable to memory, and in this is found the irony that underlies most of Sean O'Faolain's writing. In Ireland at least, to remember is often to meddle with sleeping dogs that had better be left alone.

IRELAND IN TRANSIT: Benedict Kiely is an Irish writer whose short stories are occasionally seen on this side of the Atlantic. Like some of his compatriots, such as Frank O'Connor and Mary Lavin, he makes an impression by a raciness that goes with high competence. In Kiely's stories, however, humor is accompanied by the fantastic, and there is an underlying bitterness. He has crossed the bridge from the traditional Ireland of yesterday to the metropolitan Ireland of today. Of the former Ireland the others describe so well Benedict Kiely is well aware; the opening sentences of **"The Captain with the Whiskers"** (Criterion, $4.50) could have been composed only by one who knew the rhythms used by the old storytellers. It is that traditional Ireland to which at the end of this tale the narrator looks back:

> "Farewell Segully," he sang, "and Maghercolton, where rural pastimes did once abound; and in each cottage, a home for strangers, a hearty welcome was always found."
>
> "For William Moore," he sang, "and his brother Arthur, two loyal comrades will sail with me. Likewise his sisters, three handsome fair maids, possessed of wisdom and chastitee."
>
> To the chorused, repeated praise of those three paragons among women they gave all the benefit of the irony of a shabby trollop of a city.

With its casual bawdiness (to my mind, too often exhibited), its detachment from the regularized pieties of Irish life, "The Captain with the Whiskers" is a disconcerting novel. The agrarian world of small villages, isolated cottages, friendly firesides is disappearing, and writers who have memories of that older country are faced by a state that is literally in transit—a place where the men have no convictions about church, state, or family, and the girls are no better than they should be. The Captain, who drilled his boys and girls, who kept his wife under house-arrest, who ordered everything, and whose household fascinated the teller of the story, is dead. The boys and girls, their friends for whom the house was an experience, have no place to go. The drill was external; now that it is no longer exercised, there is mutiny. This may well be the meaning of this troubling book.

The prevailing note is disenchantment. Owen Rogers, the narrator, had given his devotion to one of the Captain's daughters, Maeve; but it was the other, Greta, who came to him—came knowing she was a substitute. And for him "the woman's willingness was a rope knotted with pain and misery because I had missed what I wanted." Then he realizes that his love for Maeve was part of the glamour of the land around her father's citadel. Meeting her as an experienced woman he asks about the red setter that in his memory was mysteriously with her. "I never had a red setter," she tells him. Then:

> I walked again into the lost, wet valley. There was only the abandoned cabin now used for cattle, and the sound of a far away waterfall. In all my days on those mountains, that was the only time I saw the valley of the golden dog. Trying to look back on it from the top of a city bus was a doomed, hopeless effort. The mountain in mist, the wizard's mist from Segully, came all around me. Perhaps, like the dog, the valley had never existed. Nothing existed except in somebody's faceless son.

It remains to be said that Kiely is a first-rate writer whose every sentence has vitality.

—PADRAIC COLUM.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NAME-SWITCHERS

Fictional characters occasionally use, or are made to use, aliases. Here are a dozen such, submitted by Mary Beth Norton of Greencastle, Indiana, who asks you to match the "real" names (Column One) with the aliases (Column Two) and with the books in which they appear (Column Three). Authors' names are supplied without charge. Answers on page 84.

1. Jean Valjean	Nevada	"The Valley of Fear" (Doyle)
2. Emma Norquist	Louis Victor	"Laughing Boy" (La Farge)
3. James Lacy	Countess de Chanfret	"Jubilee Trail" (Bristow)
4. Sherlock Holmes	Kenneth	"Under Two Flags" (Ouida)
5. Edmond Dantès	Lillian	"Nevada" (Zane Grey)
6. Clio Dulaine	Altamont	"Oliver Twist" (Dickens)
7. Birdy Edwards	Roger Chillingworth	"Les Misérables" (Hugo)
8. David, Earl of Huntington	Florinda Grove	"His Last Bow" (Doyle)
9. Charlotte Sowerberry	Sinbad the Sailor	"The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne)
10. The Honorable Bertie Cecil	John McMurdo	"Saratoga Trunk" (Ferber)
11. Slim Girl	Père Madelaine	"The Talisman" (Scott)
12. Mr. Prynne	Charlotte Claypole	"The Count of Monte Cristo" (Dumas)

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The Recent Contours of the Muse

By William Van O'Connor, *author of "Sense and Sensibility in Modern Poetry" and "The Shaping Spirit: A Study of Wallace Stevens."*

IN THE batch of books published during this past quarter one finds eminent names, lesser names, and all but unknowns. One is tempted to arrange the volumes in a hierarchy of excellence. The reader will be glad to know that the temptation has been resisted, and that the order in which the books are discussed is akin to what Mr. Pope called "a brave disorder."

Anne Ridler's **"Selected Poems"** (Macmillan, $3.95) includes poems from four volumes over two decades. Her primary subjects are being a woman in love and being a mother. She celebrates both neatly and musically and shrewdly enough, but with no sense of tangled uncertainties, passion, or a sudden amazed vision. For example, she has a poem about naming a child, "Choosing a Name." One's name is part of one's fate. It has a tremendous influence on character and on one's image of himself. Our parents present us with a persona, our name, with whom we travel from cradle to grave. He is our mysterious other self, our Mr. Hyde or William Wilson. He matters profoundly. At thirty years of age children ought to be able to reward their parents or sue them, so that the principle of right name-giving would have the support of the law.

What does Mrs. Ridler do with the subject? Here is one stanza:

> Even as the gift of life
> You take the famous name you did not choose
> And make it new.
> You and the name exchange a power:
> Its history is changed, becoming yours,
> And yours by this: who calls this, calls you.

Yes, but! Aside from that unfortunate echo of Pound, Mrs. Ridler has developed a subject without seriously investigating its dimensions. This neglect is an offense against Pegasus. Once a student asked William Faulkner about naming his characters and he said, "I never name a character. He names himself. If he doesn't reveal his name to me, I leave him unnamed. There is such a character in 'Pylon.' He's the Reporter. He didn't tell me who he was." Faulkner understands the principle of name-giving. Mrs. Ridler does not. The poems in this volume suggest that in twenty years and more of writing she has established her right to a good reputation, but not as a poet of real eminence.

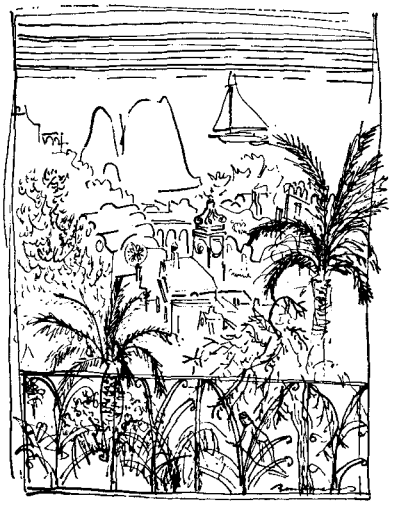
"Helen in Egypt" (Grove, $5), by the late H. D., tells us that the Helen the Trojans saw was a phantom: the real Helen was transported to Egypt, and the war was fought over an illusion. H. D. took her story from Stesichorus, a Greek lyric poet, concerning whom Horace Gregory in his introduction says that of twenty-six original books only eighty lines remain. H. D.'s book is not a translation, he adds, but "a re-creation in her own terms of the Helen-Achilles myth." She achieved a sense of enchanted action in a timeless world.

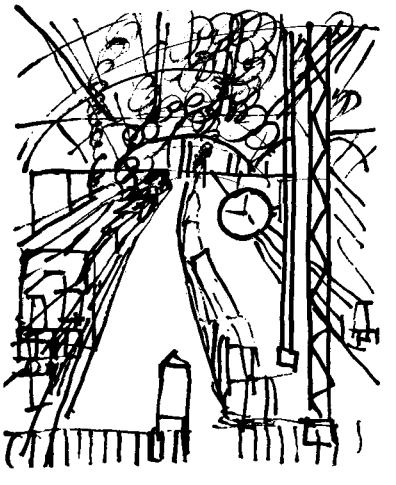
Most readers probably feel that H.D. belongs to literary history, to the beginnings of modern poetry. As Imagist, she wrote chaste and diamond-hard verse. One is not surprised to see a new poem by Eliot or Pound, her contemporaries, but somehow one was surprised anew by each volume of H. D.'s poems. The reason for this, one suspects, is that her verse always retained the qualities of her early period. She was modern but had ceased to be contemporary.

There is an unwritten law that a poet ripe in years will be given honors, deference, and politely phrased reviews. There is a propriety in this: the elderly poet has suffered enough; his reviewers can be restrained, if not appreciative or generous. There is also a law about the poet who died young, before his talent (or was it genius?) had sufficient opportunity to express itself, or express itself fully: Chatterton, "the marvelous boy," dead at eighteen; Keats dead at twenty-six; Shelley at thirty; Byron at thirty-six, and Dylan Thomas at thirty-nine. We speculate sadly about what might have been.

David Schubert, who died in 1946 at thirty-three, invites the usual questions. **"Initial A"** (Macmillan, hardbound $4, paperback $1.50) is only now being published, apparently because Theodore Weiss and others have continued to promote his name and

PENINSULAR PERSONALITIES: Don Basilio, who gave up the great love of his life because of a blank page in a diary, and Antonia, the servant who was included with a rented Capri Villa and insisted the artist-author paint a new sign for it every morning, are among the lively presences in "Italian Holiday" (Houghton Mifflin, $5). Ludwig Bemelmans's story and drawings originally appeared in *Holiday*.





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cause. Schubert wrote about New York or Brooklyn, and responded to the noise and movement and pathos of the city. He walks in Prospect Park:

—The park is certainly
Tranquil tonight: lovers like ants
Are scurrying into any old darkness,
Covert for kisses.

There is nothing inimitable about Schubert's vision of the city, or of his own role as sufferer. Nor is there anything especially striking about his language.

Dilys Laing died last year, at fifty-four. Presumably she lived long enough to find her own voice. One thinks of "voice" in reading her poems, not of "vision"; her work, as seen in **"Poems from a Cage"** (Macmillan, hardbound $4, paperback $1.75), is very personal, the "I" in relation to the world. But she is also a feminine poet both in sensibility and experience, and this is in part what distinguishes her poems. In "Ten Leagues Beyond the Wide World's End" she speaks as mother or as lover:

I think he is my lover or my child.
When I attempt to take him in my arms
he pulls away from me with a boy's pride
and walks to the edge of the burning world with a gun in his hand.

In another poem Mrs. Laing sees God as feminine. This may be heretical, but probably it is a confession or acknowledgment that would make it easier for male readers to resolve the difficulties many of us feel in reading certain women poets.

Horace Gregory, in **"Medusa in Gramercy Park"** (Macmillan, hardbound $4.50, paperback $1.75), writes in an idiom that suggests some of the prose poetry of the 1930s, with neither fixed rhythms nor a fixed rhyme scheme. Thus "Siesta Navona":

Piazza Navona: behind a stream of light
The fountain playing. Sit down where roof and walls
Make the noon shadow.

Some of the subjects, such as "The Teachings of Saint Jerome" and If It Offend Thee," a poem about John Jay Chapman burning his own hand, have an imaginative flair; their potentiality might have been achieved had Mr. Gregory asked more of his Muse.

Ruthven Todd's **"Garland for the Winter Solstice"** (Little, Brown, $4) is a very different dish of tea. Todd, an Englishman living in the U.S., writes a traditional verse, and W. H. Auden quite rightly places him in the line of vicar poets, scholars, and naturalists. In this Age of Narcissus it is pleasant to find some poems that ignore the "I," as in these stanzas from "Various Ends":

And there were those coughed out their sweet soft lungs
Upon the mountains, or the clear green sea.
Owen found half-an-ounce of lead with wings;
And Tennyson died quietly, after tea.

Sam Johnson scissored at the surgeons stitches
To draw more poison from his bloated body.
And Byron may have recalled the pretty bitches,
Nursing his fevered head in hands unsteady.

Harold Witt is decidedly a male poet. He delights in nudes, orchards, and animals. **"Beasts in Clothes"** (Macmillan, hardbound $4.25, paperback $1.95) shows him to be a kind of Theodore Roethke rewritten by Richard Wilbur. The rat sitting in soft mud, the enormous elephant mounting to sate his lust, suggest Roethke, but the treatment is neatly clever. The gift for metaphor, we are often told, marks the distinction between true poets and those who simply try hard. It is apparent that metaphor comes readily to Harold Witt:

The gladdest spaniel who prancing brings the ball
and wags a tail stump as if it were a tail
doesn't know his black long ears are beautiful,

his eyes are elegies that mourn the fall of princes.

He sees television as a Cyclopean eye through which charmed and monstrous dreams pass and repass. And his vision of the supermarket is priceless:

I wander aircooled aisles, to Villa-Lobos,
in the marvelous market of our age;
lights are colored and a fountain sprays—
beans, lettuces and carrots iridesce,
the cauliflowers gleam like rows of brains. . . .

The frozen dinners of dishonesty
will thin my inner man with cakemix ease,
detergents virgin me, and soaps purify,
though toiletpaper, tinted like romance,
suggests inevitable outcomes nevertheless.

Mr. Witt is a good man to have

The Wind Blows Sharp on Capitol Hill

. . . and gusts of eloquence have just hit the bookstores in Edward Boykin's new book,

THE WIT AND WISDOM OF CONGRESS

Whatever the subject—draw poker, fried oysters, potlikker, or how to handle Khrushchev—Congressmen are never at a loss for words, and in this rollicking book, editor Boykin has sifted tons of legislative verbiage for bits of humor, malice, horse sense, and purple oratory. The result is a happy one—a spirited exposé of our lawmakers at work from 1789 to the present.

Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson says: "The very title 'The Wit and Wisdom of Congress' is testimony to one of the glories of a free society: that its legislative body is allowed to have both. I congratulate the author on a delightful collection of excerpts which should give readers not only a chuckle, but a pride in their government."

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around. He holds various enterprises under sharp-eyed surveillance. There's nothing fake about his poetry, either.

Nor is there anything fake about Philip Booth's **"The Islanders"** (Viking, $3). He says his subject is Frost's "what to make of a diminished thing." There is no great sparkle of metaphor. There is a close viewing of islands off the coast of Maine, of fishermen and their habits, weeds and flowers, the weather and local legend, and the manner in which Booth relates history suggests an effort to stay near to the actual shape and contour of events. The poetry arises not out of bitterness but out of the honesty with which an event is described or a speculation made. This is the last section of "Sable Island":

> You might even, tugged in under the lee
> of this island, think yourself safe,
> and forget its history, or how you happen
>
> to be here. Seen from a mast-step broken
> by gales, it looks huge. As it is. No
> matter what new disasters to come, you must shape
>
> your course into the breakers as though
> it were the whole world, not just a strip
> of blown sand you happen to be cast up on.

X. J. Kennedy's **"Nude Descending a Staircase"** (Doubleday, $2.50) is in a very different tradition. He conjoins elements from unlike categories, and makes observations that are sometimes cute-cute and wiseacre-ish and sometimes refreshing. The poem "Where Are the Snows of Yesteryear?," quoted in part below, seems an appropriate illustration of all these tendencies simultaneously:

> Deirdre, her combustive hair
> Filaments of wavelengthened air,
>
> Heroes struck on Homer's lyre
> Strummings of the AP wire,
>
> Sweet-papped wolf, wet nurse of Rome
> Paperweight for folks back home,
>
> Wall and rampart of the Moor
> Laid flat to the guided tour,
>
> Who by the tomb of Ammon-Ra
> Crop their Crackerjack and baa,
>
> Who, short-changed of golden fleece,
> Fill out forms for the police.

Kennedy has developed a technique of lending the associations of one context, pear trees, for instance, to another, such as reading student themes. "Leave of Absence" is a good example of this. Perhaps certain readers will feel that Kennedy is most successful when the wiseacre in him gets the upper hand, as in "Ars Poetica":

> The goose that laid the golden egg
> Died looking up its crotch
> To find out how the sphincter worked.
> Would you lay well? Don't watch.

"The Land of Unloving" (Macmillan, $3.50), by Lionel Wiggam, is rather disappointing. Wiggam has long been known as a gifted lyric poet. His poems are finished, and there is never a spot of wood that the varnish brush missed; but he almost never surprises. Sometimes the reader feels that Wiggam is not really a twentieth-century poet. The pre-Romantics would have recognized his sensibility; it is akin to theirs.

Three volumes can be very roughly classfied as belonging together. They are Francis Golffing's **"Selected Poems"** (Macmillan, hardbound $4, paperback $1.65), Donald Davie's **"New and Selected Poems"** (Wesleyan University Press, hardbound $3.50, paperback $1.25), and May Sarton's **"Cloud, Stone, Sun, Vine"** (Norton, $4). All write disciplined, orderly verse, with implied awareness of the English tradition. On occasion each writes what Davie calls a "more open-ended sort of poetry."

John Ciardi's **"In the Stoneworks"** (Rutgers, $3.50) has more bounce to the ounce. The poems are serious and sometimes solemn, but halos are awry, virgins get pinched (among other things), wartime airplanes fly through the darkness, Pompeii is revisited, and childhood is remembered. Here is a part of "Bedlam Revisited":

> Nobody told me anything much. I was born
> free to my own confusions, though in hock
> to Mother and Father Sweatshop's original stock
> in Boston, Mass., four families to a john.
> The spire of the Old North Church, like a tin horn
> upside down on the roofs, was our kitchen clock,
> and dropped the hours like rock onto a rock
> over the Hull Street graveyard. "Gone. All gone," . . .
>
> Home was our Asylum. My father died but my mother kept talking to him. My sisters screamed.
> My aunt muttered. My uncle got drunk and dreamed
> three numbers a night for a quarter with cock-eyed
> Charlie Pipe-Dreams who moseyed along half-fried
> every morning at seven. The old boy schemed
> for twenty years that I knew of before he was reamed
> by Family Morticians. But I'll say this—he tried.
>
> Nobody told me anything much. Nobody had
> anything much to tell me. I rolled my own
> and scrounged for matches. How could I have known
> everything about us was full-moon mad?
> Or that I'd find few saner? It wasn't bad.
> Someone always answered the telephone
> when it had rung too long. You got only a tone
> when they finally called you—far away and sad.
> But it didn't matter. There would have been nothing to say.
> Later they changed the number and we moved away.

Like most memories, these are sad. But there is no self-pity, and the acceptance of an innate wackiness in most human affairs is wonderfully sane. "Dialogue" suggests that Auden, the Auden who changes his mood by changing his hats, may be an influence. Perhaps not. The tone is unique and American. The following quotation is from "Joshua on Eighth Avenue":

> "Hey, Mac," he says,
> "buy a ticket to my funeral. Ringside for one drink. Or sell you my left leg for a pint. Going out of business. Everything must be sold.
>
> Whattayasay? Everybody needs a funeral
> to go to."—And so for the third time this year I buy his left leg. And once more own more pieces than I can put to one man.

Richard Wilbur is in most of the anthologies nowadays and may well make the permanent canon. **"Advice to a Prophet and Other Poems"** (Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.75) ought not to disappoint his admirers. The earlier Wilbur is here, as in "Loves of the Puppets"; he can catch a paradox as neatly as anyone writing poetry. And there is something new in "Advice to a Prophet." Wilbur manages to conceive an almost unimaginable world. The essential neatness and perceptiveness of his mind do not click off; they lift to a new register.

"The Long Street" (Vanderbilt University Press, $4), by Donald Davidson, is reminiscent of the late 1920s and the beginning of the Southern renaissance. Davidson, long associated with the Fugitives, remains perhaps their most orthodox voice. There are poems about the North through a Southerner's eyes, ballads, and meditations on the Civil

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War. Civil War history is deep in Davidson's marrow, and sometimes it helps to convey a sad sense of the young men who laid down their lives on country roads or in fields under the same moon Mr. Davidson observes on frosty autumn evenings.

Marianne Moore is now an institution and deservedly so, and it is fitting that we should have **"A Marianne Moore Reader"** (Viking, $6.95). Poems comprise about ninety pages, twenty-five are given to translations from La Fontaine's "Fables," and about 160 pages are devoted to essays, lectures, reviews, her correspondence with the Ford Motor Company about naming one of their models, and an interview first published in *The Paris Review*.

Miss Moore's sort of criticism is not much practiced today. She is wary of generalizations or of expressing theories of composition. She quotes from the writer, trying to isolate his special qualities, and occasionally lets fly with a suggestive epigram. "Abraham Lincoln and the Art of the Word" exemplifies her method. Miss Moore is captivated by Lincoln's wit, crystalline logic, naturalness, and passion for justice. His letters and papers are filled with these, and in their presence the joy in Miss Moore's heart rises upon itself "as the sea in a chasm." Before she finishes one is convinced that Lincoln's intellect was precise, orderly, and humane. She sees him as "a Euclid of the heart."

Miss Moore is generous. She quotes from young poets with the same zeal that she exhibits in quoting from eminent figures. There is also a prim, ladylike quality that enables her to be unabashed by descriptions of riotous sexuality or scatological excesses of epic proportions. In referring to such matter in Pound's "Cantos," Miss Moore says: "Unprudery is overemphasized and secularity persists. . . ." That is the understatement for the decade!

Miss Moore objects to those who fail to make a distinction between Calvin the man of letters and the heresies that grew out of Calvin's doctrines. She implies a great deal of admiration for the gentleman. One can say, intending only praise, that Miss Marianne Moore personifies that tradition at its most disciplined and humane best. She is an explicator of the self-respecting heart.

Robert Lowell's **"Imitations"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4.50) is a strange and not very successful volume. The poems are translations from Homer, Sappho, Villon, Leopardi, Heine, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, and others—a "small anthology of European poetry" controlled by Lowell's own voice, or translations Lowellized. The trouble in part is that Lowell's voice isn't appropriate

(*Continued on page 84*)

Man: From Ararat to 8th St.

"Works and Days and Other Poems," by Irving Feldman *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 121 pp. $3.95), uses the symbolic Wandering Jew as an underlying theme for the poet's vision of the human condition. John Malcolm Brinnin is the author of several books of poetry and criticism.*

By John Malcolm Brinnin

IN WHAT is clearly one of the most remarkable first books of poems in years, Irving Feldman shows himself to be a defined and substantial poet with a lyrical sweep that takes in the human predicament from the slopes of Ararat to the pavements of Eighth Street. His language is spare and tough, notable for modulations more in the direction of speech than toward music or rhetoric, and obviously shaped by a mind that makes its most forceful register in dramatic, even theatrical, terms. In a handful of poems, he simply observes and records, sometimes with detachment, sometimes with feeling, always with a lively eye; in his most characteristic pieces, however, he gives the illusion of writing in total involvement from the heart and center of a situation, recreating an event—"Moses on Pisgah," "Cato Dying," "A Speech by Abraham"—with a fine grasp of emotive detail and a magical *rapport* by which things belonging to myth and imagination are brought, without loss of grandeur, into human scale.

The Wandering Jew, explicitly the subject of only a few poems, is nevertheless the great presence who moves through these pages. In Feldman's version he is a man neither lost nor winsome, but funny, doughty, too proudly aware of himself as a source of the world's embarrassment ever to let God or anyone else take him in. "Bend closer, my God," he says, "I can complain till all the stars drown."

The lyric as an observation distilled and made permanent is something Feldman achieves time and again—in "The Death of Vitellozzo Vitelli," "Loss," "Women"—and, most indisputably, in the superb single thrust of "The Old Men":

> Ho! Persephone brings flowers, to them
> New styles in spring. In seven glittering
> Greys, under round grey hats of straw
> —Lo! to the fifing sun's tune
> The old men come on, stride, march,
> Drill, straight as the ties of lovers!
> (And their bones have drawn together
> In gentle communities of joints,
> Like weary soldiers dreaming head to head.)
>
> Hup, they go, ho! in grey jackets,
> Grey shoes, sleek as boys, smiling,
> Striding on the gay granite legions,
> Persephone's grooms, all together, raise
> Chins, link arms, step out, hiking, marching,
> Down down into the earth!

Against such strength, the only sign of comparative weakness in his book shows in poems about the New York he knew in adolescence. Here he employs a consciously "bright" style, perhaps in imitation of the bright styles of the boys in the communications media. But even as parody this vein does not become him. The power of Feldman's book lies in his elegant, poignant, vastly unsentimental re-creations of Jewish character as a seam of history. In these lesser pieces he inevitably invokes the Odets-ian world of Loew's Paradise, the Kober-esque world of the mockie and the *schvartsa*, the dear, dim world of the YCL at CCNY. In this well-mapped territory his manner seems crimped, his originality compromised by the lingering memory of period-piece clichés.

A good part of the book is made up of sequences of poems—not narratives, but lyrics governed by an idea to which each is apposite. To sustain the unity of these nonliteral continuities, Feldman uses a technique that might be described as prismatic: illumination by reflection. It is a technique that allows for equal exercise of his lyric and dramatic talents and, especially in the sequence providing the title for his book, for impressive variety and amplitude. In other words, this is the real thing—honest, hard-bought, a tonic experience for anyone who may have doubted the plausibility of coming upon something rich, strange, and new.

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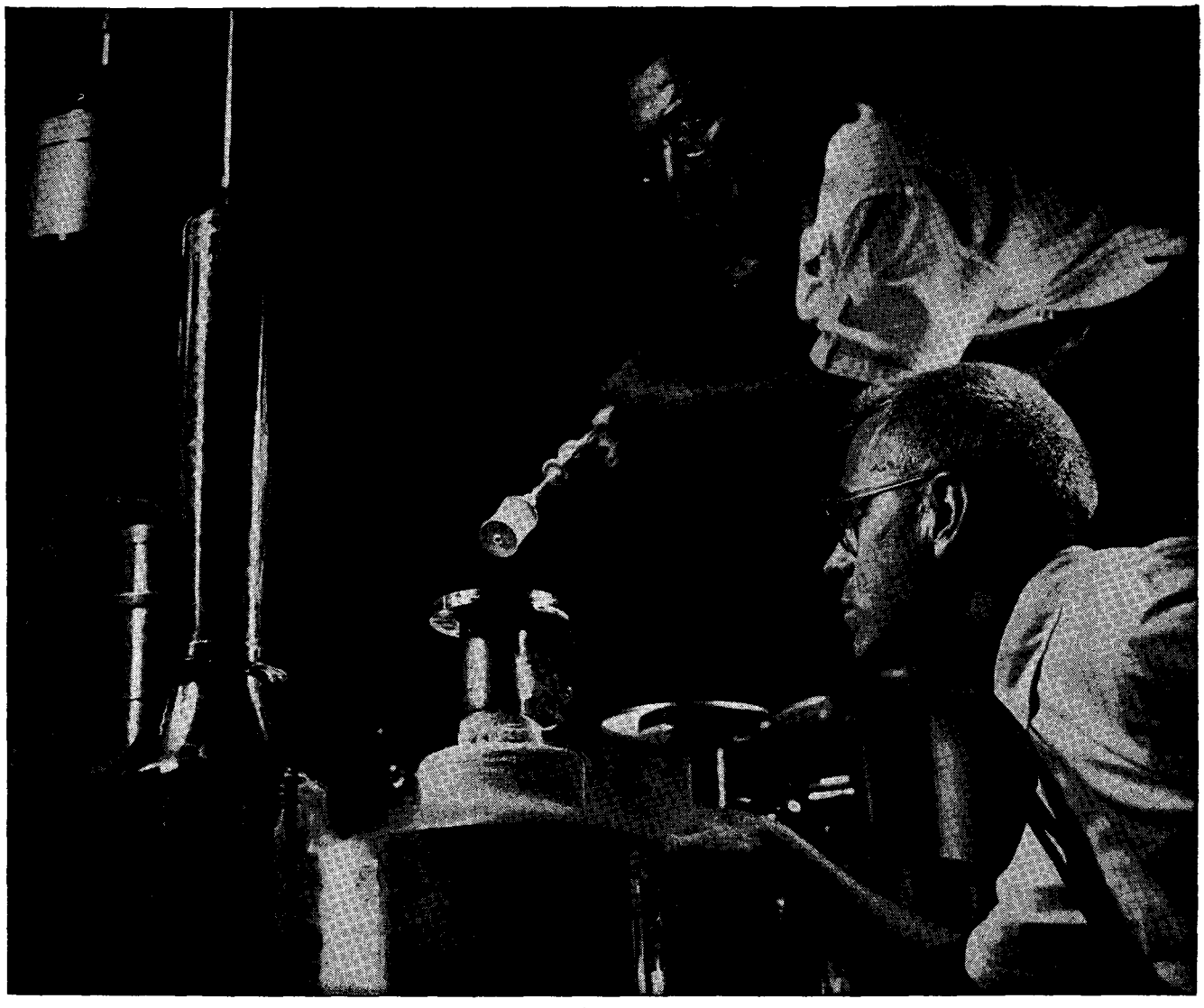

The Making of a Magnet. Bell scientists test new superconducting electromagnet, the small cylindrical object being removed from helium bath at minus 450 degrees F. An early experimental design produced a field strength over 65,000 gauss.

OUT OF SOLID STATE SCIENCE COMES A POWERFUL NEW MAGNET

Bell Telephone Laboratories' creation of a powerful superconducting electromagnet once again illustrates the role of materials research in the advancement of communications.

It has long been known that certain materials called superconductors have a zero electrical resistance at temperatures near absolute zero. A solenoid of superconductive wire carrying a large current should be capable of producing an extremely powerful magnetic field without the bulky power equipment that is needed for conventional electromagnets.

A formidable obstacle blocked the way, however. The strong magnetic field tended to destroy the wire's superconductivity.

Bell Laboratories scientists studying superconductors—as part of their endless search for new materials for communications—were led to the discovery of a number of alloys and compounds having exceptional superconductive properties. One of these materials, a compound of niobium and tin, was found to possess a startling ability to retain its superconductivity in intense magnetic fields of over 100,000 gauss. Bell scientists went on to show how the brittle, intractable material could be made into a wire and hence wound to make an extremely powerful electromagnet.

By finding a low-cost way to create enormously powerful magnetic fields, Bell scientists have brought closer new applications of magnetism in communications. Intense magnetic fields provide an invaluable tool in research, and offer an attractive means for containing hot plasma in thermonuclear experiments.

The new magnet is another example of how Bell Laboratories research not only works to improve Bell System communications but also benefits science on a broad front.

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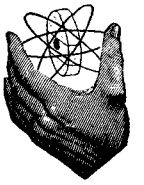
SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait LXX • The Research Frontier

ARTICLE: Why are the Russians going to the moon?

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

MORE ABOUT THE BUSINESS OF GIVING

THE report on the business of giving which appeared in this space last month was intended to be self-contained. It presented a serious problem of science in society—the failure of voluntary health and welfare agencies to account for their expenditure of funds fully and openly to the millions of givers who contribute those funds—and left it to the readers of the *Saturday Review* to decide what part they might wish to play in solving the problem.

But the honesty of the report has been questioned by spokesmen for two of the agencies involved, the American Cancer Society and The National Foundation. In letters reproduced on the pages following this page, the motives of *SR*'s Science Editor are challenged and he is charged with dealing in half-truths, innuendo, and falsehood.

These letters deserve close examination, for the texts bear in themselves evidence of the need for more candid accounting by the agencies.

Consider first the letter signed by Mr. Lane W. Adams, executive vice president of the American Cancer Society. In his second paragraph, Mr. Lane emphasizes that the Society "of course meets the . . . standards" of the National Information Bureau, the one independent private agency that attempts to police abuse of the givers' trust at the national level. Later in his letter, Mr. Adams says "the arrangement" by which Mr. James V. Lavin operated a private fund-raising company of his own (The James V. Lavin Company) while serving as executive director of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society "was known by the national Society." The implication is that the National Information Bureau, having access to the Society's affairs at the national level, also knew of the conflict of interest in Mr. Lavin's two simultaneous occupations and approved of the situation.

Now in the course of gathering data for my report of last month, I became sufficiently impressed by the work of the National Information Bureau to join the Bureau as an individual member. And I can state positively that the Bureau was never made aware of the situation in the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society although the situation existed for many years. My own feeling is that this lack of awareness suggests a weakness in the Bureau's system of inspection that ought to be repaired with all possible speed. However, there is also and more importantly revealed a deficiency in candor on the part of the American Cancer Society.

I am not privileged to quote from the National Information Bureau's reports to its members because those reports are, as Mr. Adams says, confidential. But I know the contents of many of the reports. Conflict of interest is not condoned by the National Information Bureau. I am therefore confident in expressing considerable doubt that, had the conflict of interest that existed between Mr. Lavin's two employments been disclosed to the National Information Bureau, the American Cancer Society would have been able to claim that it met the standards of the National Information Bureau.

I shall immediately subject my confidence on this point to a pragmatic test. I shall do this by asking, here and now: Will the National Information Bureau continue to give its stamp of unqualified approval to the American Cancer Society while any conflict of interest continues to exist between the management of the Massachusetts Division of the Society and the private fund-raising company bearing Mr. Lavin's name?

That a conflict of interest existed up to the end of the year 1960 is confirmed by Mr. Adams's letter. That the conflict may have been approved by prominent citizens who had accepted the quasi-public responsibility for managing the affairs of the American Cancer Society does not alter the nature of the conflict; it merely shifts the weight of responsibility more heavily to the shoulders of those citizens.

Mr. Adams in his letter attributes to me what he says was a twice-repeated statement that Mr. Lavin received a salary of $27,000 a year from the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society. Actually, that figure was quoted by me from letters written by Mr. George Wallace, chairman of the board of the Fitchburg (Mass.) Paper Company, who headed the 1960 cancer fund-raising campaign in the state of Massachusetts. Mr. Wallace first referred to the $27,000 as a salary but later spelled out his understanding that "we [he was then a member of the board of directors of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society] pay our executive director and the president of the James V. Lavin Company a fee of $27,000 plus expenses while [he is] acting for several other organizations, soliciting funds . . . in the same areas." Mr. Adams's letter says that Mr. Lavin was paid a salary of $17,500 a year as executive director of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society and that the James V. Lavin Company was paid an additional $10,000 a year. The one significant difference between the latter description of Mr. Lavin's situation and Mr. Wallace's

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The American Cancer Society letter

MAY I on behalf of the American Cancer Society have the opportunity to comment, in some detail, on your article of December 2 in which John Lear talks at length about vital problems of philanthropy? We are surprised that in preparing this extensive treatment—while he devotes much attention to the American Cancer Society—he did not consider it worthwhile to come to our office to discuss the reports, rumors, allegations, and implications in his piece.

The article relies heavily on the National Information Bureau but does not tell your readers how to get their report on the American Cancer Society. They should write the NIB at 205 East 42 Street, New York, and for a fee of $10 they will receive reports on any agencies which the NIB has studied. We hope your readers get an impartial comment on the American Cancer Society. We would ask you to print their report but it is unfortunately confidential. The Society, of course, meets the NIB standards.

The article's summary of the so-called Hamlin report is a masterpiece of condensation. It is so condensed that it omits entirely the many positive comments in the report itself about voluntary health agencies. Your readers can obtain a copy of the report by writing The Schoolmasters' Press, 82 Morningside Drive, New York 27, to judge for themselves. The charge is $1.

Even better, on the matter of individual philanthropies, why not write the agencies and get their annual reports? Ours, for instance, is free, short (twenty-four pages), gives a full financial report and indicates rather completely how our annual income of some $36,000,000 is spent. You remark cooly "practically nothing was known about how the money was spent" and ignore the detailed report we and many other agencies issue. Our report for 1960 shows how we spent $34,899,286.

	Percentage
RESEARCH — $11,955,647 providing support of more than 600 research grants to individuals and institutions; for epidemiological studies to find causes of cancer and information for education; and including $500,000 deposited as performance bonds.	34%
EDUCATION — $9,623,279 providing the many life-saving projects of both public and professional education.	27%
SERVICE—$7,251,050 providing detection, diagnosis, treatment and rehabilitation facilities, plus home services for patients and their families.	20%
FUND RAISING—$3,739,734 providing for the Society's Annual Crusade, meetings, travel, training schools for volunteers, etc.	11%
ADMINISTRATION — $2,829,576 providing support of programs, board and committee meetings, travel, purchasing, accounting, etc.	8%
	100%

You say "None (money) to speak of seemed to be going into new and original approaches, and very little was going into a search for fundamental causes as opposed to alleviation of symptoms of social and economic disorders." This ignores the fact that the American Cancer Society has spent in research more than $97 million—about 40 per cent of it in basic research. It also ignores the reports which, year after year, have come from our science writers' seminars, which your Mr. John Lear might well and profitably attend at some point.

Nothing in "new and original approaches"? Well, was it new and original when we helped support the research of Dr. Steven Schwartz injecting human leukemia brain extracts in human subjects? Or of Dr. Chester Southam injecting live cancer cells beneath the skin of human beings? Or of Dr. Oscar Creech isolating cancer-diseased organs and used a heart-lung machine to increase the dose of anticancer drugs? Or of Dr. Charles Heidelberger turning up a new family of anticancer drugs, the fluorouracils? Or of Dr. Charles Huggins and Dr. Olef Pearson removing the pituitary gland and adrenal glands from patients with breast and prostate cancer? Or of Dr. Papanicolaou on using shed cells of the uterus to diagnose early cancer? Or of Dr. Pincus investigating a possibly dramatic cancer finding on a hormone that was being used in birth control studies? Should we also mention the Society's Hammond-Horn study that did so much to establish cigarettes as the major cause of lung cancer? Or the cancer prevention study in which we are following 1,100,000 adults for six years in all parts of the country? Or our programs for teaching men and women the values of the proctoscopic examination, women the importance of the Pap smear, teenagers the dangers of smoking?

"Discouragingly small interest at any level in . . . fitting together of voluntary effort with the work of the primarily responsible government agencies." For years, the federal government's National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society have had the closest liaison with inter-related voluntary and governmental committees and the most valuable program cooperation. In 1962, the National Cancer Institute and the American Cancer Society are celebrating Cancer Progress Year, reporting to the public on twenty-five years in which they have been allies, and in which there have been great forward steps against cancer.

In a box headed "The Case of the Missing $58,000,000," you say Dr. Hamlin "assumed the money was spent by local chapters of some agencies. But neither he nor anyone else really knows. The figures just aren't available." And then you go on in the same box under the same heading to report how the Board of Social Service Commissioners of the City of Los Angeles lists costs for raising each dollar of nine agencies. The American Cancer Society flatteringly leads the list with the lowest fund-raising cost. By listing the Society in this box you link the Society to that missing $58,000,000. This is pain-

description of the situation is that the amount paid by the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society under its arrangement with Mr. Lavin was $500 greater than the sum indicated by Mr. Wallace.

"To avoid any shadow of misunderstanding," Mr. Adams's letter says, "when one board member [of the Massachusetts Division] disapproved [of the terms of Mr. Lavin's employment] the arrangement was altered." This statement invites a question: How long does it take a shadow to appear?

As I related in this space last month, the board member who objected was Mr. Wallace. By specific exclusion, he did not accuse Mr. Lavin of wrongdoing but simply said he didn't think it was sound business practice for a million-dollar enterprise like the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society to be run by a part-time manager. Mr. Wallace said further that in his opinion even standard business practice was not good enough for the public trusteeship of a voluntary health agency.

The first formal expression of Mr. Wallace's attitude was made in a letter dated 6 July 1960 and addressed to Mr. Richard McGrail, vice president for field services at national headquarters of the American Cancer Society in New York City. On 11 July Mr. Wallace expanded his view in a letter to Mr. James Mountz, who is identified in Mr. Wallace's correspondence as simultaneously secretary of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society, a member of the national board of the Society, and an affiliate of the Boston law firm which served as legal counsel to Mr. Lavin's private fund-raising company. On 13 July Mr. Mountz advised Mr. Wallace that "those of us who have been active in the work of the Division over the last ten to twenty years are generally aware of the principal relevant facts and factors." On 18 July Dr. Shields Warren,

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alleging "false...implications"

fully misleading and we doubt was inadvertent: the American Cancer Society was the first national agency to make a consolidated report on income and expenditures of all its divisions as well as its national headquarters. There are no missing dollars in the American Cancer Society report.

You devote a page and a half to James V. Lavin, executive director of our Massachusetts Division. You make it clear that there was no secret in the fact that for some years Mr. Lavin divided his time between the Division and his private firm but you imply a conflict of interest in fund raising and speak of "rumors"—your own word—that he was raising funds this fall for outside agencies. Your implications and rumors are false as is your twice repeated statement that Mr. Lavin received a part-time salary of $27,000. The facts are these: Mr. Lavin received a salary from the Society of $17,500 as part-time executive director; the Division paid an additional $10,000 to Lavin and Company for fund raising and publicity performed by company specialists. The arrangement with Mr. Lavin was known by the national Society and by all board members of the Massachusetts Division, consisting of prominent medical and lay leaders. To avoid any shadow of misunderstanding, when one board member disapproved, the arrangement was altered. Since January 1, 1961, Mr. Lavin has been receiving $25,000 per annum for full time services. Those of us who have worked for years with Mr. Lavin know he has made a remarkable contribution to the fight against this disease.

May I say in passing that the complaint about "overhead" leaving only a modest amount for research grants totally disregards the fact that our program includes education for physicians, public education, and service, all of which are part of what you describe as "overhead."

Your writer might have reported that in 1959, on July 24, the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society joined in a statement pointing out that the increasing number of appeals by health agencies have resulted in public confusion and urged "the appointment of an impartial and qualified group of physicians, scientists and community leaders to undertake a study of the problems of multiple health appeals with the objective of: 1. Defining the major areas of chronic disease which present the greatest threat to our national health and welfare. 2. Establishing criteria which will guide the public in making voluntary contributions of time, effort and funds to individual health causes." We deferred any action towards formation of a commission when we learned of the Rockefeller Foundation's *ad hoc* Committee on Voluntary Health and Welfare Agencies in the United States, under the direction of Robert H. Hamlin.

It is no secret that the Society and the Heart Association still stand by their 1959 statement. In October, 1961, Dr. John W. Cline, former president of the American Medical Association and, at the time of his speech, president of the American Cancer Society, said. "I cannot speak for the Society regarding its future policy, but I recommend that we consider supporting a commission that would evaluate the major health problems of our country and the methods of supporting the agencies concerned with these problems. It seems obvious that such a commission should be oriented toward disease, that there should be adequate representation of those familiar with health problems on the commission, and it should be nongovernmental but should work closely with the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. This commission should give serious consideration to all the questions raised by the Hamlin report and the areas of suggested study. We believe that such a commission should concern itself solely with health problems and health agencies. Welfare and recreation problems are quite different, and another commission might appropriately consider these community oriented activities."

I have expressed myself at some length about your article because it seems to me to have attacked agencies doing a creditable job of public service. This has been written from the point of view of the American Cancer Society because I know many of the Society volunteers will regard this as an attack on them.

Just what is the American Cancer Society? Its policies are formulated by volunteers from all parts of the country. They include women like Mrs. Albert D. Lasker, New York; Mrs. E. Lee Ozbirn, president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Oklahoma City; Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg, New York; and men like Dr. Lowell T. Coggeshall of the University of Chicago; Dr. Alton Ochsner of New Orleans; Dr. Kenneth M. Endicott of the National Cancer Institute; Governor Mark O. Hatfield of Oregon; former Governor Walter J. Kohler of Wisconsin; Frederic W. Ecker, chairman of the board of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; William B. Lewis, chairman of the board of Kenyon & Eckhardt; Dr. I. S. Ravdin, Philadelphia, past president of the American College of Surgeons; our president is Dr. Thomas Carlile of Seattle; our chairman is Rutherford L. Ellis of Atlanta. On our national, division and unit boards are some 50,000 volunteer physicians and laymen. There are about two million volunteers and a total staff, part-time and full-time of some 2100 employees throughout the country.

The disease we are fighting will, if present rates continue, strike one in four living Americans—while today one in three who get cancer are cured, we should, through education, be able to save half of all cancer patients.

Those serving the Society were done a discredit by your article of seven pages in which you give so slight evidence of any positive contribution to health and welfare by voluntary agencies. I have expressed our viewpoint on some of the points raised by the *Saturday Review*. Had your reporter come to our office before publication, this letter might well have been unnecessary. May I repeat our offer to send copies of our annual report to anyone writing for it?

—Lane W. Adams.
Executive Vice President,
American Cancer Society.
New York

then president of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society, told Mr. Wallace a committee of three headed by Mr. Mountz would examine the situation surrounding Mr. Lavin and recommend appropriate action to the board of directors of the Massachusetts Division. Pending the committee's action, Dr. Warren said, "it would be most undesirable . . . to have a divisive effort made by any director." On 15 September the committee reported its conclusion that "Mr. Lavin's outside activities, through broadened acquaintance and experience, are helpful and not harmful" to the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society and that the arrangement which encouraged them "should be continued." Upon receipt of his copy of the committee report, Mr. Wallace resigned from the Division board of directors in protest against this "indefensible" decision.

October was the month of cancer fund-raising in Mr. Wallace's home town of Fitchburg. As early as the previous August, Dr. Warren had voiced concern that Mr. Wallace's persistent questioning of the adequacy of American Cancer Society management in Massachusetts "would be a heavy blow to the Society and the cancer crusaders in general" and that the fund raisers consequently might "lose the support of the Fitchburg area." Mr. Wallace did nothing to allay this worry, and it apparently grew as time passed. For on the last day of October Mr. Wallace's correspondence indicates he received a telephone call from Mr. Adams at the national headquarters of the American Cancer Society in New York promising that something would be done about Mr. Lavin's situation. And on 9 November, Dr. Warren in Boston advised Mr. Wallace by letter that the executive committee of the board of directors of the Massachusetts Division had reversed the Mountz committee recommendation and had asked Mr.

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"Mr. Lear's Vendetta"

In his article, "The Business of Giving," reporter John Lear states that The National Foundation has not yet met the minimum standards of the National Information Bureau. Taken at face value, that statement will undoubtedly confuse your readers who know The National Foundation as the leading voluntary health agency in the world. The fact is that although the Bureau has requested information from us, we have not supplied it to them since 1945. Thus, for Mr. Lear or the Bureau to assert that we do not meet their standards is, I am afraid, a glaring example of double-think. Unless, of course, one of the standards was related to failure to submit such information—which isn't the case.

Further, Mr. Lear states that in 1960 the Foundation's Marching Mothers were led to believe that "in ringing doorbells and asking the responders a set list of questions, the mothers would be conducting a scientific survey valuable in planning rehabilitation of the crippled . . . the questions were scientifically meaningless . . . they fitted no accepted scientific design for opinion samplings."

Mr. Lear's comments about the survey are the product of his imagination. Had he checked with us, had he seen the brief survey form, he would have learned that The National Foundation stated quite clearly in a news release dated January 21, 1960, ". . . The house-to-house poll is in no way planned as a statistically valid survey." He would have learned that volunteers had been told it would only provide them with a rough, but working, estimate of the prevalence of arthritis and birth defects and a rough estimate of the number of people in a given community who had not had their polio shots. And finally, he would have learned that it was not an "opinion sampling" project as he called it, but was to deal with facts or what the respondent felt were facts.

This is the second time in the past seven months that Mr. Lear has reported inaccurately on The National Foundation. For the sake of the *Saturday Review's* reputation for veracity, would you be good enough to ask Mr. Lear to check his "facts" with us when we again are involved in his obvious vendetta with non-United Fund health agencies?

Joseph F. Nee,
Senior Vice President,
The National Foundation.

Lavin to give all his time to his job as executive director of the American Cancer Society in Massachusetts.

Five months had passed since Mr. Wallace first spoke up, and, Mr. Adams's letter now assures us, the shadow of doubt had been avoided.

Could Mr. Adams be wrong?

What Dr. Warren told Mr. Wallace in the letter of 9 November was that "the activities of the Division and Mr. Lavin would be completely separated from the activities of the James V. Lavin Company" by 15 January 1961.

Two days before the close of the year 1960, on 29 December, the legal structure of Mr. Lavin's private fund-raising firm was changed, from an unincorporated entity in which Mr. Lavin played a principal role, to a corporation in which he held neither office nor stock. The name of the firm was also changed from the James V. Lavin Company to The Lavin Company, Inc. Papers filed at the Massachusetts State House in Boston list Mr. Humphrey Barker as president, Mr. Albert Bowman as treasurer, and Mr. Saul Naglin as clerk.

The home address of Mr. Naglin, clerk of The Lavin Company, Inc., is given in the State House files as 19 Verrill Street in Mattapan, a Boston suburb. This address is also the home address of the Mr. Saul Naglin who was comptroller of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society for some years before Mr. Wallace questioned the wisdom of permitting any conflict of interest in the Society's affairs. I have in my files a letter which Mr. Naglin wrote to me in his capacity as comptroller on 18 December 1961—almost a year after the deadline Dr. Warren had set for complete separation of the Society and The Lavin Company.

I believe I have demonstrated that I am not guilty of the "false . . . implications" which Mr. Adams charges me with introducing into my last month's report on the continuing relationship between the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society and the private fund-raising firm which bears the name of the Division's executive director, Mr. Lavin. What I actually said in that report was that Mr. Lavin had participated in the 1961 fund raising campaign of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. At that time I had not yet confirmed the far more important conflict of interest in the two jobs of Mr. Naglin, Mr. Lavin's financial aide.

THE letter from Mr. Naglin which established his dual relationship was in answer to a letter from me. I had asked him for documentation of Mr. Adams's statement that "overhead" expenses of the American Cancer Society in Massachusetts—Mr. Wallace said they ate up $548,241 of the Society's $1,150,000 income in the state during 1960—included education and service. The statement Mr. Naglin sent me mentioned these "overhead" items for that year: professional education, $82,176.04; public education, $222,384.01; professional service, $51,834.90; lay service, $153,530.38. These figures, Mr. Naglin wrote, were "taken from the certified public audit report" of the Society.

These items made me curious to read a complete acounting of costs of the Massachusetts Cancer Society as they would be reported to the Internal Revenue Service of the U. S. Treasury Department. All non-profit organizations in the country are exempt from payment of income tax, but the Internal Revenue Service requires them to report income and outgo on form 990-A. Pages three and four of the form are designed to be made available to the public. I obtained the data from these two pages on the form 990-A that had been filed at the Internal Revenue office in Boston by the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society for the year beginning 1 September 1959 and ending 31 August 1960. The figures read like a nonsense rhyme.

Look at Item Two in the box on page 77 (only those lines filled out on the form are included there). Item Two ought to reflect the cost of obtaining the $1,141,279.75 in voluntary contributions listed in Item One. Fund raising costs are notoriously high (see *SR*/Research, 2 December 1961, for examples). We already know that the cancer Society paid Mr. Lavin's private fund-raising company alone $10,000 that year. Yet the figure actually entered on form 990-A is a picayune $1,368—little more than one-tenth of one percent of the money raised. Why?

Item Eleven is also remarkable. Salaries and wages: $303,702.20. This is almost thirty percent of total income. The number of employes who shared this sum is not given. Were fund-raisers among them?

Item Sixteen—miscellaneous expenses—is downright startling: almost $600,000, over half the income of the Society.

Miscellaneous expenses usually include minor necessities like postage stamps and rubber bands. How varied is miscellany in Massachusetts?

Forty percent of the net income of the Massachusetts Division of the American Cancer Society goes to the Society's national headquarters. This considerable sum must be somewhere on form 990-A. A good accountant would put in under contributions, gifts and grants. But the amount now listed under that category (Item Nineteen) is too small to include forty percent of $1,139,911.75 (Item Three). If the national percentage is lumped under

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miscellaneous, the balance of the miscellaneous item—$143,787.63—is still a very large amount of money.

Taken at face value, the form says that "overhead" (Item Seventeen), is far higher than Mr. Wallace's estimate: $930,233.09 out of $1,141,279.75.

THE most interesting item on the form, however, is the amount of cash on hand (Assets—Item One). Why should an organization that pleads with people every year to give to find a cure for cancer keep $1,207,269.05 (when stocks and bonds are added, the reserve surpasses $1,500,000) in the till? The Society owns its own home (Assets-Item Eight). It has a pension and maintenance fund (Assets-Item Thirteen). It has a research fund and a legacy fund (Assets-Item Thirteen). There are going to be more contributions next year, and for years after that. Why so much reserve cash? Couldn't medical schools or hospitals or research institutions put some of that money to immediate use in fighting cancer? If not, should the cancer Society skip its appeal for more funds for a year or two? The trainers of seeing-eye dogs for the blind did so under similar circumstances.

Form 990-A is supposed to inform the public about the work of agencies that have been given the privilege of tax exemption on certain assumptions of accountability to the people. I showed the figures from this particular form 990-A to a certified public accountant. Even after half an hour of study, they were not informative to him. How informative were they to the government to which they were submitted? Did the Internal Revenue people read them? Perhaps someone should take the time? Perhaps the State of Massachusetts has an official who would be interested in determining what the particular figures in the box on the right say to him?

I should like to repeat at this point an earlier statement: I did not originally intend to pursue the problems of organized giving beyond the limits of my first report last month. I am here defending myself against Mr. Adams's allegations of exaggeration and falsehood. Furthermore, I did not begin by conducting a frontal attack on the American Cancer Society. My report of last month was not directed particularly at this one or any other single agency; my observations were concentrated, as was the Rockefeller Foundation *ad hoc* committee report that prompted them, on issues of inefficient management, confusing duplication in fund-raising, and inadequate public disclosure of how the collected moneys are spent *by all health and welfare agencies.*

Mr. Adams's letter challenges *SR*'s readers to obtain copies of the Rockefeller Foundation committee report. He says they will see for themselves that I condensed the findings of the committee beyond recognition. This challenge should be accepted. I am confident that if I had gone very far astray from the true essence of the *ad hoc* report I would not have received the approving letters I have received from the physician-lawyer who wrote it, Dr. Robert H. Hamlin, associate professor at the Harvard School of Public Health, and from the chairman of the committee of eminent citizens who endorsed Dr. Hamlin's findings: Mr. Lindsley F. Kimball, treasurer of the Rockefeller Institute and long a trusted associate in many Rockefeller philanthropies.

Questions have been raised from several quarters about Dr. Hamlin's statement that financial reports of fifty-six national volunteer agencies show a discrepancy of $58,000,000 between total receipts and total expenditures. I have asked Dr. Hamlin to clarify this point, and he assures me such a discrepancy does exist in the information that is available on the open record. But he did not intend to imply fraud, nor did he intend to suggest that the missing figures could not be dug out of audit reports by persons or corporations having the necessary access, time and resources. What he wanted to make clear

Internal Revenue Form 990-A

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY—BOSTON—FISCAL 1960

RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

Line No.	Item	Amount
1.	Gross receipts	$1,141,279.75
2.	Cost of operations	1,368.00
3.	Gross income	1,139,911.75
4.	Income from interest	33,592.65
5.	Income from dividends	9,191.07
8.	Other income	2,205.27
9.	Total gross income	1,184,900.74
11.	Salaries and wages	303,702.20
13.	Taxes	7,423.35
14.	Rent	9,682.85
15.	Depreciation (and depletion)	9,671.35
16.	Miscellaneous expenses	599,752.33
17.	Total expenses	930,233.09
19.	Contributions, gifts, grants	175,794.99
20.	Income accumulated during year	78,873.76

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES

	Beginning of year	End of year
1. Cash	$635,694.83	$1,207,269.05
2. Notes, accounts receivable.	5,675.00	
Less: Reserve for bad debts	567.50	
Total	5,107.50	
4. Govt bonds	754,002.38	9,979.38
5. Non-govt bonds	107,931.98	107,931.98
6. Corporate stocks	159,436.42	172,284.03
7. Savings accounts	53,908.23	52,254.61
8. Depreciable assets	18,561.21	14,627.98
Land, building	78,000.00	78,000.00
10. Total assets	1,812,642.55	1,643,347.03
13. Other liabilities:		
General fund	1,359,347.43	1,132,104.75
Pension and maintenance fund	18,869.83	24,517.34
Research	125,407.15	77,039.63
Legacy fund	309,018.14	409,685.31
14. Total liabilities	1,812,642.55	1,643,347.03

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was the responsibility of the fund-raising agencies to spread their accounts in easily understandable detail before the public view.

SINCE neither the Rockefeller report nor my summary of it singled out the American Cancer Society for detailed criticism across the board, I must decline to be drawn now into hasty argument over the detailed claims that Mr. Adams's letter makes—claims that could be confirmed or refuted only through weeks or months of analysis of information that the American Cancer Society alone possesses. Such a debate would negate the purpose of the Rockefeller committee's work, which was to look at the health and welfare agencies, through the eyes of an ordinary contributor to the funds of such agencies, using only the facilities available to him, and thus determining how much of an accounting he ever receives.

However, there are two other questions in Mr. Adams's letter that deserve reply. One of these asks why I did not check my information with the American Cancer Society.

My reason may be illuminating to those who do not know the problems of the working press. Experience had taught me that several of the leading voluntary health and welfare agencies have developed to a remarkably effective degree the practice of bottling up facts that seem undesirable to them by entangling persistent reporters in off-the-record and other restrictions *after* interviews are begun. Therefore I avoided an interview until I could go into it with facts not susceptible to such bottling. After I had gathered together all but one of the documents I needed to put myself in that position, I tried to reach Dr. Shields Warren in Boston. He was traveling abroad. I then asked to see Mr. Adams in New York late one afternoon. He was too busy to see me until the next day. By the time the next day came, my documentation was complete. I concluded that there was no longer any point in an interview. The fact that the contents of Mr. Adams's letter suggest no meaningful amendment to my report of last month confirms the soundness of my view.

The last question in Mr. Adams's letter which I feel I should answer asks why I don't attend the science writers seminars conducted by the American Cancer Society. I don't attend them because I don't believe such seminars should be held. They are designed to provide writers with advance tips on research into cancer. The American people are already deluged with much too much premature, half-baked and misleading "information" about medicine and surgery. Patients must in the end depend on the integrity of their personal physicians. The physicians in turn must be able to depend on the integrity of their medical journals. It is through scrupulously documented reports of carefully controlled clinical tests by competent specialists that the medical profession ought to learn of new medicines and new techniques—not through the biased presentments of drug house salesmen or through the pressure of patients hopped up by newspaper stories often timed to fit fund-collecting crusades.

A trained researcher's opinion on this point is given at some length in the letter from Max Marshall, reproduced on the right. But it is not necessary to have a research background to appreciate the social damage of over-selling interest in a particular disease. The introduction of the Salk vaccine against polio—a low incidence affliction catapulted out of its normal medical perspective by the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt's magnificent personal fight against it—took place in such a circus atmosphere that doctors are still resentful of the intrusion of their prerogative to advise individual treatment for the individual patient. The resentment has bred confusion about the vaccine's real performance record even to this day, and drug houses swept up by the early hysteria are still struggling in the courts against damage suits brought by parents of children who died as a result of vaccination before the vaccine was perfected.

THIS brings me to the second letter of complaint against my report of last month, the letter signed by Mr. Joseph F. Nee, senior vice president of The National Foundation (originally The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.). Mr. Nee seems to question my statement that The National Foundation has not yet met the minimum standards of the National Information Bureau. Anyone who writes to Mr. D. Paul Reed, director of the National Information Bureau, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City, will find that my statement was correct for the reasons set forth in Mr. Nee's letter (page 76) and in my previous report.

As for what the "Marching Mothers" were told during the drive to recruit them for the "March of Dimes" fund-raising of 1960, it may well be that a press release was issued on 2[illegible] January 1960 and phrased as Mr. Nee says in his letter. But my criticism was directed against an earlier, more authoritative statement made by Mr. Basil O'Connor, president of The National Foundation, in his column, "Let's Look Ahead," in the December 1959 issue of *National Foundation News*. Mr. O'Connor's statement was timed for maximum effect on mothers who were losing interest in the task of urging their neighbors to contribute to the fight on polio. The mothers were not merely to seek money, Mr. O'Connor said; they were to carry questionnaires, on the answers to which "the shape and structure of future programs to combat birth defects, arthritis and polio depend." Could any implication of statistical validity possibly be stronger than that?

From the vehemence of the reaction of Mr. Adams and Mr. Nee,

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

ON THE PLUS SIDE

CONGRATULATIONS on your voluntary health and welfare agencies report in the December 2 issue of the Saturday Review! It is a forceful presentation of quite a number of facts that need saying over and over again.

DONALD YOUNG
President,
Russell Sage Foundation

New York

YOUR EDITORIAL on "The Business of Giving" is one which belongs in every newspaper in the country. . . .

But your editorial, deserving of high compliments, also needs a complement. You build the story of the collector with a fine hand. How about the receiving end?

With twenty to thirty cents of the donor's dollar going to a wasteful process of collecting, that much and more is wasted at the other end, amongst the recipients. As a journalist you do not dwell among the granteaters, but as a science writer you are in contact with much that goes on in the expenditure of grants.

The propriety of acceptance of more monies from outside a university than come from its normal sources, the justification for great expenditures in administration and housing of projects which are not intrinsically part of a university, the ethics of expecting relative neophytes in research and teaching not only to seek large sums for their own use but virtually to control all decisions as to their expenditure including large travel vouchers, the legitimacy of projects designed almost exclusively to gather in the funds and gain prestige, the evident eccentricities of allocation of funds which call for a stature of judgment which man does not possess, and the approval of expenditures of huge funds donated from grants (such as the present survey by the American Federation of Biologists designed primarily to pave the way for requests for larger grants, these are a few of the items on the other end of your story of the grant dollar that deserve another blow at what has become a decidedly lively "racket."

MAX S. MARSHALL,
Chairman,
Dept. of Micro Biology.
University of California
Medical Center.

San Francisco

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it might be supposed that the report which appeared in these columns last month had a destructive effect. Actually, there is reason to believe the contrary. On 15 December, less than three weeks after SR/Research published the report, the board of directors of the National Health Council—trade association of seventy national health and welfare agencies—voted to approve a standard set of accounting principles and procedures as a guide for future disclosures of income and expenditure of all its members. These standards had been talked about for five years, but on one excuse or another they had been put aside. Suddenly, as Council executive director Peter G. Meek explains it, there developed "a new atmosphere."

The SR report did not, of course, alone accomplish this collective change of mind. But it did illuminate the landscape by disclosing a few specific examples of how *not* to inspire public confidence. The atmospheric change that Mr. Meek referred to began to occur in the summer of 1960, when word got around that Harvard's Dr. Hamlin was undertaking his study of the situation for the *ad hoc* committee of the Rockefeller Foundation.

A summary of the accounting standards adopted by the National Health Council in mid-December was being prepared for the press at the time these words were written. It listed nine columns, with seventeen items in each column, in a typical balance sheet. It defined what should be included in each item.

There was no guarantee that these standards would actually be used. They had merely been approved by the board of the National Health Council. They would not go into force until they were adopted by the boards of the Council's constituent agencies. Even after the adoption became general, there would be a problem of policing. Who would be the policeman?

The tax authorities ought to be somewhere on the beat. For the position of organized charity today is uncomfortably comparable to that of the medieval church. Built on popular faith, it accounts for its actions in words whose definitions are often debated by its own functionaries. Drawing its power from contributions encouraged by exemption from the state's taxing power, it fortifies its self-sufficiency through further freedom from taxes on the contributions it puts into stocks, bonds and savings banks. Protection of the public purse requires full, frank disclosure by the agencies of their withholding from social use for periods of time considerable sums which in other hands might, through taxes, better serve the people.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—LXX

THE ULTRAVIOLET LIGHT BRIGADE

—*Air Force Cambridge*

"YAH. Yah. Yah. Where should I begin? How much time do you have to listen? What is your background, so I don't mislead you?"

The speaker plainly preferred to do things well. He did not enjoy being pressed for time. That suited my purpose entirely. Dr. Hans Hinteregger had discovered how to learn something that scientists had been trying to learn for hundreds of years—the mechanisms through which energy from the sun, after traveling across 93,000,000 miles of space, penetrates earth's atmosphere and becomes life. Since the problem was centuries old, why should I try to hurry Dr. Hinteregger's explanation of his solution?

He made it sound as simple as the story of a child playing with a prism. In fact, he had taken a sophisticated form of prism—a diffraction grating, which separates light according to the wavelength and records the waves side by side in bands of differing shades of gray—and put behind it a photoelectric cell which reacts to light and is able to register the energy of each light particle. Then he attached to this device a tiny computer that would translate the record of the energy into a radio-telegraph code. Finally he added a tiny radio transmitter, and put the whole thing into a rocket. The rocket flew as straight up as a rocket can fly, and as it flew Dr. Hinteregger's sunlight scanner reported back to earth the shifting fluxes of energy the rocket passed through.

With this subtle instrument, the Air Force Cambridge Research Center, where Dr. Hinteregger works, is measuring the invisible ultraviolet. Most of the ultraviolet is screened out by the atmosphere. The trick is to determine how much of the screening is done at any given altitude, and what effects do the screening have on the behavior of the atmosphere. The full story can be obtained only by flying the device in earth satellites above the atmospheric screen. Dr. Hinteregger himself has taken the job of analyzing the process that creates earth's ionosphere. Dr. Robert Jastow, chief of the theoretical division of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, says Dr. Hinteregger's imagination has made it possible to study atmospheric and solar physics in a true scientific sense for the first time. Man at last can stop guessing about his primal parent, the sun.

What sort of individual is behind the sunlight scanner and the "Yah. Yah. Yah" that came over the telephone? A personality remarkably faithful to the image projected in his voice. He really doesn't enjoy being pressed for time. Airports, railroad stations, and bus depots, with their closely scheduled comings and goings, annoy him. He shuns them. Yet he travels much, often covering 500 to 700 miles a day, in his foreign-made two-cylinder automobile. Wherever possible, the trips are arranged to stretch over several days, to allow him to ride the back roads and eat where the truck drivers eat.

"He is not an eccentric," an associate explains. "He is just a happy, easy laughing man."

Such a man could come from Vienna, and Dr. Hinteregger does. He was born an Austrian forty-two years ago. He betrays his origin again in apologizing that he "cannot play very well" the violin, the guitar, the mandolin, the accordion and the harmonica.

A straight-up-and-down man, with a steady 175-180 pounds on a five-foot, eleven-and-a-half-inch carriage, and not much blondish brown hair left on the top of his head, he could be mistaken for a Massachusetts Institute of Technology cowboy at times. For he appears in the air base cafeteria dressed in tight blue jeans, a gay-checkered shirt, and a shoestring tie.

Colleagues claim to detect in him a certain pride in the mathematics surrounding his six children, aged five to nineteen. Three born in Austria. Three in America. Each three made up of two boys and a girl. The significance of this exercise is not clear. Dr. Hinteregger says it has nothing to do with science, except maybe the laws of probability.

—WILL JONATHAN.

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WHY ARE THE RUSSIANS GOING TO THE MOON?

Because They Can at Last Afford the Trip!

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A student of Soviet science-in-government, newly returned from a stay in Moscow, makes a penetrating report below on the recent reorganization of the Russian scientific research establishment. Prestige science would have been unthinkable while the new political system was struggling to survive, he points out; plans for exploring the moon are solid evidence of maturity, competence, and confidence. The American people must be ready to accept this new context.*

By LOREN GRAHAM

SCIENCE has become such a dynamic force in modern society that the pattern and the creativity of scientific research in any nation can be taken as one index of the present strength and future potential of that people. Such a lofty estimate of the role of science is particularly appropriate if one accepts the definition of science as knowledge in all academic fields. The Soviet Union considers science to have this broad meaning.

My own first-hand experience with Soviet science began in September 1960, when I arrived at Moscow State University as an American graduate student under the cultural exchange program. My topic of study for the year was the history of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, on which I had done preliminary research at Columbia University's Russian Institute. I was particularly interested in the reorganization of the Academy of Sciences which occurred at the end of the nineteen twenties, during the first national five-year plan of the Soviet. Up until that time the Academy had remained essentially as it was before the 1917 revolution.

My study outline listing all of the archives that I wished to examine was approved by the Soviet authorities before I left the United States. From the frustrating experiences of American students who had gone to the Soviet Union before me, however, I knew that prior approval was not a guarantee of access to the archives. I was, therefore, not too surprised to discover in Moscow that the archives were closed to me. But most materials in the vast Lenin Library were available and I was permitted to examine studies of the Academy's archives made by qualified Soviet scholars. Therefore, I was able to spend my time profitably.

After about three months of reading in the library, I began to ask questions intended to help me determine how much of the administrative machinery of Soviet science remained as it had been in the old days. The answers I received from scientists and students around me tended to be hesitant and uncertain. Gradually I became aware that the uncertainty arose from concern that any answer might mislead me, for another change in the organizational structure of science was in the making. Being thus alerted, I looked about for current developments that might tie back into my original line of study. From conversations, newspapers and journals, it was evident that a reform of some kind was definitely coming. Already various scientists had proposed differing methods of coordinating the nation's scientific effort. The discussion did not revolve around whether a reorganization would take place; the question was what form the reorganization would assume. The change itself had become inevitable, for several reasons.

The first reason had to do with industry.

During the three decades between 1927 and 1957, most of the Soviet manpower and raw material resources had gone into rapid building of heavy industry. This was the foundation of the new Soviet state. Throughout that period, the growth of the industrial system had been controlled by central Moscow ministries, which were responsible for planning and distribution on a nation-wide scale. The centralized management of industry in the ministries was paralleled by centralized control of research institutes, in most instances located in close proximity to the ministries.

Such an organization fulfilled the Soviet desire for an economic system directed by planners thinking of national rather than local needs. And the pattern was fairly successful while the total industrial plant was relatively small and simple. But as factories grew in size and in number, and their output diversified, the task of planning everything from Moscow became impossibly complex.

TO manage this new and increasingly unwieldly industrial empire, the government had decentralized the entire apparatus in 1957. Administrative power over the plants had been dispersed among approximately 100 local economic councils situated all over the country. But the research institutes servicing the factories remained as they had been, centralized in the large cities, primarily in Moscow and secondarily in Leningrad.

All of the major factories had local industrial laboratories attached directly to them. However, these laboratories were (and still are) poorly developed. Money that might have gone into them during the period of expansion had been drained away by pressure from Moscow, first for more plants and then for enlargement of those plants. A further reason for the weakness of the local research laboratories was the lack of technological competition between factories; each factory director's goal was to outproduce other factories, not to improve the product.

Because of the inadequacy of industrial research at the local level, the factories had to remain dependent for solution of really difficult problems on the research institutes still centered in Moscow. This required communication over great distances. Moscow's ignorance of differing local conditions created for-

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midable bureaucratic barriers. The substitution of 100 sets of specifications for the one set that the central research institutes had been accustomed to was simply too much. By 1960, it was imperative to decentralize research to match the 1957 decentralization of industry.

Another impetus for the reform in organization of Soviet science was the belief of the Soviet leaders that, despite certain spectacular achievements, their science program was not performing at a level commensurate with the growing power and prestige of the Soviet Union. This statement may seem strange in the present period of glorification of Russian science, but Soviet scientists are still painfully conscious of their inferiority in many fields, especially when they measure their achievements against their ambitions.

The Party leaders constantly evaluate the long-term prospect of the Soviet Union in competition with the United States; they want to make the Soviet Union the undisputed leader of the world not only in industrial production but also in scientific creativity. A glance at the rates of economic growth provides them with reason for optimism. Soviet economists estimate the yearly growth of the Soviet Union's economy at over 10 per cent and the rate of the United States at about 2 per cent. (President Kennedy has given the figures 6 per cent and 3.5 per cent, respectively.) As the Soviet people see it, the burden of the competition thus rests on the United States.

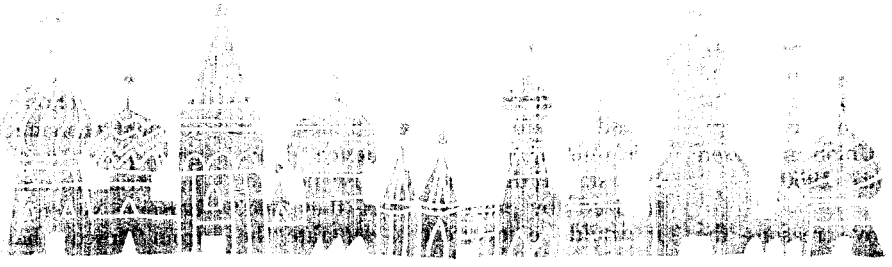
In the field of basic scientific research no such convenient percentages exist, and the Soviet leaders are much less certain of their country's advantage. A. N. Kosygin, a member of the Presidium of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, warned Soviet scientists last June that Western countries are advancing quite rapidly in science. In response, he stated, the Soviet Union must increase the tempo of its scientific research even more than that of its heavy industry, the traditional favorite for emphasis by Communist economic planners.

A third reason for the reform in the administrative structure of Soviet science was the increasing ability of the Soviet Union to conduct and finance varied research. In the early, adolescent period of Soviet industrial expansion, practical needs dictated research objectives. The Soviet planners in the 1930's believed it immoral for geologists to study rock strata merely to engage in conjectures about the age of the earth at a moment when the country needed to discover oil deposits contributing to national strength. Even the humanities had to adhere to pragmatic standards. Anthropologists studied "Soviet men as a productive force" in order to suggest ways to improve the efficiency of the worker or peasant. Historians and philosophers strove to illustrate the validity of the Marxist theories of history and knowledge so that members of Soviet society might become more willing and productive citizens.

Since the attainment of industrial maturity, however, the Soviet planners have been openly, consistently following the Buddenbrook dynamics discussed by W. W. Rostow in his analyses of economic growth. Their desire for material security is being supplemented by a desire for status and prestige. The Soviet Union now wants to attain a position of pre-eminence in all sciences, not just those contributing directly to national strength. Before World War II the slogan of scientific meetings was usually "Everything for the benefit of socialist construction and the defense of the proletarian country from its enemies." The slogan today is "The Soviet Union will take the leading position in the world in science and technology." Reaching the moon is not a national need, (as letters to the editors of Soviet newspapers point out) and research directed to that end could not have been justified in the old days.

A fourth reason for the reform of Soviet science was the realization that the old Stalinist controls on research restricted scientific development in the Soviet. Between the time of the Russian Revolution and Stalin's death in 1953, not one Soviet natural scientist won a Nobel Prize. (Some Soviet scientists, such as Semenov, Cherenkov, Frank, and Tamm were doing important work in this period, however, and became Nobelists later.) One may admit the inadequacy of the Nobel Prize as an indicator of scientific accomplishment, but the fact remains that the Soviet Union has made surprisingly little contribution in pure science, considering the enormous scale of its scientific effort. Part of the reason for this lack of creativity may be that up until the post-World War II period, the Soviet Union was far more interested in blast furnaces and factories than in winning scientific laurels. No less important, however, were the rigid ideological controls in the Stalinist period which interfered with free research. The words "pure science" were discredited under Stalin; during my year in Moscow I noticed that even today Soviet scientific administrators preface the words "pure science" with "tak nazyvayemaya," meaning "so-called."

The primary control over Soviet scientific research in the past had been the work-plan, which each scientist was required to submit, justifying his research on a pragmatic basis and stating his goals in advance. Often the work-plans were disapproved. The theoretical scientists' sense of frustration is evident in Academician Semenov's comment, "Regardless of the fact that already for a century science has constantly surprised mankind by the way its abstract formulas . . . suddenly materialized as turning points in technology, people, even specialists, somehow never are able to become accustomed to this."



The composition of the Academy of Sciences in former days illustrated the pragmatic goals of Soviet planning. Many of the Academy's members were engineers rather than theoretical scientists, and the tasks assigned to it were often of a narrow industrial nature. The Academy contained institutes and laboratories devoting all of their attention to such problems as power engineering, electric motors, electric-welding machines, construction materials, water economy, mining, wood-processing, cinematography, and permafrost.

The Party forced upon the Academy certain research programs which seemed particularly attractive for the national economy, such as developing economical means of transmitting electrical energy without wires; direct con-

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version of heat energy into electrical energy (according to Academician Keldysh over 100 organizations have worked on this problem); burning of underground deposits of fuel to obtain energy without mining operations; and the artificial duplication of photosynthesis. The results of these programs favored by the Party have often been disappointing to the Soviet scientific planners. Western research superiority on some of these problems, such as progress toward artificial duplication of photosynthesis, seems clear, in spite of Soviet emphasis on the same problem.

In some cases, planning has been more wasteful than lack of planning. For example, the academicians have been required to state in their work plans the supply of materials which they will need to complete that research, such as chemicals, instruments, and special laboratories. This information was needed in a planned society, the academicians were told, in order to establish priorities for using available resources. However, the scientists knew that in the course of their work they would reach various crossroads where they must make decisions, based on their work up to that time, on which way to proceed. The path chosen would determine the supplies and laboratory equipment needed. To be on the safe side, many simply ordered materials to cover all possibilities. Such procedures raised operating budgets considerably. Economic planners urged wiser financial management, especially since the governmental allotment to scientific research in the Soviet Union increased four-and-a-half fold since 1950.

FOR all of the above reasons the Soviet scientists and Party leaders accepted the need for a reform. When the discussion moved on to the type of reform necessary, wide divisions appeared in the ranks. The theoretical scientists seized the Party's admission of grave errors in the old Stalinist organization and tried to use the reform movement to gain the freedom of research which they had sought for decades. These men, including A. P. Aleksandrov, director of the Institute of Atomic Energy, and N. N. Semenov, head of the Department of Chemical Sciences of the Academy, emphasized the importance of free basic research.

Semenov advanced the most radical suggestions when he asked for the transferral from the Academy of all engineering institutes and criticized the Academy's governing organ, the presidium, for controlling the institutes through budgetary appropriations. He said funds should be disbursed by the presidium to the individual academic departments, which would then budget them independently. In addition, the Academy should retain its own graduates and not permit them to be transferred to industries and universities. He further criticized the crude planning of scientific research.

The engineers, whose influence centered in the technical sciences department of the Academy, opposed the theoretical scientists. The engineers have long enjoyed many special privileges; an engineering degree, similar to a law degree in the United States, has been regarded as excellent preparation for important administrative posts in the Party or government. Leonid Brezhnev, Chairman of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet and Soviet Chief of State, is a graduate of a metallurgical institute and worked as an engineer. Frol Kozlov, a secretary of the Party Central Committee, and often mentioned as Khrushchev's possible successor, is also a metallurgical engineer. Khrushchev himself received all of his formal higher education at the Moscow Industrial Academy, although it would probably not be proper to call him an engineer. Ekaterina Furtseva, Nikolai Bulganin, and Georgi Malenkov also were trained as engineers.

The engineers in the Academy saw Semenov's proposal to eliminate them from the Academy as a threat to their status. They centered their counterattack on the idea of conducting only fundamental research in the Academy. They maintained that such an Academy, devoted only to pure science, would violate the Marxist principle of the "unity of theory and practice." Marx had stated that theory must be "actualized" by practice. Thus, they said, it would be incorrect to separate the engineers from the pure scientists; science needs to be tied to life.

The Party leaders were thus confronted with a dilemma. They wished to increase the effectiveness of the country's scientific program, and understood that greater independence would help to do this, but at the same time they did not feel that they could set the Academy free in the way that Semenov had requested. Semenov's plan would have not only separated the theoreticians from the engineers, but would have given the departments in the Academy almost sovereign powers over their own research. Thirty years before, the Party had purged and reorganized the old Academy for somewhat similar ambitions—the desire to have "extra-territorial status," shielded from practical demands.

THE reform was finally announced on April 12, 1961, half a year after I first heard of its coming. It turned out to be a cautious compromise. It attempted to give the theoretical scientists the authority and freedom which they said they needed to put the Soviet Union in first place in science, while at the same time retaining ultimate control in the hands of the Party. The Academy, consisting of the most talented Soviet scientists, is now freed from many humdrum engineering assignments, and the academicians can concentrate on the most important problems facing Soviet science. According to the new president of the Academy, M. V. Keldysh, over half of the institutes, those of the most narrow industrial types, are being transferred from the Academy to industry. Other engineering institutes will be retained, in spite of the theoreticians' objections. The presidium of the Academy will continue to control the research in all of the institutes in the Academy.

The institutes taken from the Academy are being transferred to the regional economic councils and to local industry, thus at last eliminating the bureaucratic obstacle between research and production. Furthermore, these regional economic councils have been given power to make decisions on local industrial research problems. The cumbersome system of centralized control from Moscow has been replaced by a network of local administrative centers. Factory directors henceforth must try to solve more problems at home.

Since the Academy has been disconnected by the reform from many of its industrial tasks, it can no longer be the coordinating center of all Soviet science. Therefore, superior to the Academy and in charge of all Soviet science, a new "State Committee of the Council of Ministers of the USSR for the Coordination of Scientific-Research Work" is established. This new coordinating committee is much more important than any other scientific planning committee which existed in the past. The committee will assign to the Academy only the most important scientific problems and will distribute the others to the industrial research laboratories and universities.

The committee's formation has been interpreted by some analysts in the West as subjugation of the Academy to exterior control. Actually, the Academy had been subject to outside

LOREN GRAHAM gathered the information behind the accompanying article while visiting Russia in pursuance of a doctorate. His bachelor of science degree came from Purdue University, in his native state of Indiana. Now 28 years old, he is living in New York with his wife, Patricia, and 5-year-old daughter. He hopes to teach history, perhaps to specialize in the history of science.

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control since the late nineteen-twenties. This control was exercised through two channels: the Communist Party organization and the governmental Council of Ministers. The party organization dominated the controlling bodies of the Academy and carried out the resolutions adopted by the top organs of the Party. Every year the Academy submitted its work plans to the Council of Ministers for approval. The significance of the new coordinating committee is not in the imposition of control, but in the exercise of control in a way intended to free the Academy to devote itself to truly important scientific problems.

The relaxation of controls is a retreat; during the past thirty years "planning" had been a fetish among Soviet publicists, who have maintained that Soviet science is inherently unique because of its planned direction. Academician Aleksandrov indicated the nature of future work-plans in theoretical science when he said last June, "Without a great quantity of exploratory research, science can not develop. These researches must be financed in a special way. You know, nobody concludes a treaty on these exploratory researches. One must include these experiments in the governmental plan simply as exploration."

The new emphasis on basic science is not absolute, it must be repeated. The Russians will also continue to concentrate on those areas of science which bring them prestige and power. The new president of the Academy (Keldysh) was decorated in the Kremlin in June 1960 for his contribution to the development of the Soviet rockets.

The problem of the coordination of scientific research in the Soviet will not be solved easily. Before the formation of the present coordinating committee there were about eighty smaller "coordinating councils" in the Academy, dealing with specific scientific problems. Many of the same people are simply being transferred over to the new committee where their problems will continue to be the same. Whether or not the new system will operate more efficiently under its bigger boss remains to be seen.

The Soviet Union will definitely present a broader and more sophisticated scientific research program. But the new organization is still essentially a compromise of the contradictory principles of freedom and control. To the extent that the system of control aligns the most talented scientists with the decisive and difficult problems, the Soviet Union possesses an advantageous organization of science; to the extent that control stifles individual inquiry, the Soviet suffers.

THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *It cannot be pointed out too often that the direction is decided only in part by scientists. The great body of society which has nothing directly to do with science—but is constantly reacting, through all sorts of indirections, to new scientific discovery and the technology growing from it—plays a major role in the determination. Most of the time, unfortunately, the role is passive. But not always so.*

A good example of what can happen is what did happen when Dr. Samuel P. Slattan, a physician of Verona in Pennsylvania, read the Science in Books department in SR's issue of 4 March 1961. The volume there quoted was a Commonwealth Fund study published between hard covers by Harvard University Press. In the SR excerpt, Dr. Harley P. Shands demonstrated the remarkable power of words by telling how words had been used by a neurologist, Efron, to forestall epileptic seizures in one of Efron's patients.

"Efron's patient had seizures of a serial form, taking place in several steps in a period of hours," Dr. Shands had explained. "First she noted, as aura, feeling of depersonalization, of being 'snatched away,' with a tendency to be very active and to notice that smells appeared somewhat different; at the 'half-way point' she began to feel more passive, to expect to smell something; then there was a sudden smell; followed by an auditory hallucination; followed by a grand mal *seizure."*

Efron discovered after a while that the sequence leading to the seizure could be stopped by certain unpleasant smells. These odors had to be powerful in order to be effective. Hence they were not socially acceptable forms of treatment. Could a substitute be found? In time, Efron trained his patient to associate the ugly smells with a bracelet the patient could carry. Merely looking at the bracelet stopped the threatening epileptic fit. With more time, the patient learned to stop the seizures by thinking of the bracelet without looking at it, simply by conjuring up the word that was the verbal sign of the bracelet.

Some time after reading the except from Dr. Shand's book, Dr. Shattan wrote a letter to SR's Science Editor. Reproduced below, it will perform a function if it prompts a psychiatrist or a neurologist to see between Dr. Shand's lines a frontier of research holding unknown riches for the mind and what in older days would have been called the soul.

BY S. P. SLATTAN, M.D.

Verona (Pa.) Physician

I was interested to read your selection from Dr. Harley C. Shand's book ["Thinking and Psychotherapy"] in the March 4 issue of SR. You might be interested in some background on the case described.

Dr. Efron was a clever young neurologist who was serving with the U. S. Navy when he did the work on aborting the seizures. The patient was a professional singer. Dr. Efron, who knew his Pavlovian theory, saw to it that the odoriferous material and the bracelet were presented to the patient by a different person each time so that the association would be made only to the bracelet and not to the presenter. As a result of Dr. Efron's work, the patient became able to sing in public again.

Dr. Shands describes the "seizure pattern" as "a spiral action beginning with an aura and preceeding by gradual recruitment over a period of hours to develop into the widespread random activity characteristic of the grand mal seizure."

A similar description can be given to the onset of psychotic behavior. Some slight deviation from the patient's previously fairly adaptive behavior appears, which over period of time, is augmented, becomes more deviant and snowballs into uncontrolled, disorganized behavior.

It would be interesting if a technique similar to that Dr. Efron used with epilepsy could be employed in the aborting of disturbed behavior. With the use of a suitable aborting agent, the patient might be trained to recognize the onset of disturbance and prevent the progression to full blown psychosis.

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Poetry Quarterly

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for all the poets he "translates." Villon's lovely refrain, "*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?*" ("But where are the snows of yesteryear?" as Rossetti put it), becomes "Oh where is last year's snow?" All the suggestion of fragile beauty gone is lost in Lowell's prosy line. He does better with Baudelaire, but not so well as he should have. The opening stanza of "Le jeu" reads:

> Cheeks chalked, blacked lashes still terrible—
> Old bags glittering under chandeliers,
> as they titter and make a waterfall
> of stone and metal from their ears.

Francis Duke's more literal translation of Baudelaire, **"The Flowers of Evil and Other Poems"** (University of Virginia Press, $5), is more impressive. His version of this stanza is:

> Old drabs in faded armchairs, simpering leers,
> Pale foreheads, blackened eyebrows, haggard eyes
> Aflirt while from each pair of parchment ears
> The tinkling sounds of stone and metal rise.

Lowell presses too hard and the lines seem unnatural. It is good to have Lowell's versions of Pasternak and others of these poets, but by and large the attempt to present his version of European poetry wasn't a good idea. One doesn't get Lowell on his own at his best, and one doesn't get the European poets on their own, either.

Epilogue: Roy Harvey Pearce's **"The Continuity of American Poetry"** (Princeton University Press, $7.50) provides chapters on the Puritan poets, the idea of epic, the American Renaissance, and the new poetry, the latter taking four of the book's ten chapters. Thus far it is the only history of American poetry. Pearce tries to isolate a sense of the American style, and poses the issues and questions to which students of American poetry must address themselves; but his approach to criticism and literary history is somehow too abstract, as though he were writing a history of ideas rather than a critical history of poetry. Wallace Stevens once said that new movements in poetry need the leadership of a couple of wild men. Literary historians would do well to have at least a glint in their eyes.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 10, 6, 8, 11, 4, 12, 2, 5, 7, 1, 9. Column Three should read: 7, 11, 2, 10, 3, 9, 1, 4, 12, 6, 8, 5.

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WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast — $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, P.O. Box 1051-SR, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

EUROPE—Congenial group, $1,095. June. Write E. G. Ferero, G. W. University, Washington, D.C.

TENTH YEAR OF OPERATION. What's a good age for travel? In 1961 the CROW'S NEST TOUR to Europe had an age range from 16 to 80! Plans for 1962: 9 countries, 39 days, Sabena Jet, private cars, July-August. Get the full details from Donald Hart, Jr., Davis-Jacobs Travel Service, 242 Trumbull Street, Hartford 3, Connecticut. Phone CHapel 6-7221. (Incidentally, the party's limited to 15.)

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

STUDY AND TRAVEL. Live with private families 30-60 days in either France, England, Germany, Italy, or Spain—ages 11-16; from $875. Students 17-27, 60 days residence and study at Le Fleuron, Florence and tour of Europe from $1,585. Paris France Europe Association for Study & Travel, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. CIrcle 5-3560.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1449

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Minatory.

B. "Fighting Joe", predecessor of General Meade, Union Army.

C. Original plant from which the members of a clone have descended.

D. Stinginess.

E. British soldier who negotiated with Benedict Arnold for betrayal of West Point during Revolution.

F. Slimy material from a grindstone, gritty grease from an axle, etc.

G. Vast strength.

H. Class of vertebrates whose orders are Caudata, Salientia, Gymnophiona, Stegocephalia.

I. One of the opposite numbers in Teutonic folklore to the Three Weird Sisters in Macbeth.

J. Norwegian diplomat for whom the special League of Nations passports were named (issued for people without a homeland).

K. How Noah gathered them in (3 wds.).

L. Early Amer. airplane builder who failed to obtain patents, was sued by the Wrights for infringements (1867-1926).

WORDS

26 121 38 53 22 154 86 125 93 130 137

159 110 106 24 166 161

177 111 56 116 131

59 176 6 119 146 91 18 157

32 42 10 23 37

144 104 29 70 68

3 141 164 36 69

170 72 180 109 96 135 174 79

95 145 65 8

107 155 171 7 39 84

75 158 184 165 148 48 120 20

49 4 61 46 25 163 92

DEFINITIONS

M. In cabalism, infinite God (Comp.).

N. Hero of "The Jungle Book".

O. The weapon of toxophily.

P. A firework throwing a shower of sparks.

Q. Very familiar Verdi opera (2 wds.).

R. Funnel-shaped.

S. Youthful arachnophobe featured in nursery literature (2 wds.).

T. In a manner lacking acute sensibility or perception.

U. Not perceived by sensation.

V. How much equipment to outfit the Muses? (2 wds.).

W. Ancient and complicated game (the "court" variety), simplified in the widely played "lawn" variety.

X. The Revelation of St. John the Divine.

Y. Entailing odium, ill will, or envy.

Z. In spite of that; however.

WORDS

45 80 41 9 100

105 82 127 33 147 138

64 153 115 160 149

98 118 133 62

11 168 1 175 67 44 114 108 98 58 150

128 88 16 47 102 60 143 172

21 15 30 140 151 50 173 178 103 19

57 90 87 83 31 74 167 112

132 51 179 136 185 77

97 13 81 122 27 89 183 55

35 43 94 17 40 182

101 28 152 85 124 63 134 73 14 113

2 123 12 181 52 162 78 71 169

139 129 117 66 54 142 5 34 156 126 76

186

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 Q	2 Y	3 G	4 L		5 Z	6 D	7 J		8 I	9 M		10 E
11 Q	12 Y	13 V	14 X	15 S	16 R	17 W	18 D		19 S	20 K		21 S	22 A	23 E	24 B	
25 L	26 A	27 V		28 X	29 F	30 S	31 T	32 E	33 N	34 Z		35 W	36 G	37 E	38 A	39 J
	40 W	41 M		42 E	43 W	44 Q	45 M	46 L		47 R		48 K	49 L	50 S	51 U	52 Y
53 A	54 Z	55 V	56 C	57 T	58 Q	59 D		60 R	61 L		62 P	63 X	64 O	65 I	66 Z	
67 Q	68 F		69 G	70 F	71 Y	72 H	73 X	74 T	75 K	76 Z		77 U	78 Y		79 H	80 M
81 V	82 N	83 T	84 J	85 X	86 A		87 T	88 R	89 V		90 T	91 D	92 L	93 A	94 W	95 I
96 H	97 V	98 P		99 Q	100 M		101 X		102 R	103 S	104 F		105 N	106 B	107 J	108 Q
109 H		110 B	111 C		112 T	113 X	114 Q	115 O		116 C	117 Z	118 P	119 D		120 K	121 A
122 V	123 Y		124 X		125 A	126 Z	127 N		128 R	129 Z	130 A	131 C	132 U	133 P	134 X	
135 H	136 U	137 A	138 N	139 Z	140 S		141 G	142 Z		143 R	144 F		145 I	146 D	147 N	148 K
	149 O	150 Q		151 S	152 X	153 O	154 A	155 J	156 Z	157 D		158 K	159 B	160 O		161 B
162 Y	163 L	164 G		165 K	166 B	167 T	168 Q	169 Y		170 H	171 J	172 R		173 S	174 H	175 Q
176 D		177 C	178 S	179 U		180 H	181 Y	182 W	183 V	184 K	185 U	186 Z				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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I'm a *paniola* (Hawaiian name for cowboy). These Herefords are grazing at Kula on the Island of Maui... After a swim at Kaanapali you should drive up here and see our terrific view.

This is Ulu Mau, a living village of old Hawaii. Come see us weave *lauhala,* pound *tapa* and make feather *leis,* grass houses, quilts and *poi.*

Kona, on the Island of Hawaii, was the home of Kings. Hulihee Palace will charm you with its quaintness.

You don't have to be a good swimmer to see pretty reef fish close to shore here at Poipu on the Island of Kauai.

Performing with famous guest artists, our Honolulu Symphony invites you to an evening of unique enjoyment.

Oriental theatre, art, music and dress add great variety to Hawaii's culture. We hope to perform for you — soon!

We'll be seeing you soon in the Islands of Hawaii

Nothing is Hawaiian as our fragrant *leis.* With *pikake* or *ginger* about your shoulders you'll dance under the stars.

The people of Hawaii have every reason to be happy and friendly—and they are! In such a balmy land surrounded by beauty and abundance it's not hard to be pleasant. You'll feel this warmth the moment you set foot in the islands and breathe the wonderful scent of your flower leis. Hawaii is just 4½ hours by jet from the Pacific Coast ($266 round trip) or a 4½-day luxury liner cruise ($380 round trip). Currency and language are pure U.S.A. No passports, visas or "shots" required. There are many fine new hotels whose rates are below those in most American resort areas. Plan to see all the Islands. Kauai, Maui and Hawaii are but minutes from Honolulu by modern aircraft. Travel light and buy colorful "Island things" when you arrive. All things considered . . . *isn't this your year to visit Hawaii?*

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